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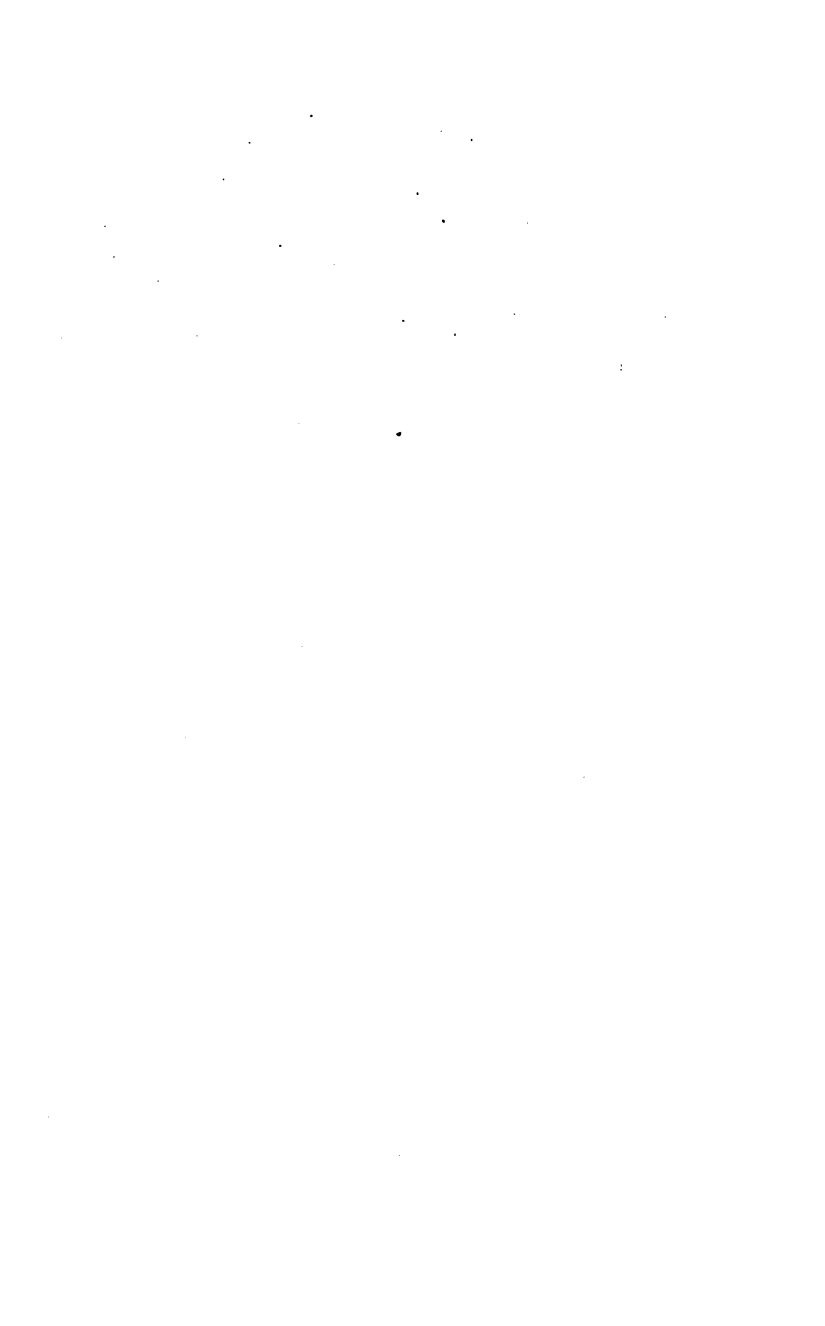


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THE  
HAPLESS ORPHAN;

OR,  
INNOCENT VICTIM OF REVENGE.

A NOVEL,  
FOUNDED ON INCIDENTS IN REAL LIFE.

*In a series of* LETTERS *from* CAROLINE  
FRANCIS *to* MARIA B——.

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BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

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“Fragrant is the recollection of friends. The most delightful flowers shall be scattered upon their valuable remains; and when we recal the sacred spot to mind, the congenial tear shall sparkle in the eye of sympathy, and their virtues shall be embalmed in the warm bosom of affection.”

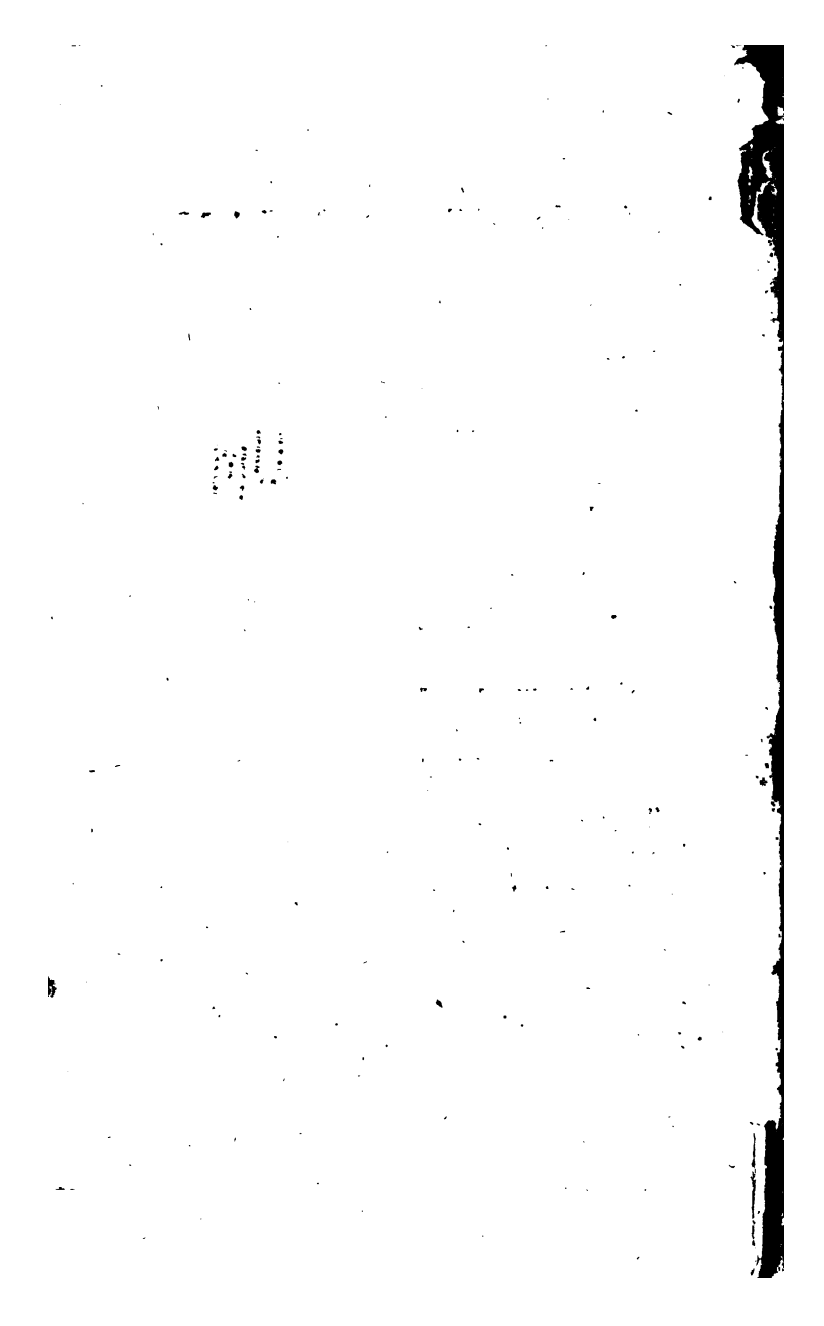
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**INTRODUCTORY LETTER.**  

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*From* MARCA B—— *of* Long Island, *the particular friend of the unfortunate* CAROLINE FRANCIS, *who is the subject of these Memoirs, to her sister* HARRIOT *at New-port.*

DEAR SISTER,

IN your last letter you express a strong inclination to become acquainted with the history of my unfortunate friend Caroline. I am happy it is in my power to comply with your request; to gratify my Harriot ever affords me peculiar pleasure: I therefore forward you her letters to me. They contain the most interesting events of her life, until the period she became missing. To these I have added the circumstances of her being forced from my brother, with the melancholy account of

#### 4 THE HAPLESS ORPHAN.

her death, as I received them from him. The relation will excite many painful sensations in your sympathetic bosom, for Caroline was indeed a child of affliction, and the unfortunate ever claim a large share in your affections. Remember me to my uncle and aunt, and believe that the warmest expressions of friendship will not do justice to the feelings of your

MARIA B—,

LETTER

## THE HAPLESS ORPHAN.

### LETTER I.

CAROLINE FRANCIS to MARIA B——.

*Philadelphia.*

I CAN no longer withstand the importunity of my Maria, but will hasten to improve every opportunity in gratifying your repeated solicitations.

You urge me, my dear, to return to the earliest period of my life, and to draw the picture from my first recollection of events. The juvenile parts of life, Maria, are seldom marked with any great variety, although your Caroline's has been uncommonly interspersed with gloomy scenes.

Being left in infancy, an orphan, I was committed to the care of an aunt, for whom, when reason began to dawn upon my mind, I felt no great attachment. My uncle, who was a sea Captain, was seldom at home; I had therefore but little opportunity to experience his affections. My aunt, however, treated me with more attention, previous to her having a child, than afterwards. I now began to make some observations respecting her behaviour to me; but being naturally reserved, kept them to myself. I was sometimes indulged in visiting an uncle and

## 6 THE HAPLESS ORPHAN.

aunt, who, being without children, were desirous I should reside with them; but the aunt with whom I was, would never consent.

From the birth of my cousin, I found her severity greatly increased towards me. My feelings were sensibly injured by her treatment, but I knew of no redress, and dreaded her resentment. I was therefore the more assiduous in my endeavours to please, but to no effect. Upon a cursory acquaintance, she was esteemed as sensible and well bred; this was a thin veil, which a more intimate knowledge of her easily drew aside. Shall I define her sense, Maria? It did not consist in a pure and elevated understanding, which leads to solid arguments and reasonable conclusions; No, my dear; she cheerfully relinquished the dull road of syllogistic disputation, to the peevish scholar and sour recluse, conceiving the study of the abstruse sciences, as she styled logical reasoning, qualifications requisite only for the collegian and divine. With these ideas, her conversation was ever a scene of illiberal contradictions.

It is common, however, for weak minds to have an exalted opinion of their own abilities; thus it was with my aunt; and to the most consummate ignorance was added an overbearing disposition. Young as I was, my feelings were sensibly injured



injured by her conduct to my uncle, for whom she ever experienced a violent pang of love or hatred; at times hanging around his neck and pouring forth a profusion of fond expressions, then relapsing into abuse and ill-treatment; extremely irritable and uncertain in her feelings and disposition. My situation was peculiarly difficult, and the example set before me prejudicial to my happiness; but in this state I remained until I was ten years old, when we received the melancholy news of my uncle's being drowned at sea. This painful intelligence affected my aunt, as trouble invariably will persons of her ungovernable disposition, and she was thrown into a momentary state of distraction. But the idea of being left sole executrix to a handsome fortune, soon mitigated her distress and absorbed the pearly tear from the cheek of external woe. Money, Maria, possesses a balmy power; it can even heal the wounds of the heart. My uncle and aunt Franklin thinking this a good opportunity to gain the consent of my aunt Noble, solicited the indulgence of having me with them; but my services were too necessary for her to comply with their request. Shortly after my uncle Noble's death, his brother lost his wife.

Colonel Noble was a very different man from his brother: Ambitious beyond what

his situation in life could possibly lead him to expect; vain of his imagined personal beauty, and extremely ignorant. My aunt, as soon as decency would permit, began to display her charms, and made every advance which art could suggest to gain his attention. Her conduct exposed her to the ridicule of her acquaintance; for the first advances to come from our sex is, you know, my dear, derogatory to the delicacy of the female mind. Suffice it to say, by an unwearied assiduity and great generosity to him and his family (for Colonel Noble's circumstances were at this period embarrassed) she succeeded in her favourite wish of becoming his wife; or, as she in her refined sensibility termed it, "renewed her first marriage." As all the baleful qualities of ignorance were assimilated in this connection, the honey moon was short. The Colonel, by his first wife, had three children, who soon became the cause of contention. My aunt, by her entire ignorance of mankind, and a want of one of the principal cardinal virtues, *prudence*, foolishly threw the fortune of her child, for whom she was guardian, into the hands of her new husband, whose embarrassed circumstances induced him to apply the property to family use; nor would his haughty disposition permit him to render any account of the monies received. This created  
daily

daily disputes. A prudent woman would have guarded against those difficulties by appointing a new guardian previous to her second marriage. His conduct enraged my aunt, and her severity to his children increased. Their contentions rendered me very unhappy, and finally threw me into a languid state. While thus indisposed, I repeatedly solicited to see my uncle F. who was a physician. He was at length sent for; when he came, he was surprised at finding me so unwell, and observing my health required very great attention, insisted upon my being removed to his house, that he might have me under his immediate care. Thus was I relieved from that scene of wretchedness in which the family of my aunt was continually involved. The family in which I was now placed were happy in themselves, and assiduous to communicate happiness to your Caroline. An easy mind, united with their inexpressible kindness, soon restored me to health. Hitherto my education had been cruelly neglected; this led them to pay a particular attention to my improvement, and they shortly implanted in my breast a desire of knowledge. Masters were liberally provided, and I was instructed in all the branches of polite education. Respect to my aunt Noble required I should sometimes visit her unhappy family; but as these visits were only to comply

with a necessary attention, I went but seldom. My desire of improvement daily increased; and my close attention to the different branches of my education, gained the affection of my uncle and aunt Franklin, who were equally solicitous to evince their attachment to their little orphan. But, Maria, death, envious of my felicity, in an unexpected moment, deprived me of my beloved aunt. This circumstance so distressed my uncle that he neglected his business; nor could my closest attention restore him to his former tranquillity. I had the misfortune to see him languish two years, when he fell a sacrifice to that sincere affection, which had ever designated him an indulgent husband.

Thus was a connection, fraught with felicity to themselves and friends, cut off in the zenith of domestic enjoyment: Nor could the eligible situation, in which this distressing event placed me, sooth my affliction; it preyed upon my mind and injured my health. Being left joint heir with my cousin, then stationed at Fort Pitt, I felt the necessity of giving him the painful information of his uncle's death, and taking some steps for my future situation in life. The property left me was in the funds; the interest of which, while I remained single, was for my support; but upon my being married, both principal and interest

interest were to be at my disposal. The furniture was to be sold at auction. This made it necessary I should resolve on some place where to remove. Thus, my dear, have I run through the juvenile parts of my life, which you will see have not been free from real sorrow to your friend,

CAROLINE FRANCIS

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## LETTER II.

*Philadelphia*

BY the death of my uncle and aunt, I was left, my dear Maria, at an age the most necessary to be protected; exposed to the attack of every seducer. This reflection the more readily induced me to return to the house of Colonel Noble, thinking that as I now had it in my power to pay for my board, I should be less subject to their disputes. I accordingly told my aunt, that as I wished not to be interrupted by her family, if she would accommodate me with a chamber to myself, I would board with her for a few months. To this she cheerfully agreed; and I, from present necessity, returned to the place I most detested in my heart.

My uncle Franklin, at his death, had left me the liberty of selecting from a valuable collection

collection of books, those which suited my taste; from the perusal of these I anticipated superior gratification. In this I was disappointed. My aunt, possessed of a communicative and repining disposition, continually intruded upon my retired moments, embittering them with a constant repetition of her wretchedness; and I soon repented of my folly in returning to her house.

Their quarrels ran high, and several days would frequently elapse without their speaking to each other: Nor did she ever attempt to sooth the passions of the Colonel; but irritated him in the most abusive and imprudent manner. Thus those breaches, which might have been healed by a soft and condescending disposition, were increased until they became incurable wounds.

Her resentment was not confined to the Colonel, but extended its severity to his children. For her own child, all the feelings of a parental bosom vegetated in luxuriance: If in the least indisposed, every luxury which the city afforded was provided for her. Happy had it been, were she disposed to treat his former children with an equal degree of tenderness; she might then have derived greater pleasure from her connection.

In my absence she had made an addition  
to

to her family. The woman, Maria, who cannot resolve fully to do the duty of a parent, certainly should not undertake the charge of children, who must necessarily look to her for instruction and advice. It is requisite that she conceal even the shadow of a preference; for a partiality, once discovered, lessens the confidence and affection of her husband, renders her disrespected by the children, and depreciates her in the eyes of her domestics.

Another source of contention was her extreme attachment to cards; she however persisted in the indulgence of this propensity. In playing for amusement only, there can be no real injury; but when the happiness of our lives is suspended upon it, what inference can be drawn from our conduct which is not derogatory to the understanding of rational beings? This excessive fondness for play, was very disagreeable to the Colonel. A prudent woman would cheerfully have relinquished so trifling a gratification for the security of her domestic happiness, but his inclination she seldom consulted: And so infatuated was this unhappy woman, that notwithstanding his aversion, she early *instructed* her children in the various games; and the youngest, before six years old, was a considerable proficient at cards. As soon as the tea things were

were removed, too, her favourite game, was introduced.

"From the inhuman treatment of her husband, her health (she said) was greatly injured; amusement was necessary for her." This mode of passing time was however totally repugnant to my wishes, yet I must acquiesce, or be thought to derogate from that politeness and attention, necessary to be observed to an aunt.

Unfortunate at play, the company were frequently thrown into confusion by her resentment; for she seldom arose from the table without considerable loss. This was an aggravation to my uncle, who, having no lucrative employment, made it necessary he should curtail his expences; though an ill-judged ambition and pride, the natural growth of ignorance, led him to support an external appearance, at the expense of many necessities, for which his family suffered.

My aunt had a small income of sixty pounds per annum, settled upon her by a relation, to continue during her life, and then to devolve to her first child. This but partially supplied her with pocket-money, for being (what the world stile) generous; but what your Caroline denominates prodigal; it was insufficient to support her in those extravagances to which she had been, for a long time habituated; and not feeling a disposition to confine her-  
self



self within the limits of her income, while she had the property of her deceased husband in possession, she had mostly exhausted it. The whole of the dissipated property was charged to the extravagance of the Colonel; This excited frequent disputes, and at length induced her to pursue measures which produced serious consequences.

Going privately to the judge, she represented her situation, gave up her guardianship, urging the necessity of a new guardian being appointed, who should do immediate justice to her child. Agreeably to her wishes, the Colonel was summoned to appear, and obliged to render a statement of the accounts, which proved him to be considerably deficient. But, as it was ever supposed, my aunt had squandered a very great part.

The reduced situation of my uncle, put it out of his power to refund what had unavoidably been applied to family use; and disgusted with the conduct of his wife, their house became a continued scene of jarrings, reflections, and disputes. It was certainly proper that the child's property should be secured even at the hazard of a separation from her husband; but these difficulties she ought to have foreseen.

The Colonel being deprived of the property of his ward, his next resource, for the support

support of his family, was from time to time, to dispose of some valuable piece of furniture. This added to my aunt's uneasiness—her complaints were incessant. She considered the whole city as her friends, and without reserve proclaimed abroad her domestic troubles. The most entire stranger, as well as the particular friend, were alike entrusted with her family circumstances. Her husband she represented as a villian and a cheat; and by this unpardonable conduct, so injured his character with his fellow citizens, as to occasion a total loss of credit.

Thus unhappily was I situated for several months, when I resolved to quit the city, and seek, in the bosom of a more retired life, that peace of which I was now deprived.

I had written to my cousin at Fort Pitt, and so far adjusted my own affairs, as to be able to dispose of myself in the method most agreeable to my wishes. I therefore took an early opportunity to acquaint my aunt with my intention, urging it as necessary to my health, that I should pass the approaching season in the country. In a few weeks an eligible situation offering, I quitted, with avidity, this dwelling of murmur and complaint, replete with the most sanguine ideas of future happiness.

Scarce had I sipped from this scene  
of

of promised pleasure, one pleasing draught, before I was interrupted with her peace-destroying letters, filled with her determination of leaving her barbarous husband; and, expressive of her inclination, to be accommodated with her neice. These letters, Maria, I never noticed, and in a few weeks became so inured to their complaints, that I began to feel less affected by them.

The human mind, my dear, in length of time, can become habituated to any scene with which it is surrounded. Thus the most humane disposition, by being conversant with sufferings which at first made nature recoil, often delight in those very things that, but a short time before, were so distressing to it. This observation demonstrates the necessity of keeping the young mind remote from every species of cruelty.

Perplexed, as I had been, with the imprudencies of my aunt, I reasoned with myself upon the impropriety of admitting her complaints to destroy my promised happiness. Because she was calculated to be wretched, why should it cloud the dawn of my pleasure? I sincerely regretted her situation; but resolved that a mind which revelled in affliction, should not render me unjust to myself. It is difficult, Maria, to conquer our feelings; but  
by

by the aid of reason and philosophy, we may learn to suppress an undue anxiety.

Viewing the unhappy situation of my aunt through its just medium, I shortly began to consider her sufferings as brought upon herself by most imprudent conduct, and therefore resolved to check my feelings. Believing, that although the Deity has implanted the delicate sensations of sympathy deeply within our breasts, it is by no means his intention we should become miserable, when it is not in our power to remove the sufferings of the wretched object. No, my dear, it is wisely ordered, as all human beings have their own misfortunes to support, they shall not be capable of retaining the same acute sensations for the distressed, as they experienced at first sight, and previous to their having offered such relief as their abilities would admit.

The pleasing thought of having rendered a temporary suspension of misery to a fellow mortal, is fragrant to the tender mind: Having done this, we return to our own particular concerns. Disappointment and misfortunes await us in the journey of life. No situation, however elevated, can secure us from anxiety and pain. Says Doctor Young—

“The gay, rich, great, triumphant, and august,  
What are they? The most happy (strange to say!)  
Convince me most of human misery.”

These

These reflections it was my study to strengthen : The indulgence rendered me tranquil.

The village to which I had retired was upon the road to New-York ; in it were several genteel families, so that I was at no loss for society, when disposed to amuse myself abroad. In the friendly circle, Maria, where conversation is enlightened by the observations of our superiors in wisdom and experience, much instruction may be derived : It unbends the mind, gives it a new relish for retirement, softens the manners and harmonizes the thoughts.

The young ladies who belong to Princeton, a great part of their time, resided in Philadelphia or New-York, for the benefit of their education, which deprived me of the opportunity of cultivating a friendship with those of my own age. This circumstance at first was an alloy to my satisfaction ; for we naturally seek our associates from among those of our particular standing in life. Here we expect to find correspondent inclinations, and from an agreement in dispositions, a friendship is gradually cemented, which strengthens with advancing years ; and, in the decline of life, is frequently productive of much real enjoyment.

Attached, however, to retirement, and  
never

never at a loss for amusement when I could obtain an entertaining book, I banished this disappointment.

The college being near, introduced many young gentlemen to my acquaintance. I was seldom without a gallant, and had not been long in Princeton before I enlisted several of the students to the standard of love; or, perhaps, to speak with more propriety, they were charmed with my fortune, which was now greatly increased by the unfortunate circumstance of my cousin's supposed death; my uncle in this case having left me sole heir.

The painful intelligence of Major Willy's defeat, while it threw a general gloom upon the citizens at large, doubly affected the promised happiness of your Caroline, as it deprived me of the protection and advice of a much esteemed friend. My cousin being left in a situation similar to Major Willy's, it was doubtful whether he was really dead, or had fallen into the hands of the Savages. Until some information could be obtained, we believed he had fallen a sacrifice. No reflections, my dear Maria, could mitigate this severe affliction. The idea that he might possibly be a prisoner with the Indians, disturbed my pleasures, and cruelly tortured my every enjoyment.

Followed with the closest attention from  
the

the students, many suspicions were excited in my breast, that my fortune was the magnet which so powerfully attracted their notice.

The influence of riches is great. Young and old pay adoration at the shrine of wealth, but your Caroline has had sufficient warning to guard her heart.—Matrimony, Maria, is a serious engagement.

Adieu,

CAROLINE FRANCIS,

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### LETTER III.

*Princeton.*

**T**EASED, perplexed, solicited by a group of fortune hunters, I can have no moments my own. Poor Caroline, how does your money involve you in new difficulties! but I am fixed: To matrimony I will not be confined. A husband, what a name! is not my aunt a lesson? I will leave the dull road of married life to fools. Thus thought your friend; but, Maria, thoughts change.

Walking was a recreation in which I usually indulged twice a day when the weather would permit. I had for some time accustomed myself to stroll into a delightful spot, to which accident at first led me

me. Here I was entertained by the little songsters who charmed me with their melody, and shed a superior pleasure upon my soul. This I believed calculated for the habitation of some Sylvan deity. In it I generally passed several hours before breakfast, perusing some favourite author. While I remained in this retirement, I forgot the disappointments which had veiled my imagined felicity; I became lost in inexpressible happiness. The boughs of the friendly trees by nature formed a shade around me; these were decorated with a variety of spontaneous vines, which entwined themselves in various directions, and while they delighted the eye, wafted fragrance to the smell. Upon the stumps of a couple of decayed trees I had placed a board which served me as a seat; every thing around encouraged contemplation.

One morning as I entered the bower, I was greatly surprised to see a miniature picture lying upon the bench; for I had flattered myself this delightful place was free from intruders. The picture I seized with eagerness, viewed it and was enraptured: Oh! exclaimed I, is this the portrait of a human being? Sincerely do I wish his heart!—Fear now disturbed my reflections. I was uneasy lest I should meet the owner in this place of solitude, and arose to retire, but casting my eyes around, observing



erving the same peace and serenity yet reigned in every shrub, I ventured to delay my return, and sitting down upon the bench wrote with my pencil the following :

*"The picture left in this place is in safe and friendly hands."* A few days after I found a billet under a stone upon the bench, addressed to Caroline, of which the enclosed is a copy.

"Miss,

"The picture you found, belongs to one too much attached to the original to suffer any other to possess the copy, you will therefore, without delay, place it where you found it, and thus oblige

ELIZA."

Thunderstruck at the demand, I sat hesitating what to do, when I suddenly heard a rustling among the bushes, and looking towards the noise, discovered a young gentleman coming up to me. I was much alarmed. He observed my astonishment, and stepping gracefully to me, seized my hand: "My charming girl," said he, "your fears are groundless, give me leave to seat you. The incident that has caused me to obtrude upon your retirement, which I have long observed pleasing to you, when you thought yourself secluded from all observation, has been unfortunate to me: Yes, Caroline, I am neither ignorant of your name, character

ter or situation. The lines you wrote upon this bench were read by a young lady to whom I have long been engaged; for the loss of the picture she is indeed inconsolable; I must therefore request you will restore it to me." I paused. "You flatter me," said he, "by the reluctance with which you relinquish it." It was, indeed, Maria, a request hard to reconcile with the feelings of my heart. The charming youth continued, "with rapture would I improve the present opportunity, to offer a heart devoted to you alone; but friends and parental wishes have long since deprived me of the choice." Then falling on his knees, he drew out of his pocket a locket elegantly set in gold. It represented in hair-work, Hope, leaning upon her usual emblem, the anchor, and pointing with her other hand to a fountain, out of which two doves were drinking; on the back of it was inscribed "*To friendship.*" "This is my own performance," said he, "will you honour me by your acceptance of it?" It was insufficient to purchase the picture then in possession; but how could I refuse his request. I made no reply: He was still kneeling urging my acceptance. While in this attitude, who should appear, through a distant row of trees, but the enviable, the happy Eliza! I was too well informed of her disposition, not to tremble at her approach.

Upon

Upon my first arrival at Princeton, I had been particularly cautioned not to form any connexion with this young lady, being the only child of parents who had ruined her in her education; and possessing a naturally revengeful and jealous disposition, she had made herself disagreeable to all her acquaintance. Clarimont was surprised; he arose in much confusion, and walking towards her, seized her hand, saying, "I was pleading for the return of the picture upon which you are pleased to set so high a value." Until this moment I was ignorant whose property I had in possession, and dreading her revengeful temper, hastened to her, presenting the picture, I wish not to detain this, said I, but am happy in restoring the valuable treasure. Her countenance was suffused with resentment: she appeared to dispute the sincerity of my expressions. I immediately retired, resolving never to revisit a place which had been once so pleasing to me, lest it should appear with a design to meet Clarimont, and become fatal to either of us by the dreaded disposition of Eliza. Having no wish to interrupt the romantic lovers, I resolved to seek some new spot which should, if possible compensate the loss of that to which I had been so partial.

Rising very early one morning I crossed some adjacent fields, and passing towards a wood which promised to supply my wishes, scarce had I entered among the trees, when I was alarmed by a voice which appeared to be in very great distress. I stopped—nor can language express my astonishment. Remote from every object, my only resource was to return to the road. With trembling steps I gained a secret path; but had not proceeded far, before the report of a pistol gave fresh agitation to my disturbed mind. Almost distracted with fright, I had scarce strength to gain the road, when I seated myself, to recover, if possible, my astonished senses. I had been here but a few minutes, before an amazing dust arose in columns at a little distance. This was occasioned by a detachment of new levies marching to the Western Country. As they approached, every fearful idea of a female mind rushing into view, your Caroline fainted. When I came to myself, I found I was in the arms of an officer, who by every tender and polite attention, endeavoured to calm my mind. He urged to know what had thus affected me. I was unable to reply, and could express no more than *the pistol—the woods—* pointing in consternation to the spot. A party was instantly detached to search for the cause of my distress

treſs, who ſoon returned with the account of having found a young man weltering in his blood, lifeleſs upon the ground. By this time I had ſo far recovered as to be able to walk ; and ſupporting myſelf upon the arm of the officer, ſoon reached my lodgings.

This event cauſed a general alarm throughout the village, and in a few hours the painful intelligence reached me, that Clarimont, the lover of Eliza, had fallen by his own hands. The agitation of my mind prevented that attention to my benefactor which his politeneſs merited. I did not permit him to leave me without a promiſe of calling upon me ſhould an opportunity preſent.

At this period, little did I expect this incident would deſtroy my future happineſs. Providence has wiſely concealed thoſe events which are deſtined to overtake us in the walks of life. I had not been in company with the unfortunate youth, ſince the morning we met in the arbour, having been particularly cautious not to fall in his way. To what induced him to take this ſtep I was a ſtranger.

A jury was ſummoned, who having ſat upon the body, brought in their verdict *inſane*. The connexions of Eliza now took charge of the corſe. They prepared to perform the laſt office to the deceased ;

girl, the gloom which involved my mind, gradually dissipated.

From the observations I had made respecting the unhappy conduct of my aunt, I had long established it a maxim of prudence, and a dictate of reason, to make as easy as possible the various incidents which occur in the journey of life. To Clarmont, I confess, I was partial: In his happiness was my heart interested; but the suspicions which were excited in the breast of Eliza were as opposed to my innocence as they were destructive of my peace.

The parties in which I was frequently engaged tended to erase from recollection the dull scenes of Princeton. A succession of pleasureable events often absorbs the mind, and we forget, when surrounded with dissipation and amusement, the painful circumstances which had previously invaded our happiness: Thus is human existence rendered more tolerable.

During my visit in this city I received several letters from my repining aunt: These afforded Lucretia and myself much amusement. They informed me she had left her inhuman husband, and taken a small house at Trenton, where she anticipated the pleasure of seeing me and my friend. Lucretia, pleased with the invitation, consented to accompany me. We accordingly

ly engaged a seat in the stage, and were safely landed at the door of my aunt Noble, who, ever attached to company, gave us a warm reception. Civility and custom obliged us to enquire after her health. One enquiry, Maria, was a sufficient opening for the relation of all her mental and bodily sufferings. She seized the hand of Lucretia and began the uninteresting recital. When she came to the description of her disorders, it was indeed difficult to refrain from smiling "A numbness of the brain, an extreme pressure upon the eyes, and a constant irritation of the nervous system, I apprehend insanity must finally ensue." Conversing upon this subject brought on all her *spasms, contractions, &c.* The doctor was called; he entered the room: his saddle bags containing his specific medicine, variously modified, hung upon his arm. This valuable composition, Maria, in the opinion of this son of Esculapius, was a *summum bonum*; it possessed all the virtues of the *materia medica*. Said Lucretia, aside, will it cure a weak head? We handed him a chair; he seated himself by my aunt, and with great tenderness, solicited her to be composed. "I am afraid of convulsions, doctor." "Don't be alarmed, madam," he replied; "it is the extreme tension upon some of the fine vessels which produces this distressing taught-

B 4

ness;

ness; you want some invigorating application; nothing is a greater stimulus than camphire; a few drops of this valuable drug, will shortly relieve you; the virtues of this incomparable gum, madam, are unknown to the city doctors. It may be used to inexpressible advantage in every disorder, to which we are incident. In fevers its efficacy cannot be denied by its peculiar diaphoretic quality; it rapidly throws off obstructions; it surprisngly heals the inflammation of the bowels and stomach in consumptive habits, and brings on the necessary expectoration for the relief of the lungs; it forcibly expels all internal impediments, acting upon the nerves as opium upon the senses; lulls their agitation, and renders the patient tranquil and composed. Nor is it less beneficial in all external applications; even mortifications may be stopt by its peculiar power." During his animadversions upon the efficacy of camphire, he several times repeated the dose, which was administered in a cordial. My aunt began to be in better spirits. The doctor, after having often reminded us of the ignorance of the city physicians, withdrew.

This was a diverting scene. I fear, Maria, as you are unacquainted with this aunt of mine, you will begin to think me destitute of those tender sensations which beautify humanity. If these are your ideas you derogate from your friend, whose



whose soul is alive to sympathy, and in whose eye, frequently sparkles the congenial tear. My aunt is not without my pity; but the troubles she experiences are brought upon her by a weak mind, which she never has taken pains to correct, and an entire ignorance of human nature. These sources alone would be sufficient to involve her in continual difficulties, had not an ungovernable temper sealed her misery. Philosophers say, all the virtues are in conjunction; is this the case, my aunt Noble is strikingly deficient; since prudence, which is first upon the list, never had the most remote connexion with any part of her conduct. The moral virtues only execute what prudence prescribes.

Had she taken the steps previous to her late marriage which she has since been compelled to adopt, those great causes of her unhappiness had been impeded. Nor could this precaution in any degree evince a want of confidence in Mr. Noble; she would then have experienced a satisfaction in her own reflections which would have rendered her inexpressibly happy.

Nothing is more luxuriant to a thinking mind than self approbation: It is a sun which dispels the clouds of solicitude and anxiety. Homer tells us of an herb which the ancients called *Nepenthe*; that being made an ingredient in their feasts, banished

sorrow from their minds. I wish we could obtain this valuable plant for my aunt: It would be a pleasing substitute for cards; for, as usual, the tea tray is no sooner removed, than the apparatus for play is introduced.

We had been here but a few days, when Lucretia began to complain that nervous company disagreed with her taste. Few hours could be agreeable under my aunt's roof. She ever corroded the pleasures of the table with a recital of her ill treatment and indisposition: Her uncommon difficulties were the theme of conversation; her family troubles the topic at all times and places. If checked for indulging a gloomy disposition, she declared her distress involuntary and unavoidable. Every pleasing idea forsook her. Her hours were devoted to tears, and the most bitter invectives against her cruel husband:

I believe you regret that my aunt is thus connected in the story of your unfortunate friend,

CAROLINE.

LETTER

## LETTER IV.

*Trenton.*

IN addition to the failings I have already described, my aunt Noble possessed the painful faculty of anticipating distressing events; so that we were not only entertained with her personal difficulties, but amused with some dreadful misfortune which was continually about to befall her darling children. The gloomy premonitions of her mind deprived us of all enjoyment. We certainly have no occasion to seek the evils of life, they will ever obtrude themselves upon us. To add to her affliction, she was continually tormented with dreams which foreboded some sad event, yet she never acknowledged to have slept. Why madam, said I, will you not wait until the trouble comes, it is surely sufficient to feel it when it has overtaken you; by indulging this disposition, you suffer in imagination what may never become real, and thus accumulate distress. It is the duty of rational beings to exert the powers of the mind, and to render themselves as comfortable and happy as the mutability of human life will admit. But my aunt was as great a stranger to ethics as to the cardinal virtues. Tired with a continued repetition

tition of grievances and complaints, I dreaded her company. These, however, would have affected me but little, had she not intruded upon me, when I retired to my chamber, and thus disturbed my moments of reflection.

Mr. Addison justly observes, "That we should not trouble our friends with relations which must oblige them to real or feigned affliction. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasinesses, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon them. We should not bring them little sorrows, which do not belong to them. Fortune gives us disappointments sufficient; nature is attended with infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy side of our account by spleen or ill humour."

The physician of my aunt was invariably called, three or four times a week, to renew his prescriptions of camphire, which he administered in various ways; sometimes in powder to "brace the debility of her delicate frame;" at others in drops, "to diffuse itself into the little vessels and cause a proper animation of the parts. The head, madam, abounds with an infinite number of fine vessels, some of which are too crowded with blood, while others are flabby and want to be wound up: Taking plentifully of these, and keeping yourself composed, will

will soon relieve you. Camphire is excessively diffusive, invigorating and pungent."

There were no circumstances which occurred while we were at this village, more replete with diversion to Lucretia and myself than the doctor's visits. In the city they are short; but a country physician brings in his fiddle-bags, takes off his great-coat and hat, and is seated for an hour or two: It is a fortunate circumstance their demands are not in proportion to the length of their visits. I do not pretend to say all my aunt's disorders were imaginary, but am confident an attention to exercise and diet, would make her life much more comfortable. I can scarcely believe the complaints of those, who pay no attention to the regulation of their lives; but at the expense of health, that greatest blessing mortals can enjoy, gratify their most vitiated appetites; it is unreasonable to expect that a delicate and infirm habit should not severely suffer from such indulgences; these imprudences must render futile the attentions of the physician, and defeat the applications of the most learned practitioner.

Lucretia wishes to visit Philadelphia: She is uneasy lest she should become contaminated, and frequently observes, there is no advantage to be derived from passing our time with those gloomy minds which  
revel

revel in affliction, and whose most luxurious repast appears to be the bitter of life.

Did not the circle of our own acquaintance present to knowledge similar characters with that of my aunt Noble, it would be difficult to realize their existence. That beings endowed with the powers of rational reflection, who are at liberty to dwell upon any subject, should select from that variety which might employ their thoughts, distressing premonitions, and indulge the anticipation of troubles which may never exist, evinces an unpardonable vacancy of mind which must stigmatize their folly, and render them contemptible and little in the opinion of those who are so unfortunate as to have any intercourse with them. It cannot therefore surprise you that Lucretia is desirous to leave this place. For my own part, I am sick of hearing a worn out story related to every new face which appears. Disgusted with her company, I confine myself to my chamber; even here, as before observed, I am interrupted: It is impossible to indulge my own ideas. She is displeased that I thus seclude myself. "It is evident I slight her society." She complains much to Lucretia. "Her niece, she believes, will turn her brain with reading. For her part she cannot imagine what business women have with books, unless it is now and then an entertaining novel.

novel. She never knew one who after all her study ever became a Locke or a Newton. There are certain domestic employments for females beyond which they have no right to deviate. Science belongs not to them: Let them study to grace a table, become conversant in domestic concerns, and their minds are sufficiently improved. But Caroline, to be sure, must be turning over the leaves of some old history. How she can amuse herself with such dry narrations I cannot tell."

That such remarks should fall from a woman, who has no idea of the real enjoyment which is derived from so rational an indulgence, is by no means surprising. Could she relish this mode of passing her leisure moments, the vacuum she now experiences, would vanish; a country life would then be more consonant with her feelings.

If, with the "mind's eye," she had a taste to travel through distant kingdoms and take a retrospective view of past events, she might nourish that fondness for variety so predominant with human nature, and in the indulgence of this disposition be happy. Sincerely do I wish her singular, in these degrading sentiments; then should we shine more conspicuous.

The divine Creator has made no difference between the souls of the sexes, but giv-

en to each, similar powers of improvement. Education alone constitutes the superiority. It hath hitherto been our misfortune to be greatly neglected, while schools and colleges have been instituted, and every possible method adopted to direct the expanding minds of the other sex. Early are they instructed to such studies as will be most beneficial to them; and from infancy habituated to arrange their ideas, their whole time is devoted to reflection. Can it be wondered that they who have made it the business of their lives, to become masters of reasoning, should excel us who have been deprived of those advantages. All the education thought necessary for our sex until within a few years, has been simple reading and writing. Thus neglected we must possess astonishing geniuses to rise superior to the impediments with which we have been surrounded; yet we sometimes meet with those who have strength to soar above these difficulties and reflect a lustre upon female abilities.

In the present system of education, there appears to be a very great error. Introducing young ladies upon the stage to speak in public, tends to give them a confidence which does not belong to a female; and so far from encouraging those feelings nature has implanted, lulls them into a dangerous apathy, and by repetition, de-  
troys



stroys that easy, natural delicacy which should ever adorn their characters.

A certain degree of assurance is necessary for the gentlemen; but a lady is most pleasingly designated by a modest reserve. It is the most attractive charm she can possess. True modesty avoids the eye of public admiration. Nature has connected in our composition such a keenness of sensibility, that we are pained when exposed to public observation.

A young lady, early accustomed to genteel company, will ever acquire sufficient confidence for private life. It is necessary to instruct those only who are designed for the theatre, to speak before crowded audiences.

Your friendship is grateful to Caroline, whose heart ever beats responsive to the warm expression of her Maria.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER V.

*Tragedy.*

ATTACHED to riding on horseback, Lucretia and myself make frequent excursions. In one of these rambles, in which

which by necessity we were unattended, for a country life seldom affords gallants, an incident took place which determined us in future to be more cautious. Yet such is the construction of the human mind, that fear must be strongly imprest not to wear off by time. Instead of riding in the morning as had been our usual practice, we concluded to go in the afternoon, wishing to take a road, which in the morning, was rendered disagreeable by giving us the sun in our faces. The day was inviting, we were pleased with the prospect around, and unmindful of our distance from home. Engaged in conversation, the sun had set before we had any idea of its retiring. An improving companion is an instructing thief, which insensibly steals away the hours. It was, however, prudent for us to hasten into the main road, where we naturally supposed ourselves more secure. Just as we had entered the post road, we were familiarly addressed by a person on horseback, who appeared disposed to accompany us. He begged to know how far we were going. We assured him we were but a short distance from home and under no apprehensions. Notwithstanding this, he insisted upon accompanying us. We had gone but a little way before we made an addition to our party. A person who appeared well acquainted with our gallant rode

rode up, and addressed him in a style which alarmed us. Being upon the great road we flattered ourselves we should soon meet with some traveller who would relieve us. Lucretia and myself rode as near as possible to each other. Our bosoms beat with anxiety. Our gallants soon separated, and rode one upon each side of us. Thus confined between them, judge of our feelings. Just as we came to a retired path they proposed our turning into it; and finding we would not consent, they seized, at the same instant, the bridles of both our horses, and with an oath declared we should do as they said. I shudder when I recollect the providential means of our escape. At this moment, encouraged by the sound of horse's feet we screamed for help. The villains were alarmed, and letting go their hold, rode off with precipitation. We were immediately overtaken by a gentleman on his journey to New-York. He inquired the cause of our fears; very politely attended us to the door of my aunt, and would now have taken leave, but we urged him to alight; and understanding he intended putting up at the next inn, insisted on his taking a bed, which he accepted. Before he left us he impressed the necessity of our being attended by some gentleman in our future excursions, and promised to call upon us on his return from

from New-York, if we had left Trenton, to gratify us with a visit in Philadelphia. This incident fresh in our minds made us cautious of venturing abroad; it was several weeks before we dared to lose sight of the house.

The obligation we were under to Mr. Wilkins, the gentleman who fortunately relieved us from our apparent danger, excites a lively gratitude in the bosom of your friend,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER VI.

*Philadelphia.*

A FEW days after I wrote you last, as Lucretia and myself were strolling upon the banks of a little stream, which meandered at the foot of a hill but a short distance from the house of my aunt, we were alarmed by voices which appeared to be distant; the water only conveying the sound. This, it is probable, would not have produced any uneasy sensations in our minds, but for the incident before related. The danger we had lately escaped rushed full upon us; and without delay we turned towards the path, resolved to reach the road as quick as possible. This

we

we scarce had time to effect, when looking behind, we observed a person in the habit of a woman gaining fast upon us. The oddity of her dress and the peculiarity of her appearance instantly made us suspect it to be a man. Suspicion gave wings to our feet and we soon fell in with some honest farmers, under whose escort we once more safely entered our own doors. It was now judged prudent we should immediately leave Trenton, as several circumstances corroborated to convince us a plan was forming against me by Eliza. We accordingly took seats in the stage for Philadelphia.

It was with pleasure we quitted Trenton, not because the charms of a rural life had lost their relish : No, Maria ; secluded from the busy scenes of the metropolis, we are free from many cares which extend a feverish anxiety, while surrounded with dissipation, which too often destroys reflection and embitters life. But it is painful to be confined to one distressing theme. Human life is sufficiently crowded with personal troubles : To support them with fortitude, should be the endeavour of every rational mind.

Encompassed by innumerable cares and anxieties, it was never intended we should take any further share in the troubles of those around, than was sufficient, if in our power

power to relieve their distress. It certainly would be a great addition to the miseries of life, should we suffer ourselves to be made wretched by every desponding gloomy disposition, our pity is indeed excited, we lament their weakness, and urge the necessity of fortitude. Such is the natural imbecility of the human mind, it confines us to the immediate scenes in which we are engaged, and as new objects present, the past is in a degree erased from recollection. This indeed is wisely ordered.

In this city we have taken lodgings at a widow Leason's. She is polite and agreeable; but as no one is without their particular characteristic, we cannot expect our landlady to be an exception. Mrs. Leason has one child, blessed with good natural abilities, and educated by a less indulgent parent, she might have shone in a domestic character, but when the idea is instilled in the youthful mind, that it is to be indulged in all its wishes, let the disposition be ever so pleasing, the soil is contaminated, and instead of producing a grateful vegetation, is over-run with a spontaneous exuberance of pride, which chokes every fragrant sprout.

Laura by this too indulgent mother, is even prevented from taking the necessary exercise which the constitution requires. It would be natural to suppose, from the  
line

line of life which Providence has allotted Mrs. Leason, she would have habituated her daughter to early attentions in the family. Nothing can better qualify a young lady, who expects one day to become the mistress of a family, than a proper respect to the economy and regulations in domestic concerns. I believe it to be a duty parents owe their children, early to instruct them in such scenes as will be necessary to future happiness; and let my fortune be ever so independent, I am resolved, should I ever commence the mother, early to accustom my daughters daily to devote a few hours to domestic matters; this will never render them less respected abroad.

Do not mistake me. I have no wish to confine female education to domestic duties. No, Maria; the greatest source of our happiness is an enlightened mind. It is a cause of regret that more attention is not paid to our education. If the mind is a barren waste, of what avail are the beauties of the most lovely face, the elegance of the most enchanting shape, the grace of the most accomplished person; the imperceptible hand of time will deprive them of every external charm, and eclipse the lustre of the most penetrating eye. But the mind, that immortal part, can never fade. If properly cultivated, it will unfold new beauties, and by a continual progress in  
virtue

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virtue and happiness, be finally prepared for superior enjoyments above; while a trifling dissipated disposition can never be attuned to those delightful employments which engage so many departed saints in heaven.

Laura is fond of reading, and by having free access to the city library, is in a situation to indulge so laudable an attachment; but like too many of her sex, she neglects those writings which would be beneficial and instructive, and with avidity seizes every romantic volume; thus her taste becomes poisoned. I wish not too severely to condemn this kind of writing, but only to impress the idea that the choice should be directed by judgment. "The style in which they are frequently dressed captivates the mind, and conveys poison to the youthful fancy; although their influence is imperceptible, it is not the less sure. The passions too often become inflamed, and by a repetition of love adventures, the pure ideas become injured, and we feel a secret wish to imitate scenes with which we are thus delighted. They have ruined the minds of many, by instilling into them principles of duplicity and intrigue, and thus prepared them for similar violations of morality and virtue."

I have repeatedly expressed my surprise at Laura's taste. She in return is as much astonished



astonished that any can be pleased with the dry, insipid page of history. Are you fond of love adventures, I replied, you will, often meet with them in history. An illicit love occasioned the destruction of the finest city in Asia. It caused Anthony to forsake Octavia, and revel in the arms of the celebrated Cleopatra.

By this delightful study you will be taught the fatal effects of jealousy and ambition. At one period you will see the world involved in the greatest ignorance and barbarism; at another, rising by civilization and refinement, decorated in all the charms of politeness and learning: But it is impossible to gain her attention.

Mrs. Leason's error, in her daughter's education, is greatly to be lamented. Habits contracted in early life are often unalterable: Great care is therefore requisite that none should be formed but such as will establish virtuous and solid satisfaction: Then would our days dawn amidst the smiles of an approving conscience, and close with superlative pleasure.

A striking trait in the character of our landlady is a sympathy of soul: She is ever ready to mitigate the sufferings of the distressed; and the congenial tear, which is infinitely more valuable than the diadem of Cæsar, often trembles in her eye and discovers the gentleness of her heart: This

casts a veil over many of her failings, while others are too unpardonable to be overlooked.

Her strong propensity to discover the secrets of those families in which she visits, certainly evinces a little mind: To this is added a great fondness for match-making. Several matches formed by her have proved unhappy: This is not surprising. Connexions, which result from motives of convenience or interest, either terminate in wretchedness, or are embittered with many real evils.

Marriages, formed upon the idea of protection or fortune, although the corruption of the present age may style them marriages of reason, in my view, are but legal prostitutions: Nor can any happiness be expected but from equality of years; similarity of taste and mutual esteem; these indeed promise a lasting satisfaction. Lucretia and myself have had several husbands proposed for us, but we are resolved to choose for ourselves.

Laura is so disobliging to the gentlemen who board with her mamma, that she has gained their general disesteem. She has established it as a maxim, if she obliges them by doing any little thing, they will learn to expect it. Upon this principle she is determined not to indulge them; and flinging back her head with an  
air

## THE HAPLESS ORPHAN. 31

she says, "It is not her place, and to be sure she shall not do it." A poor conduct for a child to adopt, whose mother is dependent.

Mrs. Leason has been a long while endeavouring to unite Laura and one of her boarders, but is not likely to succeed. Sincerely do I wish the necessity of economy in domestic concerns may yet be impressed upon the mind of Laura. Few American fortunes can support a woman who is above the calls of her family. Servants, however faithful, seldom consider the interests of their employers with that attention they would their own; but if unobserved, often bring affluence to poverty. The care of the mistress is therefore necessary to prevent prodigality and ruin.

Writing to Maria is so great a luxury, I am ever unwilling to say,

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER VII.

*Philadelphia.*

AT those moments, my dear Maria, when the recollection of past events would destroy present pleasures, I have recourse

to the consolatory language of your friendly letters. These are replete with a balm which ever sooths the severity of my sufferings; nor is there a more pleasing reflection arising in the bosom of Caroline, than that Maria is her friend. Let me solicit the continuance of your alleviating letters.

By a few lines, just received from my aunt, I am informed of an attempt of some persons to enter her house. Fortunately she was at this period afflicted with some of her nervous complaints, which deprived her of sleep, and hearing them as they came into the yard, she called the servants, by which circumstance they were alarmed and made off. The next morning she received the following billet.

“ Madam,

“ There is a plan against your niece, which, if she continues in Trenton, without doubt will be put in execution. I am not at liberty to make myself known, but solicit the young lady to be upon her guard.”

This information will prevent the gratification of many innocent amusements even in this city, for if Eliza is yet determined to follow me with her resentment, she can certainly find those in this metropolis calculated for the execution of her plans.

The

The gentleman to whom we were indebted for our safety at Trenton, has called upon us, and if I am not deceived, he discovers a partiality for Lucretia. Mrs. Leason is acquainted with him, and has given us his character, embellishing it with many a fanciful relation. His attention appears pleasing to my friend. Miss Leason's behaviour has occasioned her mamma the loss of some of her best boarders. Upon our good landlady's account, I sincerely regret it; though she alone is to blame for not instilling into the mind of her daughter, early principles of propriety. The first ideas impress upon the youthful fancy, lay the foundation for their future reputation in life; It is therefore necessary the gentle hand of instruction should assist the expanding judgment. Laura is not without her good qualities; but these are discoloured by the medium through which they pass. From the cradle, habituated to indulgence, she cannot support the most trivial disappointment. This disposition is of itself sufficient to render her wretched; for disappointments will intrude upon us, notwithstanding our whole attention is engaged to repel them; and no sooner do we appear on the theatre of life, than we are involved in anxieties.

My aunt, I am told, is endeavouring to obtain the influence of her friends, to prepare the way for her return to a husband,

whom she has publicly declared she despised. Well acquainted with her capricious temper, I am not surprised at the inconsistency of her conduct. Such a disposition is the prolific parent of misery, in private and social life. The schemes; which, but a few weeks since, she pursued with the greatest avidity, are now the cause of her regret, as they tend to lessen her own importance.

By her rigorous measures, my uncle has been obliged to quit the elegant mansion in which he had long resided, and to occupy one in every respect inferior. Notwithstanding his reduced circumstances, his haughty spirit will not suffer him to return to a trade in which he had been educated, and from which a very reputable living might be derived. He prefers passing upon the world as a gentleman with a thousand wants and an empty pocket, rather than resume the character of a mechanic, which, he fears, would exclude him the society of those great men into which he has lately been introduced. How false this ambition. In nothing do we sooner discover our ignorance and folly, than in the want of a disposition to conform to our allotments in life. A laudable ambition is necessary to carry us with reputation through this world; but it is highly

ly requisite to draw a line, and to discard that which results from a vain mind.

Such a connexion as my aunt's makes me tremble at the distant idea of a change in my situation. Real happy marriages are rare, when money and beauty are the governing motives, but I am resolved not to purchase a husband with gold. No, I will believe with suspicion, and arm my heart with such jealous guards, that Cupid's shafts shall not enter far enough to wound

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER VIII.

*Philadelphia.*

IT is our intention shortly to leave this city. From every circumstance I expect a union will soon take place between Lucretia and Mr. Wilkins; Mr. Barton having given him permission to attend us to New-York. This gentleman is not a native of Philadelphia, but for several years past has transacted business here in the negotiating line; and having been successful in speculation, he has lately connected himself with a gentleman in Virginia. His character is, I believe, unexceptionable.

Lucretia has frequently conversed with me upon the subject. She acknowledges her prepossession ; but is resolved, in a matter of such importance, to govern herself by the advice of her father who can only be solicitous for her happiness.

There are few females, Maria, who in the different spheres in which they move, more conspicuously irradiate and adorn their characters than this dear girl. She was deprived of her mother at an age when she most needed her affectionate instructions, to suppress the spontaneous foibles of youth. Her father, absorbed in the happiness of an only child, exerted himself to impress her mind with sentiments which should make her happy ; and after she had completed her school education, made her the companion of his leisure hours. Passionately attached to her mother, he relished no amusements in which Lucretia did not partake ; but while he determined to render her the accomplished companion, he was also convinced, that it was a necessary part of female education to be conversant in domestic concerns ; he therefore urged her attention to the family, in which she cheerfully engaged. If she shone in the circles of refined sentiment, and was acquainted with the etiquette of the gay world, she also practiced, in the bosom of domestic



domestic duties, virtues which endeared her to every part of the family.

Through every action of her life is diffused the sunshine of tranquillity, but the partial pen of Caroline can never add a plume to the character of Lucretia. Possessed of a disposition and qualifications to render a deserving man happy, I sincerely wish that she may never form a connexion which shall mar the enjoyment of her succeeding days.

There are many families in this place to whom I am attached. It is difficult, however, to form a real friendship. A true friend is an acquisition seldom to be obtained. Few are to be found calculated for the offices of friendly and social intercourse. When I reflect on my unprotected situation, I am not without my gloomy moments ; but Lucretia exerts herself to dispel them. Mrs. Leason frequently diverts us with her matches ; she claims the honour of having formed the intended connexion of our friends. Our landlady is by no means deficient in understanding, although a want of prudence runs parallel in her conduct. Connexions, big with importance to our future happiness, should ever be the result of unbiassed prepossession. For my own part I will never become a prostituted votary at Hymen's

shrine; love alone shall cement the gentle bandage.

From whom do you think I have just had the honour of a visit? The very Captain who so fortunately came to my assistance at Princeton, after the death of Clarimont. He arrived in this city yesterday, from Fort-Pitt, having rode express from the western army. I am much pleased with him; he is graceful and polite: His visit was short; but if I am not mistaken, he is sentimental and accomplished. His countenance is expressive; his eyes beam with understanding and glisten with sensibility. I have tried to check my prepossessions, calling upon the guards of my heart, to be cautious and not to admit an undeserving guest. Yet my breast palpitates at his approach. I am pleased with his company, and regret his absence. He reminds me of Clarimont. As he is express from General St. Clair, his stay here will be short; so that should Caroline be a little entangled in the silken snare of love, absence is said to be a sovereign remedy. I am not convinced, however; but in this instance it may prove as injurious as the camphire preparations so indiscriminately used by my aunt's doctor at Trenton. My penetrating landlady has already discovered my disease, and assures me of success, if I will submit to her directions. She is extremely

remely kind, my dear; but I prefer to act for myself. Let your friendship ever await

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER IX.

*Philadelphia.*

IN my last letter I forgot to mention the name of my charming Captain. Excuse this neglect, and give me leave to introduce Capt. Evremont, to your particular friendship. I am convinced Maria will give him a corner of her heart, from the attachment she has long possessed for her Caroline. I should be doubly happy personally to present him to my friend, that from an acquaintance with him she might set a just value upon his accomplishments and virtues; but can only anticipate this event at a future period. His business with the Secretary at War has detained him in this city much longer than he expected; and I have the pleasure to assure my dear Maria, that his breast beats congenial to the fondest wishes of Caroline's heart. Yes, my friend, we have resolved one day to form a near and pleasing connexion. Flattering as my present prepossessions

sessions are, they have opened upon me new anxieties and cares. It is truly unfortunate he should, at this crisis, be obliged to accept a commission, for I understand necessity, rather than an attachment to the mode of life, has urged him to the step. This gentleman is a native of Boston, and was early placed by his parents with a respectable merchant in that place. Soon after the difficulties between Great-Britain and America commenced, that capital became a British garrison. Trade was necessarily laid aside. Thus at an important period was he deprived of his prospects of business in future life. Here he suffered in the general calamity, and with a number of his fellow citizens was under the necessity of entering the army, where he continued until the close of the war. Upon the war breaking out with the Indians, he again accepted a commission merely for a support. Being however engaged, it will not do for him to retreat, until the present campaign is decided. The honour of a soldier, you know, is held dearer than his life. May the American army be the peculiar care of Providence, and the goddess of health diffuse her smiles upon them. May fame resound the trumpet which shall echo their immortal deeds, and their names be engraven on the hearts of the virtuous and brave.

Mr.

Mr. Evremont's tarrying has prevented our going on to New-York. Mr. Wilkins will accompany us to that city, from whence you may shortly expect to hear from your

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER X.

*New-York.*

YOU complain of my silence; and add, three posts have arrived without a line from your friend. The omission is by no means consonant with the dictates of my heart. Such indeed has been my incumbered situation, that it has been out of my power to gratify my most favourite inclination. But you have no right to doubt my friendship. No; that heaven-born spark has long been kindling in my breast its extatic blaze. I thank you for the pleasing retrospect of our infant friendship. Those days, indeed, were inexpressibly happy which were illumed with your society. The tender bud expanded under your invigorating influence, and received a solid basis for its eternal existence. Yes, my dear, it is not a meteor dancing in the juvenile fancy, but a creative sun, which  
animates

animates every dormant virtue, and beautifies every unfolding plant. Every moment since my arrival in New-York, has been devoted to Lucretia; and we are still busy in preparing for the intended union. Mr. Barton, previous to our arrival, had written to his correspondent in Philadelphia, and obtained satisfactory information respecting Mr. Wilkins, and has been pleased to give his approbation to an early day for the celebration of the nuptials. Mr. Wilkins's business calling him to Virginia, where he proposes to settle at a place called Havre-de-Grace, I have promised to accompany them. Having no particular attachment to Philadelphia, I think it probable I shall tarry with them a considerable time. This, I flatter myself will not always be the case; I begin to think it best to have some one to provide for and protect me. Old age will come, and the epithet of old maid is, you know, a stigma, the appellation of which I will, if possible, avoid.

I received a letter from Capt. Evremont, dated Fort-Pitt. He regrets his present engagements with the army, but flatters himself the troops raising by Congress, will in one campaign, put a period to the war. Sincerely do I wish this may not prove an illusive hope; but I fear they will be deceived. We have long habituated ourselves

selves to consider the Indians as an insignificant enemy, who are to be silenced by toys; it is now, however, policy to view them as a formidable body. Mr. Evremont adds, "it is generally believed the depredations which the frontiers have experienced for years past, have been instigated by the garrison at Detroit:" If so, it is highly probable they will afford them every necessary supply. Fortunately my reflections are taken off from these painful ideas, by my present avocations. I have received a letter from my aunt Noble, complaining of our taking the rout to New-York, through Burlington, Bordentown, and Amboy, and insisting on our making her house, in our way back to Philadelphia. The reasons for pursuing this road were not to avoid a repetition of her grievances; but that we might have an opportunity of seeing this part of the country; having gratified our curiosity, we intend to indulge her with a flying visit. She mentions some new circumstances relative to Eliza, and solicits me to be upon my guard. I flatter myself my journey to Havre-de-Grace will prove my security. At that distance, I shall consider myself free from her persecutions. I am called down stairs, and must, for the present, lay aside my pen—

When I entered the parlour I saw a genteel young man sitting with Lucretia,  
who

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who bowing her head as I crossed to a chair, said, "This, Sir, is the lady for whom you were inquiring." He arose, and addressing me, observed, his brother, Capt. Evremont, when in Philadelphia a few weeks since, by letter, had requested him, as he passed through New-York, on his way to the Westward, to call upon his intended sister: I therefore, Miss, agreeably to his wishes, introduce myself to you. I assured him of the satisfaction his visit afforded, and made every inquiry after his connexions, which politeness dictated. His visit was short: Lucretia invited him to dine the next day; but pleading a previous engagement, we were deprived of his company. He begged I would heighten his reception at Fort-Pitt, by honouring him with the charge of a letter, saying he should call upon me the next evening for my commands, as he expected to leave the city immediately. Capt. Evremont had mentioned his brother's been soon expected with recruits, and obtained my promise of writing by him. Pleased with so favourable an opportunity, I entrusted him with a lengthy letter, replete with encomiums upon my intended brother. I sincerely regretted his short stay in New-York, as it deprived me of the happiness of being fully acquainted with his merits. But a soldier, my dear, is not the master of his time; nor can he impede  
the



the flying moments. I directed him to Mrs. Leasons, as a good boarding-house; while he tarried in Philadelphia.

How does the heaving sigh swell my agitated bosom, at the anticipation of the dangers which await my friends: Yet, amidst my distressing thoughts, a beam of hope darts its animating rays, and gives me infinite support.

I have written you a lengthy letter; accept it as a token of my friendship; and may virtue, that fair daughter of heaven, descend and illumine our path through the wilderness of life, and sweetening the reflections of expiring moments, accompany us to the bright region of uninterrupted bliss.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XI.

*New-York.*

**L**UCRETIA, the amiable, the charming Lucretia, has now entered the list of matrons. The indissoluble knot is tied. The wedding was private; but we have yet to receive the congratulations of a numerous acquaintance.

Our

Our levee is crowded, and I am obliged to obtrude upon those hours, usually devoted to Morpheus, or deprive myself of the gratification of writing to my dear Maria, whose happiness is ever interwoven with Caroline's. This said matrimony is a serious thing; it makes me thoughtful. But I fancy I am more disposed to be serious, from the unhappy connexion of my aunt. It may, however, teach me an important lesson; a lesson, upon which the happiness of my future life depends, never to connect myself with a man, whose ignorance disqualifies him for an agreeable companion. The most ignorant are, in general, the most tenacious; and possess such high ideas of their imaginary excellencies, that they cannot allow any merit to their friends. A handsome face, an engaging person, will be additionally pleasing to my taste; but I flatter myself, they will never fascinate my judgment; nor the more captivating allurements of riches, infatuate my mind.

Virtues, emitted in the calm walks of social life, render pleasant the hours of retirement, and are alone calculated to insure domestic happiness. Wisdom is the luminary of the mind; and, by her enlivening powers, dissipates those painful sensations, which are spontaneous, in the bosom of ignorance. Ignorance is the fruitful parent of every ungenerous principle.

To

To be connected with a man of inferior understanding to my own, would excite reflections which would imbitter life. Yet how many of those matches do we daily see. Strange that we should be thus deceived. It is said the little urchin is blind, and this is all the apology that can be made for us. We frequently, however, purchase our sight by a fatal sacrifice. Pray heaven, it may never be the lot of Caroline or her friend to be thus wretchedly united.

Mr. Wilkins is sensible, genteel, and accomplished. I am not skilled in physiognomy, but fear he is avaricious and impetuous. If so, it must cast a sable cloud over their domestic pleasures; for the disposition of Lucretia, is nobly generous. Educated in the sunshine of fortune, she has been enabled to indulge the emanations of a heart, replete with humanity. She has ever sought objects of distress, and alleviated such as were suffering with cheerless poverty. This disposition is so seldom implanted in the bosom of affluence, that its suppression would give me pain. The prudence of Lucretia, will ever dictate an acquiescence with the will of her husband, and she will readily relinquish many little decorations which might be added to her own person, privately to gratify her god-like propensity. I will not anticipate, what may never take place: This will be monopolizing

nopolizing a double portion of trouble. Away with this bane to happiness. Let us take the incidents as they arise; and, by confining our ideas within the dictates of reason, we shall at least ensure present peace.

Unfortunately, I was for some time educated by a person, whose peculiar pleasure it was to colour, with the most gloomy shades, every expected event. This occasioned an early aversion in my mind to anticipation.

Many useful lessons are to be learnt from observation, and great is the danger of contracting bad habits. Had not my judgment been directed by my deceased uncle and aunt, there is no doubt but I should have imbibed that disposition, so injurious to the enjoyment of life. At the early period in which I was placed under the protection of my aunt Noble, my reason was not sufficiently expanded, to decide for myself. Those youth, who are within the limits of enlightened instruction, receive inexpressible advantages. Thus the friendly hints of my uncle and aunt Franklin, led me to reflect upon many foibles, and armed me against the rock, upon which my aunt Noble's domestic happiness split. I have long since been convinced of the folly of considering the world at large as our friends; to suppose all who hear our troubles,

troubles, must consequently become sharers in them, strongly evinces a vacant mind. Relating domestic difficulties abroad, is inconsistent with the rules of social happiness, and repugnant to every principle of politeness. Should I ever become a parent, be assured, it shall be my early endeavour, to check in the youthful mind, every propensity to a communicative unguarded disposition; and above all, I will impress the necessity of keeping all family matters sacred.

I have not dwelt thus upon the subject, because I think you need the lesson; but as the observations naturally occurred, I felt no wish to restrain them.

I shall not write you again, until I arrive at Philadelphia, from whence we shall go by land to Virginia. Keep your heart for some deserving youth, whose united virtues, shall insure your happiness.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XII.

*Philadelphia.*

HAVING passed through the usual ceremonies of receiving the congratulatory visits of our acquaintances, we hastened to  
this

this city, where we must again submit to that ridiculous parade, custom has established upon these occasions. In my view, nothing is so foolish as the setting ourselves up for a show, and becoming an object of animadversion. It is a ceremony I am resolved to dispense with, however, opposed to the ideas of the world; for I can never consent to a form so contrary to my feelings, so derogatory to my judgment. To comply with it, requires more fortitude and patience than has fallen to my share. Our task, however, will not be so severe as at New-York. Morning visits will be short, and we have no time to devote to afternoon company. This circumstance will also relieve Mr. Wilkins.

Mrs. Leason received us with great politeness. I have made inquiries of her, respecting my intended brother, as I recommended him to her house for lodgings, but can obtain no information of him. It is probable, he fell in with company upon the road, who introduced him elsewhere.

Several weeks have elapsed, since I heard from Capt. Evremont. His silence is uncommon and gives me great anxiety; nor can those amusements to which I have long been partial, or the joyful event of Lucretia's union, obliterate my fears. I am much indisposed. There is an inexpressible sympathy between the  
mind,

mind and body; they are mutually affected. Hope is the anodyne of life, a balm to the afflicted, and an animating meteor, which dissipates the dew of disappointment; but fear, by depressing the spirits, brings on disease, which often terminates life. I love to get by myself. Reflection is pleasing. To drop a tear upon the recollection of my friends, is a luxury to my soul. Friendship, true friendship, is a child of heaven.

Agreeably to promise, we made Trenton in our way to this city, and found my aunt, as usual, complaining. Our visit was short; Lucretia politely gave her an invitation to visit her at Havre de-Grace. An invitation I doubt not but she will accept; some premonition will tell her the journey will be of service, and point out a thousand chimerical advantages. Civility is frequently a tyrant, which compels us to do many things contrary to our wishes. You must excuse the shortness of this letter. My indisposition prevents me from adding more, than the assurances of my friendship.

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XIII.

*Philadelphia.*

THE gloom which pervaded my mind when I last addressed you, has subsided. I have been gratified with a letter from Capt. Evremont. It had laid in the war office more than a week. He does not mention his brother. I suspect there is some deception in this affair.

My aunt has repeatedly assured me, no measures were unpursued by Eliza to obtain my letters, and that through this channel, she becomes acquainted with my private intentions.

I am gaining strength, and hope, I shall soon be able to attend Lucretia home : She has been particularly attentive to me in my indisposition. By her persuasions I consented to call in a physician, who has had the impudence to style my disorder *nervous*. A pretty custom of the faculty, to class those complaints, which they have not sufficient abilities to remove under this denomination ! By placing the disease upon those delicate organs, they conclude, should their applications be unsuccessful, their patients cannot censure their judgment, and they will thereby elude reflection.

There



There is not, in creation, an epithet more wounding to my feelings. To be *nervous*, is generally to be a *fool*; a *plague* to ourselves and a *torment* to our friends. Could I possibly think myself so devoid of stability, so destitute of philosophy, so depraved in my mind, I would instantly seek some unfrequented recess, where mortal eye should never reach me.

The sagacious doctor had no sooner determined my disease, than my resentment was excited. I immediately discarded his prescriptions, and refused his father-attendance. If that is the case, said I, away with physicians; medicines are debilitating, resolution shall be my cure; I will never be cheated of the pleasures of life, by nervous disorders. Since this determination, my amendment has been rapid. Profit by the lesson, Maria, and be assured, resolution is the strongest antidote that can possibly be administered, in nervous attacks.

By encouraging the mind in rational pursuits, it soon becomes strengthened; a succession of entertaining, improving studies, will ward off dejection.

Mr. Wilkins has written to his partner at Havre-de-Grace to secure lodgings until his furniture shall arrive from New-York; which was to have been shipped soon after we left that city.

D

My

My indisposition prevents me from sharing in the congratulations of our friends; upon Lucretia's account I regret it. The warm wish of my heart is, for her uninterrupted happiness. May their joys be mutual, and prosperity ever illumine their journey of life.

Unfortunately for Mrs. Leason, Laura is absent from home, consequently a double attention devolves upon her. Could you see this tasty widow, whose grey hairs, denote her advanced years, decorated in all the gaiety of youth, I am sure your sentiments would accord with mine. Nothing expresses a want of judgment, more, than not complying with a dress suited to declining life. The gaieties of youth, should certainly be laid aside, as that period retires, and the sober habiliments of advanced age assumed.

Good sense will ever discover itself throughout our conduct, but in nothing more conspicuously than this. I have frequently seen the picture of a very aged lady, seated at her toilet, who by the assistance of her dressing maid (from whose countenance a striking lesson might be deduced) is decorating herself in all the finery of a young lady, just entering upon the theatre of life. In my view, this representation, is as severe a sarcasm upon the sex, as can possibly be portrayed. I wish  
to

to purchase it for Mrs. Leason, and am resolved, if I can ever obtain it, to present it to her. Such characters discover minds as unimproved as the deserts of Lybia. Old age is indeed a desolating period if the illuminating beams of wisdom have not dawned upon the mind; but if she irradiates the understanding, we can view the close of life with resignation. And having passed the errors of youth, we may, through the eye of reason, anticipate increasing infirmities, and approaching death, with peculiar serenity.

I must plead my former excuse of indisposition; although my letters are short, the heart of Caroline is not the less attached to Maria B——.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XIV.

*Havre-de-Grate.*

WE arrived here the 20th instant. The journey has been of infinite service to my health. I am extremely pleased with this town. It is situated upon a most delightful river, and appears designed, by Nature, for trade.

D 2

Mr.

Mr. Wilkins's house is peculiarly pleasant, as it commands an extensive prospect. The furniture has not arrived. We are at present in the family of Mrs. Gardner; I will introduce them to my Maria. This lady has been some years a widow, left with three daughters and two sons: the two eldest girls are the epitome of their mother. It may be expected, that children educated by the same parent, should imbibe similar sentiments and habits.

But this family demonstrates, that nature, unassisted by art, frequently implants principles in the youthful breast, far superior to the most refined study.

Mrs. G. is a woman of great ambition, with a high opinion of her own abilities, she prides herself upon the supposed respectability of her character, boasts much of her domestic economy, assumes a large share of merit from the richness of her clothing, exerts herself to be thought a learned woman, and aims to monopolize respect from the idea of keeping the best company in the place.

These are the just traits in the character of my landlady and her eldest daughters.

Educated in such sentiments, it is not surprising, that dressing and visiting, are the favourite employments of the young ladies, who are particularly remarked for being in the streets. Fond of being seen,

seen, they inquire from shop to shop, for articles they have no intention to purchase. But shopping is a charming amusement; it gives them an opportunity to shew themselves abroad. They despise every thing "wulgar," and their friends are the "most affablest," and the "most agreeablest" in the world.

Mrs. Gardner and her daughter's loquacity might be overlooked, if every expression was not tortured by an ignorance of their own language.

Had you been at table a few days since, you would have been diverted; it was difficult to refrain from laughing. Having dined, Mrs. Gardner filled her glass, and passing the wine, requested the company to drink "a good husband to orphan widows." I hesitated; for had my life depended, I could not imagine what sentiment she meant to convey. I however repeated the toast. Anxious to avoid laughing, and in haste to dispense with the wine, I choaked myself, and was obliged to leave the room; glad indeed of an opportunity to retire. Lucretia improved the moment, and followed me up to my chamber, where we had high diversion.

Fanny, the youngest daughter, is a very different character. Delicate in her behaviour, enlightened in her understanding, she speaks with propriety, determines with

judgment, and possesses a peculiar softness of disposition, which, like the gentle lustre of the evening star, beams in her expressive eye. These secure her the partiality of the boarders; and her attention to their little wants, enhances her in their esteem. Her mind indeed, is an assemblage of virtues. I am not fond of adopting new friends, but there is in this dear girl, something so engaging, so congenial with my feelings, that I am resolved to endear myself to her, and, if possible, to become necessary to her happiness. She appears to possess a natural vivacity, which is at present clouded, by some unhappy event. If this is the case, time, and assiduity, shall discover it.

Mrs. Gardner's eldest son is a man of fortune; it is, therefore, unnecessary to add a man of friends. Although encircled by the fascinating smiles of this pleasing deity, he claims no pretensions to happiness. Possessing an anxious, parsimonious disposition, he is deprived of those tranquil sensations which produce gratitude. Never having sipped of disappointment's bitter cup, his heart is callous to the tears of sorrow. Absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, many social virtues lie dormant. Perplexed, lest his plans in business should prove unsuccessful, he cannot relish present blessings, and from an unhappy temper continually suffers imaginary difficulties. Rich-

es rather augment than lessen his anxiety. He is a stranger to that real enjoyment, which those experience, whose bosoms are meliorated by humanity, and irradiated with benevolence. Contentment, that maid of heavenly origin, absconds his mental region, and takes her residence in the more serene heart. When we see those who have been nursed in the indulgent lap of fortune, deprived of tempers to enjoy her gifts, constantly agitated and distressed, we certainly cannot envy their possessions. It will enforce the observation that money alone is insufficient to secure peace.

Mr. Gardner is unmarried, and free from every incumbrance; he wants only a mind to enjoy the abundance which Providence has poured upon him.

His brother is married, and has a large family dependant on him. There is a depression in his countenance which excites the tenderest feelings of my heart. He is, I believe, a child of sorrow. Having indulged myself in repeated conversations with him, I am deceived if he does not possess a good understanding, a sincere soul, and a feeling mind. Every new interview increases my partiality, but these are my own observations: For nothing is more difficult than ascertaining from the world the true character of an unfortunate

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man. Adversity is a cloud which too effectually conceals many real virtues.

I am called off by Lucretia—can only add,  
Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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LETTER XV.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

SINCE I last addressed my dear Maria, I have had an opportunity of becoming more acquainted with the unfortunate Mr. Gardner. Fanny entered my chamber this morning, and requested me to favour her with some entertaining books. There was a number upon my table: I desired her to select such as would be pleasing to her. Engaged in reading, she had reached the door; when looking up and seeing but a small pamphlet in her hand, I asked her, if there were none consonant with her taste? Her heart was full; the pearly tear glistened in her eyes: She could not articulate. Fanny, continued I, what distresses you? Believe me your friend; unbosom your affliction. She inclined to retire. I arose, took her hand, and led her to a chair; she laid the book upon the table; I glanced my eyes upon it, and found it a play, entitled, "The Brothers."



## THE HAPLESS ORPHAN.

Brothers." Curiosity was excited; my attachment for her increased; I experienced all that inexpressible sympathy, which is united with those sweet sensations of a feeling mind, and was silent for some minutes, that she might give vent to the effusions of her grief. Tears having afforded a momentary relief, I resumed my solicitations, assuring her of my prepossessions; observing, I had noticed an anxiety upon her countenance, the cause of which, if possible, it was my wish to remove. She replied, "I thank you for your friendship; nor can I refuse your request. The title of that book, forced upon me many disagreeable ideas, by reminding me of the situation of my brothers; the youngest of whom has experienced a succession of misfortunes. Long initiated in the school of severe disappointment, with the most economical attention, and closest industry, he finds it difficult to support his family; yet his destitute circumstances make no impression upon the heart of Charles, who, by great success has accumulated immense property. Intoxicated by the inebriating bowl of prosperity, he lives only for himself.

"Those innate principles of benevolence, generally ingrafted in the human heart, which induce it to assist the distressed, appear totally eradicated from his breast;

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and he is governed by a penurious disposition, which renders him callous to the wants of his nearest friends. He views, with an adamantine indifference, the sufferings of a deserving family, without a single effort to relieve them. The unpardonable insensibility he uniformly discovers to the embarrassments of a brother, adds a barb to the dart of misfortune. The pain which results from the inattention of our connexions, is too severe for a susceptible mind. To meet indifference, where we expected assistance, destroys the fond hope nature excites.

“ Shall a love of money absorb the natural affections, steel the feelings, and imperve every virtue of the heart? No, my dear. If we are actuated by gratitude, our minds will be dilated by the bounty with which we are blest. We shall endeavour to communicate happiness to the distressed, and in search of objects, duty and inclination will first direct to those with whom heaven has immediately connected us. But sympathy never filled the eye of my brother with a generous tear; nor has humanity meliorated the insensibility of his heart.” Here she paused. I urged her to suppress feelings so destructive to her health. Let us anticipate your brother’s better fortune. Hope is the cordial of life. Encourage the friendly delusion: It will assist you in conquering

conquering those reflections so prejudicial to you. She was now called.

The great contrast in this family frequently engaged my reflection. It is indeed happy for society that characters, similar to Mr. Gardner's, are not more frequent. How much more amiable the man, who studies to communicate happiness, whose breast beats with humanity, and who listens to the voice of sorrow, with a disposition to mitigate human misery. The remembrance of such is truly grateful to the children of affliction.

Every feeling of my heart is excited for Frederick. I pity and esteem him, and the amiable Fanny. Pity and esteem! what cold expressions! I will ever evince my warmest friendship for them. No new attachment shall, however, deprive Maria of the real friendship of

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XVI.

*Hawes-de-Grace.*

I HAVE at length the satisfaction of addressing Maria, from the house of Lucretia. It gives me infinite pleasure to see her engaged in the regulations of her family.

ly. Her disposition is well calculated to enjoy life. If she shone as a daughter, and a mistress while with her father, as a wife, she is worthy the closest imitation. Adorned with sweetness, crowned with virtues, and dignified with sentiment; from the bosom of domestic life, she shines with an attractive radiance. It is her study to accommodate herself to the disposition of Mr. Wilkins, and her constant endeavour to render him happy. If she has not found in him all she fondly imagined, she prudently conceals it. Solomon, celebrated for his wisdom, declares, that "Among a thousand women, he had not found one deserving the name of *wife*." Mr. Wilkins then, is peculiarly blest. I fear he is insensible to the value of the prize. His happiness appears detached from domestic pleasures. We have but little of his company: his fondness for variety, renders home distasteful to him. The assiduity and attention of the lover, is superseded by unpardonable neglect. The woman who a short time since engrossed every pleasurable idea, he now views without emotion; and, I sometimes think, returns to, with regret. Business engages his daily attention, and the tavern his leisure hours; but Mr. Wilkins is not an unfashionable husband. In this era of politeness, to see a man attached to his wife, denotes a weakness, which

which renders him an object of contempt. Love at present is a passion but little understood. The gentlemen absorbed in some striking attachment, generally believe themselves caught in the alluring snare, and resolve to obtain the object of their supposed affection. Their favourite wish accomplished, they frequently discover their mistake, too late to retrieve the error, and thus become wretched for life. Happy marriages would be more frequent, were the first impulse to arise, from the perception of certain innate virtues; these would expand the tender passion.

Love is the offspring of a vigorous fancy: It is born of youth, and if nursed with care, will, in the calm sunshine of declining life, meliorate into the sublimest friendship. Having been matured by reciprocal confidence and mutual esteem, it softens the winter of old age. The pleasing emanations, which result from so refined a source, are unknown to those, whose minds have been enervated by dissipation, and poisoned by vice. He only, whose happiness is centered in a deserving family, can realize the bliss.

I have received several letters from Capt. Evremont, dated Fort Pitt. The last mentions the arrival of his brother, but does not acknowledge the receipt of the letter I wrote by him. I am flattered with the

the prospect of seeing him, as he expects to visit Philadelphia, with dispatches to the War Office. Exceedingly I regret his engagements in the military line, and sincerely wish he could retire from the scene of war, with honour; but this is impossible. My heart is his faithful attendant. By the papers, we find troops continually upon their march to that quarter: I dread the event.

A letter from my aunt is just handed me. She complains of her situation, declares it impracticable to support herself, upon the small stipend she annually receives, and resolves to attempt a reconciliation with her husband. The rapid increase of her indisposition makes her anxious to be with those "whose duty it is to provide, and attend upon her. But some obstacles are previously to be removed. The children must be banished from home; she did not marry them and is determined never to live with them. It is the duty of a man, to make every sacrifice to the happiness of his wife." This novel method of reasoning, she has adopted, is mortifying to my feelings. I cannot believe a man must discard all affection for his children, to gratify an unreasonable woman. Should she obtain her wishes, and be received upon the terms proposed, with a disposition naturally irascible, a  
reconciliation.

reconciliation will but little affect her happiness. She urges me to address my uncle upon the subject of her return; but I am decidedly resolved to have no hand in the affair.

Her annual income is amply competent to a genteel support, would she exercise economy, and learn the distinction between a prodigal, and a liberal mind; but possessing an extravagant inclination, she is led into a thousand unnecessary expenses.

I find some of Clarimont's relations are in this place. They are people in genteel life: I wish exceedingly to be acquainted with them, that I may remove from their minds, prejudices imbibed against me.

The unfortunate situation of Mrs. Gardner's youngest son, excites in my breast, many painful emotions. The advantages of a large fortune, are inconsiderable, exclusive of the power it gives, of imparting happiness to the distressed. A mind rightly affected by the bounty of heaven, will never feel happier, than when engaged in lessening the wants of deserving poverty.

I am grateful to Providence, that I have it in my power, to afford some small relief, to the family of Mr. Gardner. From repeated conversations with Fanny, I find his mind delicate and susceptible. To confer favours upon such, is painful as well as pleasing. A trifle given by the truly hu-

mane

mane and benevolent, will afford infinitely more satisfaction to the feeling mind, than a thousand times its value, presented by the hand of indelicacy, or the air of reluctance. Such favours I have often seen, and my heart has bled, for the unhappy dependant. I am sorry to observe, few know how to confer obligations. The children of adversity surely have sufficient to bear, without the addition of unfeeling favours. I was some time at a loss how to present the trifle I intended to bestow; but finally adopted the idea of addressing a letter to him, with a bank bill enclosed, which I sent to the post-office: This, I flatter myself, will relieve him from his present difficulties. Through Fanny, I shall be acquainted with his necessities; and when I hear from my agent in Philadelphia, it will be in my power further to assist him.

There is a report circulating in this place, that my cousin, who was left heir with me, to my uncle's estate, is a prisoner with the Indians; and not killed as was supposed, at the defeat of Major Willis. The story is yet uncertain; such is the cruelty of the savages to their prisoners, I have hesitated, whether to wish it true or false. I have written to Capt. Evremont upon the subject; soliciting him, if possible, to obtain a knowledge of the affair, and if true, to offer any ransom they will accept for him.

Perhaps,



Perhaps, by employing the friendly Indians, information may be received. The idea of his sufferings, if still among them, frequently invades my heart, and shades my momentary pleasures. The additional society of my dear Maria, would greatly contribute to my happiness; but be assured, neither absence, nor length of time, shall ever lessen the affection of

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XVII.

*Haute-de-Grec.*

IT is impossible, Maria, to acquaint ourselves with either the foibles or virtues of mankind, unless we follow them to private life. In public, deception enrobes their actions. A wish to secure the good opinion of the world, induces them to conceal their imperfections, and they often establish a false reputation. But when retired from the eye of censure and criticism, caution lies dormant, and the actions are shaded by natural vices, or illumed with enviable virtues.

I am hourly convinced of the justness of these observations, notwithstanding the exertions

exertions of Lucretia, to conceal the fretful, penurious *disposition* of Mr. Wilkins. His *circumstances* cannot occasion him to be parsimonious, or ill-natured; for his fortune is easy, and his prospects flattering. Yet in his family he is contracted: He lives without company; not from a wish to be alone. The social principles are strongly interwoven in his heart, and he has it amply in his power, to gratify a disposition so congenial to human nature. But he seeks pleasures abroad. Domestic life, to him is divested of charms; yet Lucretia is uniformly the same engaging woman; and with a voice, softened by sincere affection, she ever meets him with a sweetness peculiar to herself.

I yesterday went unexpectedly into her chamber, and found her in tears. Alarmed at a circumstance so uncommon, my curiosity was excited. Shall there, said I, be any incident in the life of Lucretia, with which she will not acquaint Caroline? The chrystal drop trembled in her eye; she was silent. Going to her, I seized her hand, and putting it to my lips, the pearly tear bedewed the sweet impression; "until you evince your confidence I must be wretched; wherein have I forfeited your friendship?" Her eyes were fixed upon me; and beaming with an additional expression, she replied, "Your friendly

friendly endeavours to extenuate my sufferings, add a sweet ingredient to this momentary indulgence. But there are, my dear, many occurrences which take place, interesting only to ourselves. It would, therefore, be cruel to impart them to friends, only to allay their pleasures. Upon this principle, you will excuse my silence."

There can be no circumstance, I observed, in the life of Lucretia, which does not deeply interest my heart. Your silence is too distressing. "I have no cause," she continued, "to distrust a confidence, long deservedly placed in the bosom of Caroline; but you must pardon my refusing to render you unhappy. Remember I am now a wife. The little secrets once intrusted to you, as they concerned no one but myself, I was at liberty to divulge; but it is now my duty to be silent: Nor are you unacquainted with my sentiments. And as I cannot deviate from principles so well established, you will require no further apology for my refusal."

Convinced her happiness was interrupted by the behaviour of Mr. Wilkins, I could no longer urge her to a conduct we had so often reprobated in my aunt Noble; and commending her resolution, left the chamber.

It is seldom, persons of similar inclinations become united. Should it be the  
will

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will of the Deity to connect me with a man possessing sentiments essentially opposed to mine, may I copy from Lucretia. In early life I have been turned aside from the flowery path of gaiety and indulgence, by the invidious temper of Eliza; but I will not take the painful retrospect. Imagination is the mistress of happiness. I will flatter myself, succeeding days will smile upon me, and by encouraging the fond idea, enjoy my present blessings: Among these, I class Maria's friendship; this ever affords me inexpressible pleasure.

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XVIII.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

MANY phantoms of happiness, have danced upon my imagination, which have vanished before enjoyed; and although I exert myself, to extenuate the evils of life, I find it impossible to secure my pleasures. Some new incident overtakes me, which blasts my ideal security, and involves me in unforeseen difficulties.

A few evenings since, hurt by some reflections Mr. Wilkins cast upon Lucretia, I retired

I retired to my chamber. The weather was extremely warm, my window open, and the curtain down. Inclined to indulge the sensations I then experienced, I left the room without a light, and had set some minutes regretting his unhappy irritability, when my attention was called to the sound of my flame in the street; and cautiously removing the curtain, I saw two persons, at a little distance from the gate, engaged in conversation; but notwithstanding my closest attention, I heard only interrupted sentences. "By your assistance, the plan cannot fail of success," was sufficient to excite my fears, and hurrying down stairs, I intended to send the girl to discover who they were, but not finding her, the thought immediately occurred, that she was engaging against me. I hastened into the parlour, and observing Lucretia had been in tears, made no mention of the affair, until the next day, when I communicated it to her and Mr. Wilkins: They strongly impressed caution upon me. This circumstance at present is enrobed in mystery.

I am unwilling to believe Eliza still intends to pursue me. Her disposition will deprive me of the little happiness allotted to human life. I regret that one of our sex should possess sentiments so opposite to that delicacy, softness and humanity, which are their most pleasing characteristics. But  
 shades

Wilkins's. Infatuation had lulled my apprehensions. I complied with his request. Nor did my fears return, until I had passed a considerable way in this road: It then occurred to me I was deceived. I was now in a remote, unfrequented spot, having passed no house since we turned the corner. I at this moment recollected that the person, who was with my deceiver, parted from him, just before he came up with me, and I already believed myself in the power of a woman, whose resentment I dreaded, yet dared not discover my fears. Every step I went forward, I believed hastened my misfortune; but I could not return.

Having recourse to deception, I purposely turned my ankle, pretending the severity of pain prevented my walking, and setting down by the side of a fence, unbuckled my shoe, and feigned great distress. In this situation I remained near half an hour, when the distant sound of a carriage, encouraged the hope of relief. On coming opposite to me, it stopped, and my gallant was called by a whistle. The certainty of my fate, occasioned an agitation which almost deprived me of senses. I screamed as they raised me up to hurry me into the coach. At this instant Mr. Lee arrived to my deliverance. The villains precipitately retreated. I called for Lucretia.

cietia. Convey me to my friend, said I, Mr. Lee endeavoured to compose me, assuring me I was safe; and that Mrs. Wilkins, upon missing me, had stopped at the house of a doctor May, where she remained waiting for me. My impatience to meet her, hurried me beyond my strength, and when I reached the doctor's, I was for a considerable time senseless, one fainting fit rapidly succeeding another. The applications of my friends finally composed my spirits, and recovering, I found Lucretia sitting at my side, supporting my head upon her shoulder. "I have been an equal sharer with you, my dear," said she. "What have I not anticipated! Language is inadequate to the feelings of my heart; but Caroline is again restored."

The doctor and Mr. Lee, paid us every possible attention. They urged us to tarry till morning; but we insisting upon going home, they procured a carriage and accompanied us. When we reached the door of Mrs. Wilkins, the clock struck one; the girl who came to the door appeared alarmed. Distressed with our adventure, and alive to apprehensions, we could not support the idea of being left without a protector, and having no man in the house, solicited Mr. Lee to take a bed. The doctor took his leave, promising to call upon us the next day. This incident deprived us

of sleep. My heart was filled with gratitude, for my repeated escapes; and the tear of sensibility, which moistened the cheek of Lucretia, gave me new proof of her friendship.

In the morning, agreeably to promise, Doctor May called upon us. You can better judge, than I express, my astonishment, when upon his entering the room, I discovered the countenance of a man, whose character has been the most abandoned. I recoiled at the remembrance of his vices. These were strongly impressed upon my mind, from his having been too successful in the ruin of a particular friend in Philadelphia. To elude the resentment of her friends he absconded; and changing his name, putting on a wig, and wearing a large patch over one eye, practiced physic, as I afterwards found, in this place. But at this moment it was necessary to command my feelings. His visit was painful; I resolved, however, not hastily to expose his character; but to inform myself if he was respected at Havre-de-Grace, hoping he had become a good member of society. Upon questioning Fanny, I found he was yet thought a very great libertine, and shunned by the virtuous of the fair sex. I now believed it my duty to caution Mrs. Wilkins, and urged her giving orders to the



the servant, should he call again, to tell him we were out.

The story now circulated abroad; and our friends, advised to advertising a reward for the discovery of the villains; but expecting Mr. Wilkins in a few days, we concluded to wait his return, and govern ourselves by his advice. I cannot recall my preservation to mind, without bedewing the altar of gratitude with tears; and my heart continually expands in ejaculations to heaven. May the watchful eye of Providence, still preserve me, and render futile the plans of the enraged Eliza.

Your unalterable friend,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XX.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

MY situation is truly distressing. A favourite child of wretchedness, with the additional affliction of having involved my dear, my loved Lucretia. How shall I support the painful idea, or be sufficiently composed to recite the unhappy story. The balm prepared by the lenient hand of friendship, is inadequate to the design;

and even virtue's angel form, cannot shield me from poignant sufferings. To be the cause of rendering Lucretia unhappy, is a reflection I cannot sustain. The return of Mr. Wilkins, which in anticipation afforded superior pleasure, like all the enjoyments of human life was soon allayed. A momentary gratification was succeeded by a distress, which enfeebles description. The satisfaction which beamed from our countenances upon his first arrival, was soon dispelled by pensive care, and destroyed by gloomy anxiety. His inquiries after our health in his absence, naturally led us to relate the incident, which had interrupted our pleasures. No sooner was he acquainted with the circumstances, than an alarming change of countenance clouded his brow. The smile of tranquillity retired; an unusual austerity governed every feature of his face. Whence this transition proceeded, I was at a loss to determine. Thinking him fatigued, and perhaps unsuccessful in business, I retired early to bed, hoping in the morning to find him in better spirits. The next day the same unpleasant look, increased my apprehensions. At breakfast, he was silent. I observed Lucretia frequently cast her eyes upon him, which instantly glistened with tears. My heart caught the contagion; but knowing his unpleasant temper,

I con-

I concluded some trivial circumstance had soured his mind, and having made it a rule not to notice his resentments, I asked no questions. As soon as breakfast was over he took his hat and walked out. Mrs. Wilkins appearing uncommonly depressed, I requested she would relieve my mind by evolving the cause of her anxiety. At this request she burst into a flood of tears, which for some minutes prevented a reply. At length, having overcome, in a degree, the pang of unutterable wretchedness, by an exertion, she replied, " Jealousy, that bane to domestic pleasure, has taken post at every avenue of Mr. Wilkins's heart: Our innocent but unfortunate visit to Mrs. Drayton, has cast a veil over present enjoyments, and unless soon removed, may terminate in most destructive consequences. I have used every argument in my power, to calm his mind; but these are devoid of efficacy, while the eye of reason is blinded by passion. The relation you gave him of your escape, he says, is a corroborating proof of guilt. To be indebted to such characters as Doctor May, and Mr. Lee, is at once to be criminal. Never was confidence in a wife so betrayed; never a woman so deceitful. To be at the house of so dissolute a character, and gallanted by such debauched rakes, and

from a feigned fear, detaining one to pass the night, evinces a guilt which can never be pardoned. The story respecting Caroline is premeditated; he will not be deceived. Little did he think, the letter he received at Baltimore had such good foundation." The letter! I exclaimed. I regret that your pleasures should be interrupted by any plans against me. Had I known this circumstance previous to Mr. Wilkins's going out, he should not have left us, until, if possible, I had removed from his mind, ideas so destructive to your peace; be assured I shall exert myself to sooth his present suspicions.

With the most solicitous impatience, we waited his return to dinner. An hour after his usual time had elapsed, we sent to the store. Mr. Wilkins was not to be found. The day was tedious; Lucretia and myself were penfible, between hope and fear. We doubted not, however, that evening would restore him to our wishes. In this we were alike deceived. Distant from friends in whose advice we could confide, we knew not what steps to adopt. I could not prevail upon Mrs. Wilkins to go to bed. A contrariety of sensations employed our minds; and a train of subsequent misfortunes, presented to view. Every approaching step flattered a momentary

mentary hope. Those alone who are acquainted with similar sorrows, could in any degree realize our distress. In this truly wretched situation, we passed several days.

Lucretia, though possessing a singular benevolence and sweetness of mind, was little short of distracted. We could get no information of Mr. Wilkins. A week having elapsed in fruitless inquiries, I advised her to address her papa, acquainting him with the unhappy event; but her agitation was too great; she could not compose herself, and requested I would undertake the painful task. I accordingly forwarded him a circumstantial account. Never did I so essentially experience the want of your presence, as at this moment. The thick clouds of adversity suspend every ray of pleasure, but that which results from an approving conscience, and the alleviating society of Fanny.

It would be impossible to support myself, deprived of Maria, under my present afflictions, if I was not blest with this dear girl. Dejection is strongly depicted upon the countenance of Lucretia, and her mind is wandering; grief preys upon her.

Strange, that a sudden suspicion should carry Mr. Wilkins to such lengths in resentment. Called to support this unhappy  
 E 4 woman,

woman, with a heart replete with distress,  
I am inadequate to my duty.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XXI.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

OH! my friend, (for by that sacred name I will fondly salute Maria,) could I take you by the hand and lead you to the chamber of Lucretia, the scene would excite your tenderest pity, and your heart bleed for her distress.

Confined to her bed; her intervals of reason transient; her countenance wild and ghastly. The sight is too affecting: But such is my friend, and such the object which calls my whole attention. Fanny has been with me several days, and promises not to leave me.

I was sitting one evening upon the bed-side of Lucretia, wiping the dewy cheek, and endeavouring to arouse her despondency, when the doctor and his pupil entered the chamber. He inquired her situation; and, leaving some new prescriptions, withdrew. As Fanny was in the room, I followed him, wishing to know his mind  
with

with regard to Mrs. Wilkins, being greatly alarmed at his unexpected visit, as he had been with her in the afternoon. Observing my anxiety, the good old gentleman at once assured me, "His visit was not from any apprehensions of immediate danger; for so long as a fever could be retarded, there was great encouragement." And taking me by the hand, "It was to you my visit was intended. An accidental discovery alarms me for your safety. Your recent adventure has been a general subject of conversation. Since I was with you, in the course of my visits, entering cautiously by the house of a patient, who lies extremely ill, I overheard the servants intimate, the person Mrs. Wilkins has in her service, is not of the sex her habit denotes; but a man, placed in that capacity, the more effectually to complete your ruin; and that he addressed a letter to Mr. Wilkins, while at Baltimore, giving such accounts, as coinciding with your story, excited that jealousy, which occasioned him to abscond. I therefore propose, that this young gentleman, under the pretence of Mrs. Wilkins's danger, tarry with you to night, and in the morning that you remove to some place better calculated for your safety and happiness."

Cast into the utmost astonishment by the unexpected intelligence, the little fortitude

I had flattered myself I possessed, was long incapable of composing my mind; nor could I articulate my thanks for his friendship. The doctor now promised to see me early in the morning, and to afford me every possible assistance; and requesting Mr. Gilet not to leave the house until he came, took his leave. How indefatigable is Eliza in resentment; and by what unexpected events, does the Deity disclose the combinations of the wicked.

Fanny, uneasy at my unusual absence from Lucretia, came softly down stairs and entered the parlour unperceived by me, as I sat leaning my arm upon the table, holding my handkerchief at my eyes; she came towards me, and grasping my hand, with the warmest expression of solicitude, "Caroline," said she, "let me share in your affliction; impart your distress; acquaint me what new circumstance allays your happiness." I could not speak. Mr. Gilet stepping to the door, pushed it too, and returning to her, said, "A suspicion occasions the present thoughtfulness of your friend." "It must," replied she, "be a well grounded suspicion, thus to overcome her fortitude." He then related the circumstance.

Duty to the distracted Lucretia, called for my resolution, and I studied to conquer



quer the exquisite sensations of my breast; but my reflections were doubly painful, from the insupportable idea of being the innocent cause of her sufferings. Fanny prevailed upon me to dissipate my tears; and resuming as composed a countenance, as I possibly could, I returned to Lucretia. The anodyne she had taken having produced a sleep, she did not notice our entering the chamber. The night was tedious. The hours seemed uncommonly retarded; I was impatient for the return of day; sleep was a stranger, and my heart familiar with sorrow. Early in the morning, the doctor was with us, and advised my sending for the partner of Mr. Wilkins; resigning to his care, the keys, &c. and going himself to Mrs. Gardner's, engaged a room for Lucretia. He then sent his carriage to convey us to our old lodgings. We at first found it difficult to prevail upon her to get up and be dressed; but fortunately in her greatest paroxysms of dejection, I had not lost my influence; and she finally submitted to my persuasions. Having got her in the coach, melancholy so veiled her ideas, that she appeared entirely inattentive; and when we reached Mrs. Gardner's, she suffered us to take her out of the carriage and carry her up stairs, without any opposition; and from this distressing state of depression and insensibility, no exertions can renovate this unhappy

happy woman. When I take the retrospect, how severe my reflections! The thought that Lucretia, the innocent, the amiable Lucretia, should by me be thus involved in distress, strikes daggers to my heart. The idea is fraught with extreme wretchedness. Let the cordial of your friendship, be poured into the wounded bosom of

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XXII.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

**I**N this my distressed situation, how do I wish your much loved society, to beguile my grief. Fanny, possessed of feelings which render her valuable to the children of misfortune, is unwearied in her endeavours to alleviate my misery. The soft voice of her friendship, excites many grateful reflections, in the woe-fraught mind of real sorrow; She unites with me her attention in restoring tranquillity to the distracted breast of my dear Lucretia.

My so suddenly quitting the house of Mr. Wilkins, prevented the execution of any plans, which the malice of our enemies had suggested against us. Worlds would

would not have prevailed upon me, to have remained there, after the information I had received. To think we were calling upon a man! and a man by interest an enemy to my peace, I recoil at the idea.

Since we have been at Mrs. Gardner's, Lucretia has, at intervals, been a little more composed. She once asked me, why I removed her from her own house? I replied, to cheer her spirits. "You are kind, Caroline," said she, "but that is impossible; my situation is worse than death. To suffer innocently is indeed hard." This is the most connected conversation I have had with her, since the week after the unhappy event took place.

By the next post, I expect to hear from New-York. In this period of my affliction, fail not to pray for the support of your friend. The source of my sufferings is uncommon; and new plans of destruction yet await me. To suffer thus in a state of seeming banishment, racks my health, and shatters my resolution. But the tears I shed are not barbed with guilt. This consolation enables me to attend my distressed friend. When I consider how much our characters, and happiness, is in the power of those around us, I shudder at every step I take. Our sex, are indeed peculiarly exposed to the ill-natured re-

marks

marks of a censorious world. Possessing, in general, great vivacity, we are led into many little errors, which although they cannot be called errors of the heart, too frequently shade our virtues; nor will the plea of youth, be sufficient to ward off the stigma of imprudence. When I consider our critical situation, and the many delicate points upon which our reputation is established, I tremble for the honour of my sex.

My mind has been filled with conjectures, respecting the deception imposed upon us, by the servant Mrs. Wilkins had hired. Is this by the artifice of Eliza? How much should I dread her resentment! I am indeed alive to fear. Can there, Maria, be a female, so devoid of every requisite, to render her attractive? I hesitate, to believe there is such a character! Yet what disagreeable truths, does our increasing knowledge of human nature unfold upon us. It is too frequently the case, that characters, to a cursory observer, endowed with all the virtues requisite for social happiness, upon an intimate or close examination, lose those striking traits, and assume a contrary appearance, from the varied situations in which they are placed. How opposite is the rash, imprudent conduct of Mr. Wilkins, to that calm reflection, that seeming fortitude and prudence,

dence, which at my first acquaintance with him, I believed marked his character. These were only the shadow of those virtues, the real possession of which constitutes the happiness of man. Had Mr. Wilkins nursed these virtues, they would not have abandoned his breast, at the first throb of jealousy, nor have suffered the baleful breath of slander to force him from a deserving wife, before he had determined upon a just cause of impeachment. Jealousy is a characteristic of ignorance. When it becomes an inhabitant of the heart, it turns out reason, affection is banished, and every tender sensation lies dormant. Yes my dear, even love, that sun of the domestic soul, is clouded with the black shades of suspicion. If possible, I must erase, the killing recollection of Lucretia's sufferings. Thanks be to heaven, she is at this moment a little composed. I will endeavour to amuse her.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XXIII.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

WHEN I finished my last, I flattered myself Lucretia was better. But this,  
my

my dear, was a false hope. On my endeavouring to divert her, I found her more confused than I had imagined. Her replies to my questions greatly unconnected; her eyes uncommonly wild, and her countenance suffused with a crimson colour. I immediately sent for the doctor, who assured me a fever had set in. Blisters were applied to her neck and arms, and every possible attention shewn her by this good, this worthy man. I have made every exertion to obtain information of Mr. Wilkins; but to no purpose. Greatly am I alarmed for my friend.—Caroline the cause of her sufferings!—The idea destroys my resolution.—It is impossible I should ever make compensation, for the misery I have occasioned.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XXIV.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

THE incidents through which I have passed, would melt an heart of adamant to pity. Mr. Barton arrived the day before yesterday, but has been too absorbed in grief, to adopt any measures for the discovery of Mr. Wilkins. I have been  
unable

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unable to prevail upon him to leave the chamber of Lucretia for a single moment.

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Mr. Barton has sent for the partner of Mr. Wilkins. I flatter myself some information will be obtained from this interview. Could I have a short conversation with Mr. Wilkins, I am certain, he would be convinced of Lucretia's innocence. This effected, a thousand daggers, which rankle in my breast, would be removed. Forget not to petition for your friend.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

P. S. As my letter is not sealed, I will add, Mr. Watson has called upon Mr. Barton. He acknowledges he is acquainted with Mr. Wilkins's residence; but in honour cannot divulge it. I believe him to be warmly interested in our distress. He assures Mr. Barton, his influence shall be exerted in behalf of Mrs. Wilkins. He advises her father immediately to write him, and offers to dispatch the letter by a special messenger. But my Lucretia's griefs, I fear, are beyond a cure; and the arrows of her misfortune rebound with redoubled force upon the breast of Caroline. Once more,

Adieu.

**LETTER**

LETTER XXV.

*Hawt-de-Grace.*

RELIGION and philosophy afford me your united aid, strengthen and sustain me in this complicated affliction. Lucretia's fever is violent. Let one gleam of hope dart upon my mind, and, if possible, remove my present excruciating distress, or I shall be incapable of attending this unhappy woman. Hitherto every bud of hope has been destroyed, ere the fragrant foliage opened its aromatic charms; and my fondest expectations have been blasted. But infinite wisdom directs all events. Fanny, the charming Fanny, with what tender sympathy she affords me her assistance. With what impatience and anxiety does she watch the bed of Lucretia.

Mr. Barton is now writing to Mr. Wilkins; he is, however, too distressed to do justice to this tale of woe.

I can spare only a few minutes at a time from this dear woman. Excuse the confusion of my letter, and let my afflictions apologize for my errors.

CAROLINE.

P. S. Since I wrote the above, Mr. Barton sent for me into his chamber, and handing me the letter he had written to Mr. Wilkins,



Wilkins, requested I would read it. The inclosed is a copy.

“ Sir,

“ My present distress renders me inadequate to the task of writing.—I am distracted by my fears. A woman, whose innocence and virtue are as un sullied as descending snow, has been rendered miserable by an ill grounded suspicion. By your rash, unjustifiable conduct, an only, a beloved child, is now tortured upon the bed of sickness, and her life will be sacrificed to your inhumanity.

“ The man who could thus rashly relinquish domestic happiness, and leave an amiable wife, to encounter the unfeeling reflections of a censorious world, can never have a just idea of those feelings, which exist in the bosom of an anxious parent; a parent who is all solicitous and trembling for the event. To repeat her sufferings, would make no impression upon a heart destitute of sympathy and affection, I have, therefore, but little prospect of exciting your attention. Yet, if one spark of tenderness lurks within your breast, and you have a wish to view the victim of your cruelty, not one moment must be delayed. Let me intreat you to hasten to the melancholy chamber, to the suffering angel, that the last sigh of her departed soul may make some impression upon you.

“ Neglect

“ Neglect not this last request, as you regard the blessing of an injured wife, whose departed spirit will shortly call upon an injured parent to vindicate her wrongs; and although your conduct cannot be justified, dare at least to defend yourself to the distracted

THOMAS BARTON.”

P. S. The enclosed will be forwarded by Mr. Watson, who has witnessed the situation of your wife.

## LETTER XXVI.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

LUCRETIA, my loved Lucretia, is now no more: But an inconsolable parent calls my whole attention. For seven nights I never left her chamber. Fanny, myself, and the nurse, alternately watched at her bed-side, and the greatest part of this time, Mr. Barton could not be persuaded to retire.

Mrs. Wilkins, never once discovered the least recollection of either of us, since the day previous to her father's arrival, until a few minutes before her dissolution. This was an additional affliction. Frequently would Mr. Barton seize her hand, and pressing it to his lips, exclaim, “ Give me  
but

but one sweet word of consolation—how bitter my cup of affliction!”

A few hours after the letter Mr. Barton had wrote Mr. Wilkins, was sent on, by express, I found a great alteration had taken place in Lucretia.

It being near the usual time her physician attended her, I waited with the utmost impatience, nor dared to communicate my fears to her father.

The doctor soon entered the chamber—I watched his looks, I dreaded the decision. But the anxiety of a sincere attachment, easily leads us from one extreme to another, and I flattered myself, from an expression he dropt, I had anticipated the worst. This feeble dawn of hope, was only the pleasing offspring of the moment, which was soon destroyed, and gave birth to feelings inexpressibly distressing. Approaching the bed I had just left, to make room for the doctor, I begged him by no means to deceive me, in regard to the situation of my friend. “Every prospect,” said he, “of recovery is lost, and death, that friend to human wretchedness, will soon seal her misery.” At this moment, Mr. Barton entered the chamber, having been in an adjoining room, to obtain, if possible, a little sleep; these distressing words vibrated upon his ears, as he opened the door; he flew to the bed, and seizing  
the

peaceful radiance, and dissipate repining thoughts.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

SUCH an ebon shade obscures my happiness, and so great is the vacuum in my heart, that I am at a loss how to address my dear Maria. To part with our friends, how severe the task! Language how feeble, when used to express acute sensations! But you need not the repetition of my exigencies to attune your breast to pity. The dew of friendship frequently moistens your cheek, on the recollection of my sufferings. I thank you for this pleasing characteristic of humanity; let it not insensibly deprive you of your pleasures.

It is impossible to calm Mr. Barton. Bereft of Lucretia—deprived of his all, he refuses to be comforted. Having never experienced the meliorating influence of that religion, which exhilarates the christian, and enables him to sustain afflictions; he is without that comfort, which can only be derived from its blessed truths.

Mr.

Mr. Wilkins's arrival, I anticipate with the most lively distress. The style in which Mr. Barton addressed him, was not consonant to my feelings. Human nature is more frequently brought to a sense of its errors, by the mild voice of persuasion, than the harsh language of resentment. I fear Mr. Barton will never be sufficiently composed, to treat him with propriety. I cannot prevail upon him to eat, or sleep. His constant cry is, "Bring me that monster Wilkins; that scandal to humanity." I dread each distant step, lest it should prove the messenger of his arrival. Twice, since yesterday, he has locked himself in the chamber of Lucretia; and for more than an hour refused me admittance. My whole attention is confined to him.

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The brow of your friend, long contracted with sorrow, is now marked with inexpressible dejection. Since I wrote you yesterday, such additional distresses have enveloped me, as even the warm imagination of Maria, cannot paint.

For the first time since Lucretia's death, I had prevailed upon Mr. Barton, to throw himself upon the bed, in hopes a little sleep would better enable him to pay the last respects to the memory of his unfortunate daughter, who was in the afternoon to be entombed. A melancholy stillness,

F

encou-

encouraged my gloomy reflections. I was feeding upon the remembrance of Lucretia's sufferings, when a sudden noise aroused me from my reverie. My foreboding heart, instantly suggested the fatal truth. So great was my agitation, it deprived me of my strength. I had not power to rise from my seat. In a few minutes, I heard the voice of Mr. Wilkins upon the stairs. "Insupportable is my situation!" said he, "Arrived too late! Lucretia gone!" At the sound of this much loved name, Mr. Barton started from the bed, and flying to the door, uttered, as he went out, "Vengeance shall be mine!" I fainted. When I came to myself, I was on the bed; Fanny was bathing my temples; Mrs. Gardner and the girls were in the room; I inquired for Mr. Barton; they replied, he was in the next chamber; I requested, he might be called; they evaded a compliance. Suspicious of new difficulties, I arose, and going towards the door, was prevented, by Fanny, from opening it. "Stop, my dear," said she, "Mr. Barton will be with you in a few minutes." I will not be detained, said I, and pressing by her, hurried down stairs; and entering the parlour, found Mr. Barton reclining in an arm chair. He took no notice of me. Going up to him, and seizing his hand, I entreat you, said I, to let me

me know the worst. Where is Mr. Wilkins? This name aroused him. "The villain, the monster," replied he, "who, in a fit of jealousy, murdered my only child, is now, I hope, no more. Think not an injured parent could forgive his cruelty. When I heard his voice, I seized the pistol, previously loaded and concealed in my bosom; and as he was entering the chamber, which contains the sacred remains of my departed angel, I shot him through the head; and locking the door, ordered the hated object from my sight." The tears of affliction, now mingled with those of fear, rolling plentifully from my eyes, deprived me of expression. Mrs. Gardner coming into the room, I left her with Mr. Barton; and going unexpectedly to Fanny, found her absorbed in trouble. My dear, said I, Mr. Barton tells me he has shot Mr. Wilkins through the head. Is he really dead? "No," replied she, "the ball having entered his right shoulder is thought to have taken a very dangerous direction; but he yet lives." Is he sensible? said I. I will hasten to him; let a servant be dispatched to know. Scarce had I done speaking, before Mrs. Gardner called us. We hastened to her. Mr. Barton was in a fit. With great difficulty they got him up stairs. The doctor was sent for. The fits rapidly increased,

and I was prevented from attending the funeral of Lucretia. Judge my feelings, when the solemn knell vibrated upon my ears, which hurried from my view, for ever, the sincere friend of my youth, at the moment her affectionate father was groaning with severe pain. Anxious to convince Mr. Wilkins of the innocence of his wife, I was impatient to be with him, that I might improve the first interval of his reason; but duty detained me with Mr. Barton. I am deprived of every pleasing prospect. She, who once enlivened the days of childhood, who grew up the participator of my joys and sorrows, has fled, and by the most painful recollections, I am reminded she once lived. How fragile the objects upon which we doat. But I will embalm her memory in the bosom of friendship. And when time imperceptibly shall have soothed my sorrows, I shall experience a luxury in the retrospect of her virtues, which will be more aromatic to my taste, than all the spicery of an Egyptian soil.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

LETTER



## LETTER XXVIII.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

MR. Barton's fits have subsided—they have left him extremely weak—he says but little—when he speaks, it is of Lucretia. I sent this morning to inquire after Mr. Wilkins—the servant brought word, he was senseless. Jealousy, thou bane to human happiness, thou destroyer of all my pleasures! How hast thou subverted every fancied gratification! Had it not been for this fatal passion, Eliza would not have pursued me with her resentment, nor Lucretia and Mr. Wilkins been thus wretched.

Fanny tells me it is generally believed, the servant Mrs. Wilkins had in her house, was a man who had formerly lived with Eliza's parents; I suspect the letter Mr. Wilkins received at Baltimore, was from him. That it was a man we had engaged in our service, several circumstances tend to prove; but none more than his immediate flight. Many stories circulating in this place detrimental to our characters, upon being traced, we find originated with him; yet, false as they are, it will be difficult to remove prejudices. There are some ideas, which, if once entertained of a cha-

rafter, are ever after believed. This observation is too generally true, as it regards female reputation. A striking trait of human depravity ! But a chain of unfortunate events has hastened our ruin. Our visit to Mrs. Drayton has been attended with extreme distress. Repeating the unfortunate story to Mr. Wilkins, from its being connected with those loose characters to whom we were indebted, gave us an appearance of guilt. Let us deduce a moral from the misfortune, and from hence learn, not rashly to condemn ; for although appearances may bespeak guilt, full confidence is not always to be placed upon them. Appearances can seldom be the standard of determining the truth, while deception conceals the motives from which we act. I am called to Mr. Barton.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am unfit to write, yet fly to my pen, for a mitigation to my harrassed mind.

Mr. Barton has been questioning me respecting the funeral of Lucretia—he forbids Mr. Wilkins should be laid at her side ; I dare not tell him he yet lives. The depression of this unhappy man increases. “ I shall soon be with my dear Lucretia.” said he, “ her lovely image clings to my soul—I fancy her in some bright star, decorating

ing the expanse of heaven."——I long to remove from this place, to quit objects, which continually remind me of my loss—not because I do not wish to nourish every recollection of her virtues. To regard these, shall be one of the most pleasing employments of my life, but the immediate circumstances of her sufferings, I wish to erase from memory. The warm participations you express for me, produce the most grateful sensations in the tortured bosom of

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XXIX.

*Flavre-de-Grace.*

**N**OTWITHSTANDING my wish to submit to the dispensations of Providence, with such rapidity do unfortunate circumstances crowd upon me, that I am frequently ready to relinquish every cherished idea of resignation. Affliction has a penetrating power, it searches the inmost recesses of the heart, and every revolving day ushers upon me new distress.

This morning I was suddenly awakened by the nurse at my bed-side. For heaven's sake, said I, what now awaits me—is Mr.

Barton worse? "Mr. Barton, Madam," replied she, "is dead." Shocked at this sudden information, I sprang out of bed, and slipping on my clothes, ran into his chamber; the nurse followed. "I went to him," said she, "to inquire if he wished for any thing to take; he appearing to be asleep, and easier than I had before observed him, I put my ear, near his mouth, and after listening some minutes, could not perceive that he drew his breath; alarmed at this, I laid my hand upon his forehead, which instantly convinced me he was dead." Pray nurse, said I, call Mrs. Gardner; and flinging myself into a chair, received a momentary relief from a friendly flood of tears. The family were soon with me. Unmindful of my situation, I still sat weeping, even after all the boarders had assembled in the room. In the moments of keen affliction, etiquette and propriety are frequently forgot. Mrs. Gardner and the girls were also surprised, they were as inattentive as myself; in short, the most painful confusion prevailed, when two young gentlemen, who had, I believe, just entered the chamber, came to me, and entreated me to retire; remaining with the object, they said, would only irritate my feelings, and assuring me they would pay every possible attention to my friend, directed the nurse

to

to assist me in returning to my chamber, and by a hint to the other gentleman, got them down stairs, that I might have an opportunity to pass. When I entered my room, I threw myself upon the bed, and gave free vent to my tears. In a few minutes Fanny came into my chamber, with a bowl of tea, which she urged me to drink.

Capt. Clark and Capt. Green, she said, had sent for the doctor, and begged I would command their services. After complying with her request, she assisted me in dressing. The doctor now arrived, and I found, by Mrs. Gardner, had pronounced Mr. Barton's death occasioned by poison. Upon examining the body, it was extremely swelled; and their moving it, soon made him an object unfit for sight. The doctor, thinking he might burst in a few hours, advised to his being immediately put into the coffin.

At this dreadful crisis, my reason seemed dormant. I was incapable of doing my duty; and had it not been for those young gentlemen to whom I am peculiarly indebted, though entirely unknown, I should have been ignorant of every step necessary for me to pursue upon the occasion, and still more deeply involved Mr. Barton's character in disgrace, by adding suicide to murder. It had been given out by the family, that Mr. Barton had made

his escape immediately upon firing at Mr. Wilkins; and this report concealed him from the hands of justice. The circumstances of his death, it was likewise necessary to secrete. His having been dangerously ill, favoured the idea of a natural dissolution. After they had removed him into his coffin, a bottle of arsenic was found under his pillow, which confirmed the suspicion. Fanny, like a guardian angel, never leaves me. Capt. Clark, she says, ordered every thing belonging to Mr. Barton, to be locked up, and has taken care of the keys, until I shall be able to attend to them. He begs me to consider him as a brother, and assures me his heart is alive to my distress. How does the Deity raise up new friends, when he deprives us of the support of those with which we had been favoured!

Capt. Clark, although a stranger to me, evinces so much sincerity, that I can do no less than accept his friendly offers. Perhaps you may think me ignorant of the deception of the human heart; but I have suffered too severely, not to have learnt a lesson from such repeated afflictions. I shall relinquish the direction of every thing to him. The family have been very attentive to me; Fanny I shall ever love. They unite in urging me to join them below. I am sensible indulgence of grief destroys the

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the health; but have been so confined to a sick chamber since I have been here, that I am a stranger to all the boarders; I cannot, however, refuse, without giving them offence.

Mr. Wilkins has lain several days, in such a situation; every hour has been expected would be his last. Could one interval of reason be allowed him, eagerly would I hasten to his gloomy chamber, and acquaint him with the last fond expression of my dear Lucretia. This would ease the pang of dissolving nature. My narration is so painful, I am at times disposed to cease the recital.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XXX.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

THE distance which separates me from Maria, and my connexions, has been an additional affliction to me. Yet this misfortune has been greatly alleviated by the lenient balm of Fanny's friendship, and the brotherly attention and tenderness of Capt. Clark, who has taken every painful

ful task from my hands. My heart is fraught with gratitude to heaven for such peculiar blessings. Mr. Barton was privately buried by the side of his daughter, the evening succeeding his death.

What an affecting story, is that of Caroline! and how much is a jealous temper to be avoided! Had Mr. Wilkins conducted with prudence, we might still have been happy. But one rash step has succeeded another, until it has ended in a murder and suicide. These events, however, although beyond our investigation, could not have taken place, without divine permission.

From Mr. Wilkins's continuing for several days beyond the expectations of his physicians, I cannot but flatter myself he may yet recover. Nothing should have prevented my attendance upon him, since Mr. Barton's death, but my own ill health. The bloom which once decorated my cheek has fled, and the eye of your friend, remarkable for vivacity, now bespeaks her grief. How vain and illusory are our gratifications in life. Mr. Wilkins has not been blest with one interval of reason, since the unhappy event; and as I can render him no essential service, Capt. Clark impresses it upon me as a duty, to keep from a scene which would give such an additional poignancy to my sufferings.

May



May Maria ever be protected from such complicated distresses, as involve

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XXXI.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

LAST night, the unhappy Wilkins expired! Hastened into eternity without a thought suitable for the solemn event! How unprepared must he be, to meet that Judge, at whose tribunal he now appears! I have urged Capt. Clark to attend me to the breathless body, that I may take my last, my final leave of the unfortunate scene. He pleads the impropriety, and will not consent to accompany me. Can it be more distressing, than the colourings of my imagination? If it is, I am confident I could not stand it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Wilkins having no connexions in this place to delay the funeral, being originally from North-Carolina, was interred the day after his death. I suspect this was by desire of Capt. Clark, in hopes of alleviating my distress.

This

This morning, opening my bureau, I saw a letter I had received, when Mr. Barton lay dead, and knowing the hand writing to be my aunt Noble's, had put it in this place, till more disposed to peruse it. Upon breaking the seal, I was agreeably surprised to find enclosed, a letter from Capt. Evremont. He desires to be remembered to all my friends. This surely includes my affectionate Maria.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XXXII.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

SO long have I been accustomed to hope and fear, it is difficult to divest myself of anxiety and care. I still feel, as if some object demanded my particular attention. I walk to the chamber of Lucretia, and enter the door, before I recollect she is gone, beyond the reach of my friendship. Disposed to indulge my melancholy sensations, I retire to my own apartment; but the assiduity of Fanny ever prevents me from gratifying a disposition so injurious to my health. She, in a language dictated by an exalted friendship, prevails

prevails upon me to join the family below, who unitedly exert themselves to dispel my gloom. Those two gentlemen I have previously mentioned, appear desirous to amuse me: They are, I find, officers in the second United States regiment, and profess a strong friendship for each other. Capt. Clark requests me to view his friend, "As my friend and brother. He has, Madam," continued he, "tasted of the cup of misfortune; but his mind is superior to every dishonourable idea, and you will ever find him ready to advise and protect your character and happiness.

This naturally led me to make some inquiries respecting him. "I am gratified," said, Captain Clark, "at your inclination, to become acquainted with his history. His parents reside at Halifax, and are people of interest and character. At the commencement of the contest, between Great Britain and America, a spirit of liberty thrilled in his breast: He viewed the measures pursued against the Colonies, as tending to deprive them of their privileges; and relinquishing every fond attachment, quitted his native country, that he might raise his warlike arm, in defence of injured freedom; and taking passage for Nantucket, from thence he proceeded, by land, to the army, then stationed near Boston. His story gained

gained him the confidence of the general officers, and he shortly received a commission in the army, where he served to universal satisfaction, till the close of the war. By his conduct he gained the approbation of his superior officers, and the uniform character of a brave man. His absentsing himself from the government under which he lived, and accepting a commission from the Americans, enraged his connexions, and they totally discarded him. Thrown out of all employment, and deprived of every expectation from his friends, he was left, at the close of the war, with many of his brother officers, destitute of a support; and has necessarily experienced great difficulties. The sacrifices he made in behalf of these States at first procured him a commission; and his invincible bravery and coolness, now call him from private life, again to encounter the dangers of the field; and we are mutually engaged in enlisting troops for the Westward."

This little history excited my particular attention. I began to be interested in his future fortune; for I freely acknowledge I was not so much pleased with his person or address, as I was with Captain Clark. Certain prepossessions ever attend a first interview, and we frequently suffer ourselves to be prejudiced only from appearance:

ance. Such determinations are, however, inconsistent with our better judgment. Many virtues lie concealed from cursory observation, which, on intimacy, pleasingly expand to view. Besides, there are a thousand little incidents which tend to bias the mind, and the female is soon partial to the attention of a pleasing character.

I shall remain in this place but a week or two longer. On my return to Philadelphia, I flatter myself to hear more frequently from Maria.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

“A FRIEND,” says Seneca, may “be taken away, but not the sweets of their friendship. As there is a sharpness in some fruits, and a bitterness in some wines which please; so there is a mixture in the remembrance of friends, where the loss of their company, is sweetened by the contemplation of their virtues.” How pleasingly will this apply to Lucretia. The friendly hand of time, meliorates our afflictions; it teaches us to view the painful separa-

separation of our friends, as the consummation of their happiness. Through this medium, we become reconciled; and while we mourn the loss we have sustained, we rejoice, that the object of our affection is beyond the reach of anxiety and care. Their little foibles are obliterated from memory, or if we recal them to mind, sensible that human nature cannot attain perfection, we draw over them the veil of candour, and dwell only upon their virtues.

Scarce one night do I retire to rest, but my dreaming fancy presents my loved Lucretia. Frequently am I engaged with her in those amusements which once delighted her. In these pleasing deliriums, I forget she is an inhabitant of heaven, and converse with her as a mortal being. Nor does any circumstance tend more to demonstrate the immortality of the mind, than the excursions it frequently makes, while the body, to which it is annexed, lies in a state of insensibility. If we have a just estimation of the amazing powers with which the Deity has endowed the mind, we shall be lost in admiration, and with Doctor Young, exclaim—

“ Knowest thou the importance of a soul immortal ?

Behold this midnight glory, worlds on worlds !  
Amazing pomp ! Redouble this amaze !

Then weigh the whole—one soul outweighs  
them all,

And

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And calls the astonishing magnificence  
Of unintelligent creation, poor."

Gracious Deity, impress this pleasing thought, and may it operate to virtuous pursuits. Abdiel has been permitted to pluck from the garden of life, an inviting flower, which had not long expanded its beauties. May this teach us the uncertainty of present blessings, and prepare us to attend his summons; then shall we join Lucretia in bliss.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XXXIV.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

A FEW days since, I gave you a little history of my friend, Captain Green, and I make no doubt, but the heart of Maria, which is uniformly interested for the sons of affliction, experienced a pang, similar with my own.

If I was pleased with the attention of Captain Clark, at the moment of introduction, I am now doubly attached to him. With the most brotherly affection

tion, he anticipates my wishes, and aims to ward off every painful circumstance ; he has devoted himself to my service, and discharged all the bills occasioned by Mr. Barton's and Lucretia's sickness. He proposes Captain Green shall take the charge of the few men, they have enlisted here, that he may accompany me in the stage to Philadelphia.

Looking over the pocket book of Mr. Barton, I saw a letter directed to me, which, upon opening, I found contained a will, by the date discovered to have been written the day after Lucretia's death ; in which, after bequeathing me a thousand pounds, he divides the residue of his estate between his only sister, a widow in the State of New-York, and her children ; leaving the clothes he had with him, his watch, &c. &c. at my disposal. " In my pocket book," adds the will, " are bank-bills to the amount of five hundred dollars, which will be more than sufficient to defray the expenses attendant upon Lucretia's, and my misfortunes ; and whatever remains, I request Mrs. Gardner to accept."

He has appointed two particular friends in New-York, his executors. I gave the will into the hands of Captain Clark ; who, after having it proved and registered here, enclosed and forwarded it, by the post, to  
New-



New-York. The trunk contained only a few clothes; but being a very suitable one for travelling, I wished to present it to the Captain; yet hesitated at the propriety of the action; but observing he appeared much pleased with it, I handed him the key, begging he would oblige me, by calling that, and the contents, his own. He received this token of my friendship, with a grace peculiar to himself. There is an ease in the most trivial actions of his life, which discovers his education. But even the society of Captain Clark and his friend, with the addition of my dear Fanny, cannot erase from my mind those hours which are passed. No, Maria; retrospection carries me back to those happy days, when I sipped pleasure from the conversation of Lucretia. May heaven bless you.

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XXXV.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

FOR several days, having observed a great depression upon the countenance of Fanny, I resolved, the first favourable moment, to acquaint myself with  
the

the cause. Yesterday morning missing her from breakfast, I inquired of her mamma the reason: She informed me, her health had been very indifferent for some time; and that last night she had experienced an ill turn. As soon as I had breakfasted, I left the table, and going softly up stairs, cautiously opened the chamber door, and found her awake. Having made a few inquiries, I told her my apprehensions, and begged to know if any new circumstance had taken place to interrupt her happiness. If there has, said I, you must not keep me ignorant. "How penetrating is the eye of Caroline," replied she, "that I cannot conceal the secret sentiments of my heart. It is the necessities of Frederick, which render me thus wretched. Deprived of a handsome property by the casualties of trade, he finds it impossible to support a helpless family, without becoming more deeply involved in difficulties.

"A few weeks since, he received from an unknown hand, a sum sufficient to have discharged his little debts. This unfortunately was handed him when Charles was present. Frederick had long owed him a small debt, and his inflexible parsimony, would not suffer him to see a brother thus providentially relieved. He insisted that he should pay him a great part of what he had received, or he would immediately attach

sell his furniture for the debt, and Frederick was obliged to submit.

Humanity, that emblem of an exalted mind, how foreign from a heart characterized by the most sordid avarice! His stoical indifference to a suffering brother, debilitates my health; my pleasures sicken, and my eyes are filled with the briny dew of sorrow."

Fanny, said I, humanity, sympathy and benevolence, are darling virtues seldom found in the bosom of prosperity. If we abound in riches, we are placed above an experimental knowledge of those necessities which are inseparable to a state of poverty, and too often become inattentive observers of human misery. Riches have a contaminating influence; they frequently petrify the finest feelings of the heart. It is not, my dear, in your power to change the disposition of Charles; nor must you suffer it to make you wretched. It is sometimes our duty to conquer our most exquisite feelings. Obtain from your brother the sum necessary for present relief, and if within my abilities, it will contribute to my happiness, to lessen his affliction. Saying this, I left the chamber. How unequal are the distributions of Providence! Some abound, while others want the daily supports of life. Give,  
most

most merciful Father, to the fortunate, feeling hearts, and may they aim to lessen human sufferings.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Heure-de-Grace.*

WHEN I gave you a little history of Captain Green, I was totally unacquainted with that of Captain Clark, but have since found, from his friend, he is a native of Boston, where his connexions now reside; from what I can learn, I believe him to be a deserving, experienced officer. The life of a soldier, his necessities have compelled him to adopt. I am ever cautious in my expressions respecting new friends, but the general behaviour of this gentleman, evinces a superiority of mind, which cannot fail to please. Be not jealous, that my affections are diminished for Captain Evremont, when I declare I am pleased with the attentions of Captain Clark, and the friendship he expresses for me. I acknowledge to feel for him, a sisterly affection. He is well acquainted with my engagements, and speaks of  
Captain

Captain Evremont in exalted terms. He served in the same regiment with him, the last war, and says, "He ever found him, a good soldier, and a valuable *friend*." A valuable *friend*! How much is implied, in this short, but comprehensive sentence! It vibrates pleasingly upon my heart. It re-echoes harmony to my soul.

Mrs. Gardner has consented that Fanny shall accompany me to Philadelphia. I cannot think of parting with her; and her ill health favours my request.

For several days past, I have been finessed into a temporary happiness, by the assiduity of my friends. I feel my obligations for this momentary forgetfulness of trouble. Their seasonably engaging my mind in conversation, was better calculated to relieve my distress, than any diversion I could have pursued. It is an indulgence in which I delight. It does not confine us to any particular theme; hence it can never cloy. By affording that variety consonant to the human mind, it long retains its powers of amusement.

I much suspect the poetic description of the golden age—for such is human nature, that a repetition of the same objects, palls the mind, and renders them insipid. We are continually impatient for some new event, and looking to a future period for gratification. Thus Caroline anticipates

the pleasing moment, when the society of Maria, shall consummate one of her fondest wishes.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XXXVII.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

**W**HEN I last addressed you, I flattered myself my next letter would be dated from Philadelphia, as Captain Green had consented to take the charge of Captain Clark's men. But I am yet detained in this city by an unfortunate accident, in which my friend, the Captain, is particularly concerned.

A few days after his arrival at Havre-de-Grace, as he was standing at the door of the coffee-house, a Mr. Peters went up to him, and said, "Was my brother, who served upon Rhode-Island, arrested for cowardice in that expedition?" Captain Clark, with an air of indifference, replied, "Just as you say, Sir."

Nothing farther passed between them, until the night previous to our intended departure for Philadelphia, when Mrs. Gardner,

Gardner, alarmed by a knocking at the street door, jumped out of bed, and pushing up the window, requested to know who was there. A person now inquired for Captain Clark, adding, "He must see him immediately." She observed, "The Captain intended setting off very early in the morning for Philadelphia, and she could not think of calling him at so late an hour—pray Sir, please to leave your name, I will not omit to tell him you called." "Madam," said he, "be so obliging as to step to his door, and tell him Captain Peters is in waiting and must see him, as an event of the utmost importance has taken place at the coffee-house, and his advice is wanted, to settle an unhappy affair." Mrs. Gardner appearing to hesitate, he continued, "*I give you my honour, Madam, that no injury is intended him.*" Finding she could not put him off, she delivered the message to Captain Clark, who, ever ready to assist all who were involved in difficulty, arose, and putting on his clothes, hurried down stairs, and opening the street door, found Captain Peters and his brother, who apologized for calling him out of bed, by observing, that a number of gentlemen, engaged in a dispute at the coffee-house, had agreed to leave it with him to settle. And taking him under each arm, they walked on, till they

they reached the spot, intended for their pusillanimous plan, when Captain Peters thus addressed him: "Did you, Sir, assert that I was arrested upon Rhode-Island for cowardice?" "No," he replied, "I did not." "It is a lie, Sir," said Captain Peters, and instantly gave him a severe stroke with his cane, which brought him to the ground; when, like cowards, *they both* beat him until he was senseless, and then left him. In this situation, he remained all night. In the morning he was taken up, and carried into a house in the neighbourhood. A physician was called, who fortunately was the one that attended Mr. Barton; and having washed and dressed the wounds, recollected the countenance of my friend. He accordingly dispatched a person to Mrs. Gardner to acquaint her with the accident. As soon as she received this information, she came into my chamber, to inform me of the cause of our delay, and added, "There was nothing to fear from the wounds, no bones being broken." Distressed by this circumstance, I hastened down stairs, and dispatched a servant to the doctor, requesting to see him. He soon came, and begged me to entertain no fears in behalf of my friend, assuring me he was greatly recovered since the dressing of his wounds, and he flattered himself would, in a few days, be able to



to pursue his journey. An unavoidable engagement obliges me at present, to subscribe,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

ALTHOUGH we had absolutely engaged seats in the stage, and Captain Green had taken leave of us the day before, it was impossible for us to commence our journey. This disappointment was trifling, compared with the anxiety I experienced for my friend.

About noon, Captain Clark stopped at the door in a carriage. I ran to meet him. Upon observing me, he assumed an air of gaiety, which, it was easy to perceive, was foreign from his heart. "I regret," said he, "you are deprived the satisfaction of joining your friends, as early as you wished, but I flatter myself it will delay you only a few days." I strove to suppress my fears; yet, notwithstanding every exertion to check my feelings, my tell-tale eyes glistened with the tears of pity. "Gratified as I am," said he, "with the interest you take in the abuse I have experienced, let me intreat you not to add to my present

## THE HAPLESS ORPHAN.

feelings—do not distress me with your tenderness.” Hard was the struggle to conceal the sensations of my heart; but, resolving to cast the mantle of friendship over my painful emotions, I feigned a serenity I did not enjoy. He then gave the story as I have related it to you.

For Captain Peters to pledge his honour *that no injury was intended*, and then to prostitute this sacred pledge, was an unpardonable, ignominious deception, far beneath the dignity of a brave and noble mind. To give his sacred honour, and to abuse that trust this confidence inspires. To attack an unarmed man, and, with the assistance of his brother, thus to beat him, leaving him to suffer in the street the whole night, are blots in their characters, which will excite universal contempt. I am apprehensive of the issue.

Captain Clark's disposition will not suffer him to submit to treatment thus incompatible with his honour. But these men are not entitled to what the world calls “*honourable resentment*.” I therefore flatter myself there will be no duel in the affair. This idea alone affords consolation to the afflicted bosom of

CAROLINE.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXIX.

*Harre-de Grace.*

CAPTAIN Clark is yet confined to the house. I exert myself to amuse him; but this is difficult. The gentlemen are early familiarized to business and amusement, which call their attention abroad; short confinements are, to them, almost insupportable; and a little sickness, with all their bravery and courage, frequently renders them peevish and impatient; while our sex, inured to scenes more tranquil and retired, are less liable to repine at indisposition.

Notwithstanding the severe blows my friend has received, his eyes are not deprived of their usual lustre. These yet speak, in the most expressive manner, the manly and noble sentiments of his soul. I wish not to present him to you, as a regular beauty, or an elegant form. These, I am convinced, will never operate upon your mind; but I will introduce you to a man, whose person and conduct, has long designated the soldier; whose bosom glows with generosity, sensibility, ambition, courage, and honour. In his heart are united sentiments and feelings which dignify the hu-

man mind; qualifications, which will recommend him to Maria.

For several days I was greatly distressed, lest a duel should terminate the unhappy affair; but yesterday it was settled through the interposition of friends.

The doctor having given it as his opinion, that Captain Clark may safely proceed to Philadelphia, I know of no circumstance which can prevent our journey. I am truly impatient to quit a place, where I have experienced so much real sorrow. My life has been immersed in afflictions; but I will endeavour to banish every corroding idea. Vain cares, and anticipated sorrows, shall never prevent the enjoyment of virtuous reflections. Pleasure and pain are blended in the events of life; and by the alternate operations of hope and fear, we are prevented from sinking into apathy and inattention; these, by exciting contrary emotions, keep the mind alive, and contribute to the happiness of human existence.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XL.

*Havre-de-Grace.*

WE should have left this the last stage, had not Fanny's anxiety for her unfortunate brother yet detained us.

Agreeably

Agreeably to my promise, the day previous to our intended departure, I presented her the sum she had assured me was sufficient for his present relief. This she went in the evening to give him, when she found the family in the greatest distress. His creditors impatient for the discharge of their debts, - had that day made several attachments; and as Fanny opened the door to enter the house, an officer availed himself of the opportunity to execute another writ: This execution deprived them of every necessary article. Fanny immediately dispatched a message to her brother, in hopes, by bringing him to witness his distresses, he might be induced to assist him; but when he came, he absolutely refused the most trivial relief. She now took Mrs. Gardner aside, and presented the bills received from me. Thus being enabled to satisfy present calls, he saved his little remaining furniture, deprived of which, his family could not have continued together. Fanny, overcome by this circumstance, requested I would relinquish the idea of her accompanying me. To this I could not consent.

Captain Clark has interested himself in behalf of this child of adversity; and, in the most pathetic language, endeavoured to excite feelings in the breast of Charles;

but without effect. What a heart must he possess, thus to suffer a deserving brother, deprived of health and property, to want even the necessaries of life! Unpardonable man! The Deity may not always smile upon your prosperity. Intoxicated with your present success, you think yourself far beyond the reach of fortune's frown; but remember, you may sink from the pinnacle of affluence, from the most elevated summit of wealth, to the dreary vale of misfortune. And although you are basking in the indulgence of all your wishes, the scene may suddenly change, and poverty, with its concomitant miseries, await you; you may yet drink in full draughts, the gall of disappointment, and largely share in similar misfortunes with your afflicted brother.

Mr. Gardner determines, if he can make sufficient interest, to obtain a commission in the army; and to relinquish all idea of remaining with his family.

This resolution he reluctantly pursues. His attachment to a family, unable to provide for itself, renders it painful. Captain Clark has promised him his influence; and as Mr. Gardner held a commission in the late army, flatters himself he shall succeed. Whatever the reflections of his brother  
may

may be, with respect to his unfeeling conduct, the time, I doubt not, will arrive, when he will retire to the family of his own thoughts, replete with the most poignant sensations, for having added to the complicated distress of a deserving brother.

May the journey of our lives, my dear Maria, be rendered pleasant by the sunshine of prosperity; and while we drink from the full bowl of fortune, may we be protected from the usual infatuation of those bewitching smiles.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XLI.

*Philadelphia.*

WE have at length arrived in this city. Mrs. Leason received us with painful, as well as pleasurable sensations. She had previously been acquainted with my affecting story; and, possessed of a sympathetic heart, shared in my affliction.

Sympathy, my dear, is a pleasing sentiment, implanted in the human breast, which induces us, if we cannot mitigate, to become momentarily interested in the misfortunes of our friends.

Laura

Laura welcomed us with a degree of politeness, which had it been unconnected with a haughty air, would have been acceptable. When I was last in Philadelphia, she was absent from home. Her countenance is pleasing, but the airs she assumes, are incompatible to her situation in life. Strongly attached to pleasure and amusement, rational indulgences cloy her taste. Dissipation is dangerous: It vitiates the mind, and attaches it to a round of amusements.

The troops in this city have received orders to march in a few days. The spirits of my friend appear depressed. He flatters himself that the formidable appearance of the army will deter the Indians. Many things concur to excite disagreeable ideas in my mind. It is my sincere prayer, that the all-wise Director of the universe, may take them into his peculiar charge.

Since my arrival, I have received a letter from Captain Evremont. He complains much of a silence, I am sure, I have not observed; my letters must certainly be impeded. There is no gratification we experience in the absence of our friends, superior to the pleasure of receiving their letters. It is a delightful substitute for the loss of their society.

Captain



Captain Evremont writes me, he is stationed at an advanced post, a mile distant from Fort-Pitt. He expresses great impatience for the arrival of the troops; but writes, with the most sanguine enthusiasm of success.

Captain Clark has, I find, many friends in this city, who are partial to his merits. This is pleasing to me. To have our choice in any point, approved by men of sense, is ever a flattering circumstance, and obliterates from a female mind, every ray of uneasiness, lest her too tender susceptibility, had portrayed excellencies, which existed no where, but in her partial imagination. Some of your relations are pleased to patronize him: They have united their influence with his, in behalf of Mr. Gardner, and have a prospect of success. I regret the sad alternative, which obliges him to quit his family for a life so averse to his wishes, and which some small assistance from his brother might prevent. Surely the Deity has traced the outlines of our duty upon our hearts, which a certain inexpressible consciousness points out to us; yet we frequently stifle feelings so honourary to our natures. Being in haste, can only add the assurances of my friendship.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLII.

*Philadelphia.*

MRS. Leason tells me, she has received a letter from my aunt Noble, requesting to be accommodated at her house a few weeks, as she wishes to make a visit to Philadelphia: She at first hesitated a reply; but finding me silent, and that her stay would be short, she has consented. Thus I am still to be troubled with the repetition of a story, long since hateful. I can bear it with tolerable fortitude in a letter; but to be taken by the hand, and compelled to hear a distasteful tale, deprives me of all my philosophy. I am half a mind to fly to the arms of my friend, in whose society I am confident I should receive new gratifications, and whose friendship would give me a hearty welcome.

Fanny is much pleased with this city. It is said to be one of the most beautiful America can boast; but perhaps you may think I carry my ideas of variety rather too far, when I say, there is a little too much sameness for my taste. I acknowledge it is uncommon for one, who styles herself a citizen, to be impartial; for the place of our birth, generally claims our warmest attachment.

We

We made a party, a few days since, to the Falls of Schuylkill, to give Fanny an opportunity of seeing some of the delightful seats. I sincerely hope, the journey, and attention to her health, will be of service to her. I am impatient to introduce this dear girl to Maria : She is indeed one of those rare plants, seldom to be found in the wilderness of life. There is an innocent expression in her countenance, which cannot, like the fading flower of beauty, be divested of its charms.

Captain Clark will soon leave us. How many incidents occur to destroy our happiness ! The sweet sensibility which gives us the true relish of our joys, frequently increases our weight of suffering. The gratification we derive from the society of congenial minds, occasions the most severe regret, when deprived of their valuable intercourse. It is so seldom we find those, who are susceptible of real friendship, who are incapable of deception, and who unitedly possess the qualifications requisite for a friend, that such a prize cannot be sufficiently estimated. I know it is the common idea of the world, that "Friendship with women is sister to love." But while I would pay a due respect to their general principles and observations, I must take the liberty to deviate from them, when  
their

their sentiments are incompatible with my own experience. I already discover your conclusions, and that you are classing Caroline as a Platonic disciple: It will not, however, denote her character; although I cannot imagine, as much as the world laugh at this philosopher's ideas of love and friendship, why we may not esteem an enlightened mind, without feeling for the person, that degree of affection which denotes a peculiar, undescribable attachment. It is indeed seldom the case, that real mental abilities are the foundation of a first prepossession; external beauty, an accomplished behaviour, or the more captivating charms of fortune, are too often the illusive meteors which enchant the eye and constrain the heart. Think not I intend a general reflection, when I add, the art of speaking trifles agreeably, too often proves a destructive poison, which terminates the happiness of female life. Daily observation demonstrates the truth. Nor is an agreeable address more likely to deceive our sex, than those who claim the boasted superiority of prudence, penetration and wisdom. We frequently see the merchant deceived by his ill placed confidence, and his family involved in complicated wretchedness. As I have written a long letter, I now feel disposed to conclude,

—I hear

—I hear Captain Clark's step below. Don't be jealous, my dear; my time is equally divided between you; and Maria may rest assured of a liberal portion.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XLIII.

*Philadelphia.*

**I** FEEL disposed to be dull. My friend marched yesterday for the Westward. My aunt came to town a week before he left us. She has adopted a new plan, by which she means to accomplish a reconciliation with her husband. Confining herself to her chamber, she gives out she is extremely ill, and is continually endeavouring to prepare our minds for her approaching death. It is, she says, impossible for her to continue long among us; nor can she be easy to quit the world without being previously reconciled to her husband. To die among strangers, to be buried from a strange house, are ideas she cannot support. Repeatedly have I been summoned to her bed-side to take her last adieu, and as often commissioned to tell my uncle his unpardonable conduct had given a cruel stab to her peace, drove her from home, and

and brought upon her complicated misery, which had hastened her end. She frequently solicits me to write to him, and request of him one interview with his dying wife. Upon my refusal, she has sent for her favourite, from his family, through whom, it is probable, she will accomplish her purpose. She is continually giving some new alarm, which keeps the house in constant agitation. If she is not successful I am resolved to quit my lodgings.

Previous to Captain Clark's leaving this city, he informed me, the brother of my dear Fanny, had obtained a Captain's commission in the same regiment with him; and that the Secretary at War, in the letter in which he enclosed his commission, directs him to be in Philadelphia by the tenth of the month.

I have received a billet from a gentleman, with whom I am entirely unacquainted, informing me, Eliza has been in Virginia several months, and intends passing the winter in this place; this is friendly, but painful information. Every circumstance concurs, to confirm my belief, that it is through her I have been made thus wretched. Strange, that prejudices so ill grounded, should never be effaced from her mind. But all events are under the direction of an over-ruling Providence. May  
Maria

Maria never experience such vicissitudes, as have attended

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XLIV.

*Philadelphia.*

**M**Y aunt's pretended indisposition has increased. Of *fricture, tension, febrile heat; an universal affection of the nervous system; an insupportable irritation, and expelled fits*, I am continually hearing. With propriety she claims the denomination of the most miserable being upon earth. "Born," she says, "under some malicious star, evil is her destiny." But if she wishes to impose upon Mrs. Leason and the family, she must send to Trenton for her sympathetic doctor; the city physicians are not to be deceived. By her frequent importunities, we yesterday sent for a doctor; I was sitting by her when he entered the chamber. He felt her pulse, examined her tongue, inquired her complaints, and rising from his seat, stamped upon the floor, saying, "All you want, is to get back to your husband." And hastening out of the room, "Begged she would give him no further trouble." Most sincerely do I wish her with him—and I am convinced she will never rest until this is accomplished.

I have

I have received letters from Captain Evremont, which mention the arrival of several companies; this renders his duty less severe. I expect daily to hear from my friends, as Captain Clark has promised to write, upon his arrival at Fort-Pitt.

At present I am separated from almost all my friends. I have no protector near me. Zeno, the father of the stoics, styled that hour the happiest of his life, which deprived him of his whole estate. "This event," he says, "drove him into the haven of philosophy." May the loss of my friends; drive me to reflection; and that the painful vicissitudes of my life, may be the means of directing me to that divine religion, which can alone, render a future existence pleasing, is the fervent wish of

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XLV.

*Philadelphia.*

MY uncle has, at length, been prevailed upon to visit his distressed wife, who was confined to her bed. She has effected her purpose. It was agreed she should return the next day to his house. She accordingly dispatched invitations to her acquaintance, requesting their company



by the next afternoon, " To witness *the renewal of her marriage*. An elegant supper was proposed, which was to have been at her expense, had not the advice of her particular friends prevented it. The morning of this happy day, my aunt arose from her bed, which she had not left for several days, and with every pleasure which anticipation gives, waited the coming moment. The company assembled, and after tea, a coach was called to convey her home. I feel assured of your congratulations, on being thus relieved; yet I fancy you are a little surprised at its taking place so soon; but an artful, determined mind can often get through apparent impossibilities. It would be fortunate for my aunt, was she resolved to be happy; but I believe if she has any reflections, they are replete with discontent and wretchedness. She may perhaps experience a temporary gratification, but this will be short; new contentions will arise, and tempers, naturally ungovernable, cannot easily be restrained at so advanced a period of life. Had she ever considered present actions, as though they had past, she would never have exposed to the world, a thousand little incidents in her family, which a prudent woman, would blush to have had known.

In the most happy connexions—in the best regulated families, many things take place, which should be cautiously concealed from the eye of the world; and the woman who would expose the faults of her own family, must possess a disposition which should be severely reprobated.

Leaving a husband, is a serious undertaking, and should never be done without the most urgent necessity and cool reflection. It is a step which injures the characters of both, and is attended with continual mortifications. But if they are compelled to it, they should, I think, abide by the unhappy alternative. I believe I may venture to assert, that, in few instances, has a separation ever removed the cause of uneasiness, but rather increased the wretchedness, and rendered the parties disrespected by the world.

Captain Gardner and Mr. Lee arrived last night. They put up at Mrs. Leason's. I am extremely sorry for this last addition to our family. I had not seen him since the death of my dear Lucretia. His presence renews my grief. If he tarries any time in Philadelphia, after Captain Gardner has left us, I shall propose an excursion to Bristol; it is a village to which I am partial; and, I hope, a change of objects will be a relief to Fanny. Her spirits, at present, are greatly depressed.

I see,

I see, by the papers, your cousin has accepted a commission. I flatter myself he will not fail to call upon me, as he passes through Philadelphia. Your attachment to him, will make you more sensible of the feelings of

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XLVI.

*Philadelphia.*

**I**AM seriously concerned for my friends at the Westward. Parties are daily leaving this city, to join the troops already there. A winter's campaign is alarming. For Fanny's sake, I shall be glad when her brother has left us. The poor girl, is scarce able to support the thought of his leaving her. She possesses a disposition too tender for her own happiness; and, I verily believe, it occasions all her ill health.

Laura's haughty behaviour, in several late instances, has determined me to pass a few weeks in the country. Having been from infancy, taught to value herself upon a pretty face and a genteel person, she thinks herself entitled to (unmerited) respect from all the boarders; and behaves as if external beauty was an ample compensation for the want of internal merit. She considers a condescending disposition

as only necessary to those who are destitute of the attractive charms of a handsome face, and believes the study of the belles-lettres, only calculated for such as have no pretensions to beauty. She cannot realize, that an accomplished mind will render happiness durable, when the bloom of youth shall fade, and the transitory flower shall have wasted its sweets. Nor does she cultivate ideas which will render pleasant the last stage of existence. That stage, when the debilitated mind will look back to its trifling gratifications, with the most severe regret; when the want of better reflections, will obtrude the idea of her past life, upon her embittered thoughts. But Fanny is a pleasing contrast. She has caught from the refulgent beams of wisdom, rays, which will adorn her character, and will render her, at every period of life, an entertaining, agreeable companion. Her heart expands for the unfortunate. "For each one's woes, she has a tear."

I am interrupted; but believe me, my dear, the friendship of Maria, possesses a peculiar power of dispelling the gloomy cares of

CAROLINE.

LETTER

## LETTER XLVII.

*Philadelphia.*

**Y**OUR cousin has arrived—he is so altered by an uniform, I did not know him; but when he handed me a letter, which he said was from Maria, I recognized his countenance, and introduced him to Mrs. Leason, Laura and Fanny; to the last, as my particular friend. I viewed him, my dear, with all those pleasing ideas, which result from the consideration he is your cousin.—I am sorry you think me too severe upon my own sex. You are deceived in your conclusions. The observations I made, as you advance in life, you will find to be just. I meant not to deviate from the strictest principles of philanthropy or good humour; and the traits I have drawn, are perfectly consonant to many characters. If Maria is at present more happy in her companions and friends, I heartily rejoice; but give me leave to remind you, that a knowledge of human nature, can only be learnt by experience; and that insincerity and deception too often characterize mankind.

I yesterday received an invitation to pass the afternoon and evening with my aunt Noble. Fanny was too depressed with the prospect of parting with her bro-

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ther

ther to give us her company. The natural vivacity of her disposition, withers at the recollection of his misfortunes. The idea of his sufferings, sharpens the arrows of her affliction.

I went early to Colonel Noble's, that I might have an opportunity to converse a little with my aunt. Upon entering the doors, several new pieces of furniture, caught my attention. My aunt is not without her ambition, any more than the Colonel. I found her alone; congratulated her upon her return, and hoped she enjoyed all that happiness she had imagined. "While my property lasts," said she, "it may do, but the little I have, will never provide for a family. At present, there is not an article brought into the house, but at my expense." We were now interrupted by company; for she had given large invitations to her acquaintance for the celebration of this pleasing event. Tea and cards preceded an elegant supper, prepared by this foolish woman, whose circumstances rather call for the strictest economy, than allow of the smallest profusion. For my own part, I know no minor, who stands more in need of a guardian, than my aunt Noble. A prodigal disposition, is far from evincing a liberal mind; in any situation of life, it is to be avoided. The indulgence of it  
hurries

hurries us into a thousand extravagancies, which will finally be destructive to our happiness. Her disposition, united with the Colonel's, whose predominant passions are show and parade, would soon exhaust an extensive fortune. My uncle is not, however, singular in his false ideas of greatness. There are many who will not deny themselves the superfluities of life, although the butcher and tradesman, are continually dunning at the door.

I left my aunt's, disgusted at her imprudent conduct, and much displeased at that violent fondness they express for each other. It is unnatural to believe such cruel stabs, and recent wounds, have not cankered the mind. But if they possess such heaven-born tempers as totally to forget the past, we should suppose, prudence would dictate to them to conceal the violence of their affections. To see a couple continually fondling and kissing in company, is disgusting, and causes in my breast suspicions of their conjugal felicity; not that I would discourage that pleasing, affectionate attention, which distinguishes the happy pair.

Mr. Lee yet continues in Philadelphia. Being with him, excites contending passions. While the sprouts of gratitude shoot forth with luxuriance, memory awakens the painful remembrance of Lu-

creta's sufferings. Mrs. Leason tells me, he has been some years married to a young lady in Bristol, whom he now disowns as his wife. I shall endeavour to inform myself of this circumstance, when I visit that place. I am impatient to enjoy a short time the pleasures of solitude. My attachment to a country life, has been uniformly the same; but I will not indulge too many pleasurable anticipations, lest my fond hopes should be destroyed in the first moment of enjoyment.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*Philadelphia.*

CAPTAIN Gardner with his party left this city yesterday. Your cousin expects to stay with us but a few days. He has introduced a particular friend of his to our acquaintance—a General Hill. This gentleman is, I find, married. I pity his good lady. The army will do better for single, than married men. Was I a wife, I should never consent to my husband's commencing foldier.

I am not a little jealous Capt. Belmour has an attachment for Fanny. Mrs. Leason has proposed several matches for this dear girl. One young gentleman she represents



represents as deeply in love with her; and yesterday seriously asked me if I thought she could not be prevailed upon to receive his addresses? Not by my intercession, replied I, and hastily left the room. This good lady grows more attached to dress. Her hair is craped and curled in the highest taste. Could I procure a London doll, marked with the wrinkles of old age, I would dress it by my landlady, as a pattern to your mamma. This attachment to dress, frequently places her in a ridiculous light. It injures the reputation of the sex, by enforcing the idea of our vanity, and establishing the illnatured observations of the world, depreciates us with men of sense.

I am deceived, if Laura does not envy Fanny the attentions of Mr. Belmour. Your cousin is indeed, handsome; but a uniform, my dear, is a great addition. It is truly an attractive magnet with the *female* eye.

Fanny has received a letter from her mamma, which mentions, that a number of Captain Gardner's friends, had opened a subscription, for the relief of her sister, who they wished to place in some little business, which should enable her to provide for herself and children. This was presented to Mr. Charles Gardner, who refused being concerned in so laudable an undertaking.

dertaking. How contracted the dispositions of mankind! The avaricious miser, lives but for himself, pursuing his plans with eagerness—with the most frigid indifference, he passes objects of distress—estranged to the pleasures of benevolence, which aims to blunt the edge of adversity, he refuses every relief. He knows not the luxury which results from having lessened human wretchedness. Philanthropy and benevolence are not the characteristics of his heart. But sympathetic minds, enjoy pleasures with which these sordid beings are unacquainted. They pass through life with the sweet reflection, of having relieved the distressed; and at the close of existence, derive a source of satisfaction from the grateful recollection. I am flattered with the idea of your passing the approaching winter in this city; and am sorry you postpone coming so long. Urge your mamma to set an earlier day. You have no friends who will give you a more hearty welcome, than

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XLIX.

*Philadelphia.*

I HAVE just received a letter from Captain Evremont, which communicates  
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the pleasing information of the safe arrival of my friends at Fort-Pitt. Captain Clark adds a postscript, and says, With Mr. Evremont's permission, he shall do himself the honour to write to me in a few days.

I regret that the youth, most distinguished among us, should be called from the pleasures of domestic life, and sent into an uncultivated country, against an enemy upon whom we can place no dependance; whose treaties are easily laid aside; who, from their uncivilized situation, are ignorant of the enjoyments of society; and who never are at a loss, in the remotest forest, for the necessaries upon which they exist; whose barbarity to their prisoners must increase the fears of the soldiers' friends, and render it even doubly painful to themselves to encounter. An enemy, whom, from their method of battle, it is almost impossible to subdue.

Your cousin, and his friend, will leave us to-morrow; they desire to be remembered to you. Mr. Belmour adds, "When you meet your Caroline in Philadelphia, Fanny must be particularly introduced to you."

Excuse my adding more, as I must improve the remaining hours in writing to Captain Evremont.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## L E T T E R L.

*Bristol.*

**BELIEVING** it would be an amusement to Fanny, and an advantage to her health, I resolved to pass a few weeks in this village; and leaving the city the same day with your cousin, soon reached our present abode.

From the back windows of the house at which we are, we may view, over the adjacent fields, the river Delaware, extending several miles. The silver surface of this limpid element, exhibits a charming appearance. A little to the left, is an enchanting grove of weeping willows, whose romantic shade invites to tread the pleasurable path of retirement, so favourable to reflection. Here the mind may expand uninterrupted, and enjoy, unenvied, every rational idea; and while we discover nature in her genuine simplicity totally divested of the decorations of art, we cannot but admire the works of that Being who has thus variegated the prospects of the earth for the enjoyment of man. I regret that the season is so far advanced; not because the changing of the leaves, gives me any painful emotions—this rather produces a pleasing thoughtfulness; but as the spring and summer are better calculated for Fanny's recovery.

Since

THE HAPLESS ORPHAN. 177

Since I have been in this place, I have commenced an acquaintance with a Mrs. Little. A short history of whom, I flatter myself will be acceptable to Maria.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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L E T T E R L I.

*Bristol.*

AGREEABLY to the promise in my last, I have forwarded the history of Mrs. Little. It shall be clothed in her own expressions—receive it as I had it from her.

“ An unfortunate connexion, has destroyed my fond ideas of happiness. At the age of seventeen, I was, after a courtship of two years, united with a Mr. Little, then twenty-two. He was a foreigner, who had resided some years among us. My parents and friends unanimously approved the match, and my juvenile fancy planned many happy scenes.

“ Being an only daughter, my wishes were ever superseded by the attentions of my doating parents, and I flattered myself long to enjoy the present current of unalloyed felicity. But the morning which rises with the clearest hemisphere, is often obscured by a stormy sky. An unexpected circumstance soon presented, which oblig-

ed Mr. Little to cross the seas. The voyage was short. I had no idea of a separation, for more than a few months. With impatience I waited the period of his expected arrival—I chid the dilatory hours—Time appeared to pause—I enjoyed no pleasures—I shared in no amusements; the anticipation of his return, engrossed my whole attention. At length, the vessel in which he sailed, arrived. My brother hastened to meet him. In imagination, I was raised to the summit of happiness. I believed uninterrupted pleasures, would crown succeeding days. But the chilling frost of disappointment, blasted my visionary joys. Mr. Little was left behind. Not a single line did I receive from him, nor could any information be obtained of him; he having left the island from which the vessel came. Notwithstanding this, little did my unsuspecting heart, forbode his villainous intentions. Educated in retired life, I was unacquainted with the deceptions of the *beau monde*. Never having been accustomed to disappointments, it was at first a lesson difficult to learn.

“ In this situation, I passed four years; when my father received a letter from a friend in South-Carolina, acquainting him, Mr. Little lived in Charleston, with a woman to whom, it was reported, he was married. The contents of this letter, I obsti-

obstinately refused to credit. For more than two years, I resolved not to listen to the calumniating breath of the world; when the arrival of a particular friend from Carolina, opened my deluded eyes. Fortunately I possessed great resolution. Yet, having to combat with a warm attachment, and all the pains of neglected affection, I was attacked with a distressing illness, which confined me some months to my chamber. During this time, I had many intervals of hope that Mr. Little might yet return, repenting his past conduct; till at length, having hackneyed every plea, which affection, duty, and benevolence could suggest, I determined to reason myself into a disposition, to relinquish him forever. This was a trying undertaking; but his conduct rendered it necessary. I now requested his name might never again, be mentioned to me, that, if possible, I might obliterate him from remembrance. Blest with indulgent parents, who have studied to make me happy, I have been enabled to abide by my resolution; or probably, before this, I should have ended my days.

“Accustomed to a country life, I have devoted much time to reading: This attachment is strengthened by affliction. Thus have I given you a detail of my unhappy situation. That I have given up every idea, of a man who had thus transferred

ferred his affections ; who had forfeited the grateful title of my protector and friend, who had proved himself my seducer ; my greatest enemy, will not, I feel assured, prejudice your mind against me. For, believe me, my heart shed its dearest drops ; and had not fortitude shielded me with the helmet of perseverance, I should have relapsed into former unbelief. But by her influence, and the consideration of having done my duty, I rise superior to my fate. I make no animadversions upon the conduct of Mr. Little, not doubting, although I have suffered thus severely, you are more acquainted with the villainy of the world than myself."

What a history is the above. It veils my pleasureable ideas : It unfolds to view a conduct, which, for the honour of human nature, I could wish, concealed. But how frequently do our sex become wretched, by the deep laid plans of wicked minds ! When such instances shade the characters, of youth, they must tend to destroy our confidence in a sex designed, by heaven, for our protection. And while they awaken our suspicions, should impress us with a caution, necessary to guard our reputation and honour, from the concealed plans of the base libertine, who delights in the most villainous seductions, and who frequently selects the most virtuous



ous of our sex for destruction. Disguising his sentiments by virtuous intentions, he secures the affections of the object he aims to ruin; and having blasted the unsullied flower, leaves it to wither and decay. Mrs. Little now receives the addresses of a gentleman *high in office*; and it is expected, will be shortly married. Warm are my wishes for her future happiness. May the intended connexion, compensate for those painful days she has past, and the hitherto dreary path of her married life, be contrasted by future domestic endearments.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER LII.

*Bristol.*

BEING upon a visit, a few days since, to Mrs. Little, I took the opportunity of making some inquiries concerning Mr. Lee; observing, various reports were circulating in Philadelphia. Upon my asking if he really had a wife in that place, she begged leave to introduce me to her aunt Watts, who could gratify my curiosity respecting her cousin. Having no idea I was among the friends of this unfortunate woman; I felt distressed, lest I had, unintentionally, injured their feelings; and made many apologies for my unguarded

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ed conduct. I had awakened the remembrance of many painful circumstances; and a silence of some minutes followed my imprudence. The thrilling tear, having relieved the acuteness of first emotions, Mrs. Watts requested to know "If I had any acquaintance with Mr. Lee?" I told her I had boarded, some time, in the house with him. "You shall then," said she, "be informed, the true circumstances of my dear Harriot's seduction.

"My niece was left in infancy, an orphan. In humanity to her tender years, I took her under my protection. It was not in my power to educate her in gay life, but I neglected not to instil virtuous principles upon her mind; and she received the common instructions of a country school. The estate of her father being rendered insolvent, she depended entirely upon her character for a settlement in life. Her constitution was slender, and inadequate to the common offices of a country living. Attached to her needle, she soon imbibed a turn for millinery, and engrossed the work of this place. Her figure was naturally genteel. Her taste fanciful, and her features, though not perfectly regular, expressive and soft.

"At the age of sixteen, she had the misfortune to attract the notice of Mr. Lee, who frequented this road, in his excursions.

sions to Bordentown. He became acquainted with her, and we believed his intentions honourable. Unfortunately for the dear girl, she now lost her uncle. Soon after this, Mr. Lee proposed marriage, and with my consent, a day was fixed for the wedding.

"A few days after the last publication had taken place, he urged her to accompany him to Philadelphia. As I wished her to purchase a few articles for herself, I joined in his request, little thinking I was acceding to her ruin. He had not rode far, when he proposed they should be married *before they returned* from Philadelphia. Harriot, knowing of no obstacles, agreed to the wishes of Mr. Lee; and, in the evening, the ceremony was, as she believed, performed. Upon their return, he introduced her to me as his wife; nor did I once suspect the fraud.

"Mr. Lee's business calling him to Philadelphia, and Harriot's health rendering it necessary she should reside in the country, she never left me; and from this time, for three years, he uniformly visited her several times a week. But he now began to neglect her, and abroad denied the marriage; and to avoid our inquiries, finally left Philadelphia for Maryland. I frequently addressed him by letter, but received no reply. At length I wrote to a friend, in

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in Philadelphia for the character of Mr. Lee, who, affected with my story, made me a visit, and revealed his villainous deceptions; assuring me, that the ceremony was performed by an abandoned rake, dressed for that purpose: That the house to which he carried Harriot, was kept by a woman of ill fame; and that the company, to which she was introduced were the most profligate of her sex.

“Knowing the tenderness of her disposition, I thought it best to draw her off from him by degrees, and took every opportunity to insinuate, that she would never see him again; but she could not be persuaded to entertain ideas incompatible with his honour.

“Two years after this, as she was sitting at her window, she saw him pass in the stage—upon which she fainted. Upon her recovery, she observed that she must now relinquish every idea she had entertained of Mr. Lee’s affection. “Life is a burden,” said she, “misery is my doom.” I sent for a lawyer in the neighbourhood, requesting him to visit Mr. Lee at the tavern, and threaten him with a prosecution; but he laughed at his baseness, saying, we were fools to think he ever meant to be confined to one—“I will rove at large; they may do as they please.” A depression ensued, which brought on a rapid consumption; and she

## THE HAPLESS ORPHAN. 25

she is now sinking under complicated diseases.

"Thus has Mr. Lee loaded her with infamy and distress. But a period of remorse must come, when with sorrow, and, I hope, a sincere repentance, he will regret his deviation from virtue." At this instant she was called to her niece.

The cruel conduct of Mr. Lee, made a deep impression upon my mind. How does deceiving man triumph over female innocence; crop the sweet flower of virtue, and boast his insidious plans! Beauty, simplicity and virtue, too often, fall a prey to a dissembled passion.

May my fair country women, never repose in the shades of security, while environed with the errors, the follies, and the dangers of youth; but remember, one devious step can never be retrieved; and assiduously shun the society of those, who study to corrupt the female mind. Invariably consider the siren tongue of flattery, as a foe which awaits your destruction.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER LIH.

*Bristol.*

**Y**ESTERDAY a billet was handed me from Mrs. Watts, requesting to see me

me. I hastened to comply with the invitation. When I reached the house, I, sent my name to her. She hurried down, stairs, apologized for the liberty she had taken, and observing it was the wish of her niece to see an acquaintance of Mr. Lee's, and viewing it as one of her last requests she chose to gratify her. I assured her it would be pleasing to me to afford any satisfaction to her or Harriot. "The unfortunate girl," said she, "can remain but a few hours—every symptom of dissolving nature fast approaches; but I will go and acquaint her, you are below."

In a few minutes she returned, and I followed her to the distressing chamber. Upon her opening the door, every object filled me with horror. The shutters were closed. At the sight of the emaciated, heart-broken afflicted girl, bolstered up in her bed, my resolution left me, and I was seized with a faintness. I had recourse to my smelling bottle; and seating myself at her side, she appeared to be dozing. "Harriot," said her aunt, "this is Miss Francis, whom you wished to see." Looking at me with an eye, which was sunk deep in its socket, and extending her hand with a feeble voice she could just articulate, "The goodness of your heart will excuse my inclination. I wished to see you, that you might acquaint Mr. Lee with what  
I shall

I shall intrust to you; that you, who was a stranger to me in former life, should witness my dying words; and that in these all-important moments, I declare him to be *my husband*. Tell him from me, the time will come, when that ~~silent monitor~~, conscience, will be true to its trust. The intoxications of debauchery and pleasure, however they may enchant in the moments of enjoyment, will then be deprived of their charms; and though the grave will have buried my sufferings, he will consider himself as the disturber of my peace, the destroyer of my health, and the shortner of my days; but not the corrupter of my heart. Though I have been rendered wretched by his villainy, my innocence is unsullied." Distressed for breath, she was some time unable to proceed. When a little recovered, she continued, "Painful recollections do not imbitter the close of my days; and well would it be for my seducer, if his retrospections were alike pleasing; but happiness is too strongly cemented with virtue to be his companion. Witness to the world, I die a sacrifice to the villainy of an unprincipled man. Exert yourself to save, from similar wretchedness, any who shall be so unfortunate as to attract his notice."

Her

Her disorder would not suffer her to say more. I sat some time by her side; it growing late, I was induced to retire; and promising to see her in the morning, I took my leave of the affecting scene. Early the next day, Mrs. Little sent to acquaint me that Harriot had winged her way to the realms of eternal bliss.

So many painful circumstances have engaged my attention, since my arrival in this village, that my preconceived pleasures have fled. Possessed of a warm imagination and easy circumstances, my fancy frequently depicts gratifications I can never enjoy. Harriot has intrusted me with a painful commission. A commission I shall not be able, personally, to execute.

Fanny has been attacked with a spitting of blood—I must, therefore, hasten to the city for advice. Let us beware, my dear Maria, of the deceptions of a sex, whose study is, too often, to ensnare the innocent and virtuous; and constantly invoke the protection of that guardian power, who alone can shield us from every danger.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

LETTER



## LETTER LIV.

*Philadelphia.*

I HAVE again returned to the noisy city. Fanny is much better. Her physician advised to opening a vein. This has been twice repeated within a few days.

Mr. Lee has left this place. I have caused the death of the unfortunate Harriot, to be published in the Philadelphia papers; and her charge to me, as given to a particular friend. This, I have no doubt will reach him. May it have a happy effect.

Mrs. Leason and Laura, have urged Fanny and myself to accompany them to the theatre. I cannot consent that Fanny, while in such ill health, should go into a crowd, or be exposed to the night air; and I acknowledge an inclination, on my part, is wanting. I am too much interested in the situation of my absent friends to receive entertainment. Yet I cannot avoid a compliance.

The stage in this city, is said to be under good regulations. A well regulated theatre, might become a source of great improvement; but it has hitherto, been impossible to restrict it. Obscene expressions, and double entendres will creep in, and they frequently receive an eclat, even in polite assemblies.

This

This letter will be handed you by Major Holmes, who is now waiting for it; which obliges me to bid you

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LV.

*Philadelphia.*

I ALMOST regret the day which gave me birth; as I seem destined to make wretched every family in which I reside. Since my last, by Major Holmes, a circumstance truly distressing has taken place. In that, I acquainted you of my promise to attend Mrs. Leason and Laura to the theatre. Judge, Maria, my feelings, when I found myself in the adjoining box to Eliza. By her expressive countenance, I was convinced she noticed me; and from what I had experienced, doubted not her imagination was engaged, inventing new schemes against me. Upon each wrist, I perceived a bracelet; and by a light which was near her, discovered that one was the picture of the unfortunate Clarimont; the other, a representation of that rural retreat which proved the introduction to all my misfortunes. *Philorlea* was the tragedy performed this evening. It was a play to which I was partial; but having severely experienced the vindictive disposition of this

this unhappy woman, I could not divest myself of many fears, which forced themselves upon me, and obscured the whole entertainment. The letter, which I informed you I had received from a person unknown, should have prevented my imprudence in thus venturing into a croud. I wished to tell Mrs. Leason my discovery, but was too closely watched by Eliza. When the play was over, I begged Laura not to be in haste. Mr. Hart, the gentleman who had escorted us thither, waited upon Mrs. Leason and myself to the carriage, and a gentleman who sat in the same box with us, requested the honour of attending Laura; who, fond of attention, and unsuspecting of any plans against me, accepted his offer: The crowd soon separated us. We waited at the door a considerable time for her, until her mamma, thinking she had taken another carriage, desired our driver to hasten home; but different ideas rushed upon my mind; ideas I dared not avow. When we reached the house, Laura had not arrived. Mrs. Leason going up stairs to undress, I took the opportunity to tell Mr. Hart my fears; who instantly walked out in search of her. Fanny, previous to our return, had retired to bed. When Mrs. Leason came down, finding her daughter yet absent, she began to be alarmed. The other boarders soon came

came in; Mrs. Leason acquainting them with the circumstance, they immediately agreed to take different routs, and enjoin it upon the city watch to patrol the streets, and stop all persons passing through the night. I was now left to afford all the consolation, and to encourage all the hopes an imagination inexpressibly agitated could suggest. A degree of delirium seized her unhappy mother. The sluices of maternal grief were opened, and sorrow, like a pestilential exhalation, corrupted every pleasure. In this distress we counted the silent hours of night, and when the day beamed its rays upon us, the gentlemen returned, but unsuccessful. At this period, every prospect of Laura's recovery was obscured.

It was now necessary to communicate the painful information to Fanny. This, if possible, I would have avoided; for misfortunes are doubly barbed, when directed at the bosom of sensibility and sympathy; and these were among the darling virtues which shone conspicuous in the bosom of my friend.

This dear girl, discovering the situation of my mind, commanded her own sensations. Her disposition is indeed uncommonly serene. The mild virtues of philosophy are implanted in her breast.

The gentlemen having refreshed themselves, renewed their search. Mrs. Leason's  
mind,

mind, like barren winter, presented nought but dreary prospects. Were I to attempt a description of my sufferings, through this day, it would fall infinitely short of the reality.

In the evening it was agreed, by a number of Laura's friends, to form several parties, and watch certain suspicious houses, without the limits of the city, concluding it probable she might have been carried to one of these for the present. They accordingly, at an early hour, took their appointed posts.

Mrs. Leason had refused every nourishment, and was now so exhausted, that we no sooner recovered her from one fainting fit, than she relapsed into another. Clothed in the sable livery of affliction, neither Fanny nor myself could afford her consolation. Between the hours of eleven and twelve a carriage stopped at the door. I flew to the head of the stairs to inform myself if any intelligence was obtained of Laura, when I heard Mr. Hart desire the servant to tell Mrs. Leason, Miss Laura would soon be at home. Eager to give the pleasing news, I was returning to the chamber, but a sudden fainting-fit deprived me of my senses, and I fell upon the floor. Fanny, alarmed at the noise, ran into the entry to discover the cause, and calling some assistance, had me conveyed into the  
I parlour.

parlour. When I recovered, I observed Laura in a chair near me. The friends, who had shared with us in the sorrows of the day, were engaged in comforting her and restoring me; while Fanny, having returned to Mrs. Leason, was assuring her of her daughter's safety.

As I have written you a long letter, I will leave you in idea to participate in that joyful scene we have now witnessed.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LVI.

*Philadelphia.*

THE meeting between Laura and her mamma, was a real picture of affection and gratitude. It was an inexpressibly pleasing event, in which words were useless. In this instance the silent, but comprehensive language of the eye, the endearing demonstrations of reciprocal joy, evinced in their conduct, declared their real feelings, better than the most studied expressions. I was impatient to become acquainted with her story; but the confusion of the family prevented my wishes until the next day, when Mr. Hart gave me the circumstances of her recovery as follows: "Being concealed within view of the house, to which we imagined she might have been carried, we remained without any discovery

discovery until after ten, when a carriage stopped at the door. We now walked up to it; and just as they had forced Laura out of the door of the house, a pistol I had in my hand, accidentally went off, at which the horses took fright; and those who had hold of her, instantly fled; while myself and party, ran to her assistance. It was for some time, impossible to convince her that she was under the protection of her friends; nor has she given us any account of her being carried away." Thus far gratified, I was obliged to wait, until Laura was sufficiently composed to acquaint us with the manner of her being carried off. When she assured her mamma, she was hurried through the croud, and handed into a carriage, by a gentleman who sat in the box with us, who accompanied her to the place from which she was rescued by Mr. Hart. Here she was confined to a chamber, and attended by a woman, from whom she learnt, that she was to be removed further into the country the next night; and must take her final leave of Philadelphia. She repeatedly asked, why she was thus torn from all her friends? but could obtain no answer. In the evening she was told a coach was come to take her from this place, and she was immediately hurried down stairs to the door from whence, as above related, she was rescued by Mr. Hart.

parted from me, and given a fresh stab to my  
 Laura's heart. I have never since me or the satis-  
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with respect to securing Eliza. But I have no proof against her, unless the letter to me, after Clarimont's death, will be accepted as such. I intend, however, to write to Captain Evremont for his advice. My present situation is critical. I have no friends in Philadelphia, whose duty it is to protect me; and fear is viewed as the child of guilt. But why should all my happiness be sacrificed to the jealous disposition of a disappointed woman, who is certainly the source of my misfortunes?

\* \* \* \* \*

A letter is this moment handed me from Captain Evremont. It contains the certain accounts of my cousin's having fallen a victim to savage ferocity, instead of his being killed at the defeat of Major Wyllys. This intelligence he has received several ways. Yattacheu, a friendly Indian, who has been several days at Fort-Pitt, has given the most direct information; of his being burnt by slow fires, near the Miami villages. This story is corroborated by a prisoner lately returned to camp, who was taken in the same defeat; but formerly obtained his ransom, through the mediation of a gentleman trading among the Indians, who formerly lived in the same town with him.

What hope do I encourage, which is destroyed by the breath of disappointment?

ment? Every object recalls the tortured body to my view; my heart is warped with the most tenebrous ideas, and misfortune awaits me upon every side. Our friends strongly attach us to life. To part with them is painful—but to part with them, by the aggravated tortures of savage invention, is an insupportable reflection. May I not, in this case, say, “Memory thou sting!” Providence has prepared a double portion of affliction for your friend. Frequently doth the big drop, burst from my eye. But I will watch every murmuring thought.

By the same conveyance is handed me a letter from Captain Clark; a copy of which I shall enclose to you; not because it contains any particular information, but the style in which it is dictated, I am sensible, will be grateful to my friend. Ye guardian powers, who protect the thread of human life, extend your watchful care, to the bosom of that wilderness, which contains Columbia’s favourite sons; let not the nerry arms successful in securing the liberties of this Western World, be subdued by savage power; screen them from every danger, and safely return them to more tranquil honours.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

*Copy*

*Copy of Captain CLARK'S Letter.*

“ *Fort-Pitt.*

“ AGREEABLY to the promises of friendship, and the wishes of my own heart, I improve the present opportunity to inquire after my friends.

“ The deranged state of the army since my arrival at Fort-Pitt, has alone prevented me from commencing a correspondence so flattering to my vanity ; and by which I shall receive the communications of a sensibility, tempered by judgment, matured by observation, and heightened by the endearing information of the welfare of many friends, I esteem in Philadelphia. Captain Evremont had almost discouraged me from writing, by reading me a paragraph in one of your letters, wherein you express a great degree of diffidence in regard to addressing me, and beg him to intercede for you.

“ I have frequently been favoured with the perusal of detached parts of your letters to him, and think my friend Caroline must be *unpardonably diffident* of her own abilities, or suppose me most *consummately* vain of mine ; to express a wish, that I should overlook faults, if any exist, beyond my comprehension ; and which I am not sufficiently acquainted with language to criticise.

“ You justly observe, in your last letter to the Captain, “ That many a man who wears the uniform and cockade, cannot reconcile the idea of parting with his friends, and commencing citizen of the world.” I confess there are situations in life, more grateful to my feelings, and in which I could be happier. I am, however, blest with a disposition for a military life, which will ever lead my inclination to a parallel with my duty. Your remarks also, respecting the uniform and cockade, are unhappily too true. The female mind delighted by appearances, too often betrays the heart into error, misery and ruin. “ *Encircled as we are with friends, whose ideas and wishes are correspondent with our own, you fancy no circumstance can allay our happiness. “ In their society.”* you add, “ *no plebeian principles intrude; but every lord may exercise his full authority, and receive his wonted submission. A fine school for despotism!*” Your ideas are erroneous. For myself, I am indeed sensibly impressed with the very honourable station in which I am placed, I feel like a soldier, but I feel like his friend. “ *Despotism*” will never be a boding feature in my character, although there are “ *Plebeians*” whose principles are not consonant to mine, and whose ideas are too contemptible for my approbation, “ Several Indians have been admitted to private

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private conference with the General, and the superior officers; my rank does not entitle me to a knowledge of their business.

"It is thought by the army that we shall leave this place as soon as the expected troops arrive. Tell Fanny her brother came into camp yesterday, in good health, and desires, to be remembered to you both.

"That my friends should be thus particular in the assurances of their esteem, flatters me much: They may be assured, that my heart most *sensibly* accords with my wishes for their happiness. Tender them, in return, my warmest acknowledgments.

"Your friends here, join with me, in the fullest assurances of friendship to you and Fanny; and you may believe I shall ever feel myself honoured in your correspondence, and that my wishes for your happiness, are sincere.

HENRY CLARK."

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## LETTER LVIII.

*Philadelphia.*

MANY things concur to render me unhappy. The exposed situation of my friends at the Westward—Being myself without a protector, Fanny's ill health,

and the melancholy certainty of my cousin's tortures, are alone ample causes of anxiety and pain. Our happiness through life, Maria, is unavoidably connected with that of our friends. Captain Clark's letter, expresses such unmerited encomiums, that I have regretted sending it to you. But you must remember, my dear, it is a tenet of the gentlemen, that they cannot render themselves agreeable to our sex, unless they sacrifice their sincerity at the shrine of flattery. This is indeed the lesson they have received, from that celebrated courtier, Lord Chesterfield, according to whose ideas, no "*Compliment is too gross for the female ear.*" Although his lordship, in this observation, confined the gratefulness of flattery to the "*Female ear,*" he was himself convinced, it was a language pleasing to human nature, and strictly observed it, upon all occasions. It would, however, be a pleasing idea, if this sentiment was not, in connexion with others, ruinous to the morals of society. When I read his letters, I regret, a book so fatal to the happiness of the community, so replete with poison to the youthful mind, should ever have been published. In youth the imagination is warm, the passions strong, and without incitement, they are prone to err. Lord Chesterfield's accomplishments, if a character practised in deception, and educated

cated in intrigue, can be styled *accomplished*, could never be substituted for those virtues, in which he was most strikingly deficient. His instructing his son in the arts of seduction and adultery, is an error which can never be approved, by the most licentious and depraved.

It being the immediate province of our sex, to implant the first lessons of instruction in the infant mind, let us studiously endeavour to impress the opening judgment with a just detestation of such sentiments as will subvert the principles of morality; for sentiments early impressed, will sink deep into the heart, and greatly regulate future conduct; and even in the moments of a dangerous deviation, prove a faithful Monitor. By our bright example, may the rising generation be led to imitate virtues, which shall adorn the name of Americans.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LIX.

*Philadelphia.*

CAPTAIN Clark's letter discovers a depression which gives me pain; but he is not the only friend compelled to pursue a mode of life, derogatory to his wishes. The unfortunate Mr. Gardner, has also  
been

been obliged to relinquish the society of a beloved wife ; to tear himself from the engaging prattle of his infant children ; to quit a home, which might have been rendered peaceful and happy, had the breast of his brother, been filled with that sympathy, which is an ornament to humanity. But there are mysteries in Providence, which human wisdom cannot reveal ; and we frequently see one brother loaded with a redundancy of fortune's gifts, devoid of a soul to relieve another, equally deserving, who experiences the most distressing wants.

The miser, what a sordid worm ! Full of anxiety, he pursues his speculations ; he eats the bread of carefulness ; he smothers every spark of benevolence ; his character is shaded by inhumanity ; and his name becomes odious, even to his friends.

I have received a morning's visit from my aunt Noble. She had been shopping, and has purchased a variety of finery. While she has a copper left, it will be impossible for her to restrain her prodigal disposition. I inquired if my uncle was likely to get business ? She replied, there was no prospect of it at present, and that she soon expected to want the necessaries of life. Strange woman, thought I, that, with such ideas can be thus indiscreet.

She



She acquainted me with a secret, which she determines to keep inviolate; but I will pledge my word, if she should, it will be the first that ever she kept in her life. Nay, could I trace her to the houses she has visited this morning, I dare assert, I should find it already communicated to every family.

“The Colonel and she, have not spoke to each other for several days.” Old are quarrels renewed. Solomon’s words are established. “A continual dropping in a rainy day, and a contentious woman are alike.”

This great secret was told before Mrs. Leason, Laura and Fanny. Her visit was short, consequently the more agreeable to her niece. She had to call at several places; and if by accident she should fall into company with entire strangers to her, or her situation, I would forfeit half I possess in the world, if she did not acquaint them with all her grievances.

I find my aunt’s tears of irritability are yet at command. The weakness of her conduct has created her many enemies: She has made herself the derision of the city. Many who wish her well, in justice to themselves, are obliged to withdraw from her society: For however mankind are disposed to befriend the unfortunate, they are soon wearied with a recital of complaints; and the less we proclaim our cares  
and

and troubles abroad, the more we shall be respected. It is necessary, as much as possible, to banish them from our own minds. The journey of life is short—and it is folly to mar present enjoyment, by a rehearsal of evils, or to pursue objects as necessary to our happiness, which lie far beyond our reach, and which, if we have the good fortune to attain, still leave us far distant from felicity. Duty directs us to enjoy the present moment, and not to hanker after a something unpossessed.

“ Not happiness itself makes good her name,  
 Our very wishes, give us not our wish :  
 How distant oft the thing we doat on most,  
 From that for which we doat, felicity.”

It is frequently the case, that the very periods, which we were so impatient should arrive, reach us without the power to satisfy, or we soon become satiated with possession. Unfortunately our greatest enjoyments proceed from the expectation of a future good, we wish to obtain a something beyond our reach, and *Hope*, that friendly companion of human life, animates us in the pursuit. Thus immersed in expectation, we hurry through the events of life, till old age overtakes us, and we fall a victim to its attendant diseases.

Let us learn to be virtuous and wise—true happiness will certainly ensue. I am, my dear, your affectionate friend

CAROLINE.

## L E T T E R   L X .

*Philadelphia.*

I HAVE the pleasure to congratulate my dear Maria, upon the arrival of her brother, from the West-Indies. Most feelingly do I wish to add, the re-establishment of his health; but although he enjoys a greater share, than when he left Philadelphia, he is yet an invalid. Mrs. Leason and Laura are so far recovered as to be below. Fanny is at present better; but I fear the disorder will finally settle upon her—such repeated attacks must essentially weaken her constitution.

I last week, made one of a large party to your aunt. She is indeed, an *amiable, sensible, and accomplished woman*. Having ever been accustomed to the style in which she now lives, she is free from those supercilious airs, which many of our *present gentry assume*. In her family is the strictest regularity. Liberality is here seen without profusion—Grandeur without ostentation.

Mr. P. is a man, possessed of talents, which would reflect superior honour upon him, if he would consent to fill the *vacancy in government*, to which he has been *appointed*; but having declined the *repeated wishes* of his country, it is his determination to close his days in private life. He  
is

is indeed justly esteemed for the solidity of his understanding, his unblemished integrity, and the virtues of his heart.

Here I was introduced to a Mrs. Williams, a lady, with whose character I have long been acquainted, and I have no doubt but public fame has also given it to Maria; but lest you should in this respect be *singularly* ignorant, I will acquaint you. She is originally from New-England; and possesses a striking levity of disposition, which, with an excessive vanity, leads her to a conduct that renders her disrespected. For several years past, she has been conversant with the etiquette of the polite world, and lives in a style, few Americans will attempt to imitate. Her whole study is, to surpass the gay circle in which, like the gaudy butterfly, she flutters, to display her variegated colours, and peculiar richness of apparel.

In the course of conversation she observed, "It gave her great pleasure to anticipate the time, when a proper distinction would be paid to the characters of the rich and elevated; for the present equality was horribly mortifying. It is now impossible to obtain any article of dress which is not immediately copied by the vulgar. A few weeks since I ordered my milliner to make a hat in the newest and most elegant taste. Agreeably to my directions it was

was superbly decorated, and I thought the price it cost would prevent imitation; but the second time I wore it, I was mortified to find Mrs. B. with one exactly resembling it; and going home, I committed my own to the flames."

This *noble* lady is united with a man, who, by the most fortuitous events, has gained an elevated office, and the momentary breath of popularity. But although she at present basks in the indulgence of her consummate arrogance; yet high as her husband has been raised to honour, and bountifully as his country has provided for him, the provision will fall infinitely short of the calls of a woman who has no bounds to her extravagance.

From the observations I made upon her conduct, during the afternoon and evening, I am convinced, this motto may be affixed to her arms, "*a short life and a merry one.*" She has forgot the times that are past, when the occupation of her husband placed her in a sphere of life, far different from that in which she now moves; she is also unmindful, that, by the voice of the people, he came into political existence; and that the same voice can deprive him of his honours, and return him to that mass of "*Vulgar Citizens*" from which he sprang. Her conduct is censured, even by her friends; but fancying herself beyond the reach

reach of envy, she "*Bids defiance to the low aspersions of plebeian calumny.*" and pursues her favourite pleasures. Mr. Williams, bewildered with her ideas of greatness, which she lineally inherits, appears equally intoxicated.

In this uncertain tide of her prosperity, it would surely be friendly, to remind her she may fall, and again commence the wife of a *plebeian*. But I believe she considers reflection, as too laborious an employment for a fashionable mind. Convinced that you will excuse my deviating from my own story, I shall ever feel at liberty to communicate such as occur to me; and while they tend to unfold the vanity of the human heart, I flatter myself they will not be unacceptable to Maria.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXI.

*Philadelphia.*

A FEW days since, Fanny received a letter from her sister Gardner, acquainting her with the late severity of her brother: Who no sooner saw this distressed woman, placed by her friends in a situation, which they flattered themselves, would enable her to supply the calls of an infant family, than he made a pressing demand,

mand, for what his brother owed him; and has finally obliged her to give him her obligation, to pay him weekly, a certain proportion, until both principal and interest shall be discharged. And having lately come into possession of the house she now occupies, he has greatly added to her rent, and requires indubitable bondsmen for her punctual payment of it. La Bruyer's observation, when speaking of characters similar to Mr. Gardner, is certainly verified. "They are neither," says he, "fit for friends, citizens, nor christians. If you admit them any merit, it is because they have money."

The unfeeling mind, is unacquainted with those sublime emotions, which dignify the benevolent heart. Your brother, whose breast yields to every tender call of humanity, was present when Fanny opened the letter. He watched her countenance; discovered her uneasiness, and urged to be acquainted with the cause. In vain did she attempt to conceal her sorrow; his curiosity was not to be evaded; and submitting to his entreaties, she gave me the letter, and left the room. I handed it to him. No sooner was he acquainted with the contents, than he addressed a letter to Mrs. Gardner, in which he enclosed the mortgage of a house in Havre-de-Grace, begging her acceptance  
of

of it; with permission to draw upon him, for the sum necessary to discharge Mr. Gardner's debt. An act of generosity this, which doubly endears him to my heart. Blest with a fortune which enables him to indulge his philanthropic wishes, he is indefatigable in pursuit of distressed objects. And considering himself responsible to the Deity, for the property he has bestowed upon him, he believes it his duty to lessen the wants of the afflicted. I am convinced it is a grateful reflection to your mind, that those virtues, for which your deceased *father* was so justly revered, are transmitted to his *only son*; and that in the brother, the parent yet lives.

Left early in life an heir to such immense property, great was the danger which encompassed him; but blest with a religious education, he was armed against the incitements of the world; and viewing virtue as the only road to happiness, he disregarded the vanities of life. Free from the ostentation of youth, he holds external pomp as useless, making it his endeavour to alleviate human sorrow, his health will not permit his personal attention to business, but the mercantile connexion he formed immediately after his father's death, renders his attendance unnecessary. His liberality to the University at Rhode-Island, of which he is a *member*, united with his  
many



many public and private acts of charity, render him conspicuously beloved. Uniform in his disposition to do good, he visits the humble dwelling of poverty, and privately affords his assistance; while numbers are relieved by his beneficence, who know not, from whence the bounty flows.

How different is the disposition of Mr. Belmour, from the general characteristic of the world, who are seldom affected with a distant view of misfortunes. Did the sons of prosperity, imbibe sentiments similar to him, how much would misfortunes be alleviated. We should not then see a Gardner, depriving the widow, and the orphan, of their little property, to defray a paltry rent, which their narrow circumstances, disabled them from paying. We should not then find one brother, callous to the wants of another, *destitute* and *dependant*, but universal benevolence and love would govern the actions of man. Pardon my repeating to you, deeds which will immortalize the name of your brother. And believe that the language of adulation, is foreign from the heart of

CAROLINE.

LETTER

## L E T T E R LXII.

*Philadelphia.*

BY a letter received by the post this evening, from Capt. Evremont, I find, he had drawn twenty days provision, and was to leave Pittsburg, for Fort-Washington the fifth of September. This fort is three hundred miles from the place where my letter was dated. What an extent of country already separates us! and what innumerable difficulties must the army encounter, before they return to the wishes of their friends! Convinced that you will indulge me in my moralizing reflections, I shall not apologize for those sentiments which may flow from my pen, for I cannot avoid being thoughtful upon the present occasion. That human life is of a cobweb texture, is an idea which should be impressed upon our minds. This would tend to secure us through the storms in which we ride. Those who have never trod the thorny path of sorrow, would perhaps be disgusted with the sermonizing Caroline; but, Maria, although a favourite of fortune, has severely felt the lash of affliction by the repeated death of friends, I am therefore assured of your warmest participation, while agitated with my present painful feelings. In youth we too often look with impatient

ent expectation, to those enjoyments which we fondly imagine will be connected with maturer age—painting in idea, unnumbered gratifications, and promising ourselves a succession of pleasures. Few of us but find it a rugged path; or if we glide thro' life in the possession of all we had vainly pictured, old age will insensibly steal upon us, and the infirmities of weary nature, proclaim our approaching end; and although we may have been loaded with the most flattering honours, the wrinkled messenger of death, whose arrow is not blunted by the numbers it has slain, will finally terminate the period of existence. Where are those that once crowded the busy streets, grasping after riches, popularity and fame? Are they not enshrined in the silent tomb, and become objects unfit for sight? This will also be the case with us, in a few revolving years: Nay, perhaps we have already taken the final leave of friends dear unto us. What are the objects which engage our daily attention but shadows, that make a momentary impression, and leave, upon recollection, an imperfect remembrance—passing from us with such velocity as mutually to efface each other!

Let us not then suffer ourselves to become infatuated with the foibles and vanities of the world, which too often enslave us by their opinions, and frequently make  
us

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us the objects of their derision ; but while the votaries of vacant gratifications summon their idle amusements to assist the flight of time, may we pass those moments of relaxation, which nature demands, in such pursuits as will tend to strengthen, rather than weaken the mind.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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### L E T T E R L X I I I .

*Philadelphia.*

FANNY lately received a letter from her mamma, by a Mr. Gibbins, whom she wished Mrs. Leason to accommodate with lodgings ; but the house was then so full of boarders, it was not in her power to entertain him. This gentleman is nearly sixty years old, and a widower with a large fortune ; he has, however, been our constant visitor ; and I sincerely believe our landlady flattered herself she had made a conquest ; for the whole artillery of her charms have been arranged upon the occasion. The barber has been employed to new model her head, and has supplied her with a false dress, which partially conceals the emblem of her age. But a few evenings since, he made a declaration, by which she discovered it was his intention to persuade some pretty girl to make him happy :

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This has induced her to relinquish her first intention, and to adopt every stratagem, that Laura may become the happy being.

Mr. Gibbins may have been handsome twenty or thirty years back, though at present no vestige of beauty remains; and he is one of the most illiterate beings I ever heard attempt to speak. But why do I mention these. *Ignorance* and *age* are not to be considered when contrasted with a *fortune* and *carriage*. This gentleman differs, in many respects, from his sex: For a lady to have rude health is so *vulgar* he cannot abide it. "There is a certain something to be expressed to a sick wife which suits the softness of his disposition; it gives an affectionate husband an opportunity to show his regards." A very pretty affection truly, that cannot be evinced, unless the beloved object is languishing in a consumption or tortured with pain!

Mrs. Leason readily falls in with all his ideas. Her daughter is quite an invalid. She proposes, her making a visit to Potsgrove: The ride would be of service to her health. This is artfully done before Mr. Gibbins. He begs not to be deprived of Miss Laura's company. Mrs. Leason is now highly gratified. She then makes an objection to her going with any of the young boarders; and she cannot possibly accompany her. Mr. Gibbins requests the

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honour

honour to attend her, and assures her mamma, his chariot and himself are equally at Miss Laura's command. I suspect this will end in a connexion; but I am not; I assure you, envious of Laura's prospects.

Fanny, your brother, and myself, frequently pass an hour with your aunt P. I never quit her company without regret. More real pleasure results from her conversation, than from all the circles of the city. I am delighted with her family government. Heaven has blest her with a number of children, who, from the cradle, are taught to obey. Indeed every part of her house appears to be directed by a mechanical hand, which moves the whole system in perfect unison. Mr. P. has added to his family several little orphans, who being left destitute of property or friends, induced this benevolent man to take them into his house, these receive the same education with his own children. He derives an inexpressible pleasure from the indulgence of his beneficent mind. While the selfish heart, wastes its days, without ever wiping the tear of affliction from the furrowed cheek of poverty, few partake of the philanthropy of a P. or a Belmour. Was the world more generally governed by their principles, we should experience a happiness unknown to the present age. We should not then find one brother compelled

pelled to go into distant, and hazardous countries, where he must experience innumerable hardships, while another continued at home, counting his property, and oppressing the distressed.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXIV.

*Philadelphia.*

MY aunt was with me a few days since. "*A new blow,*" she says, "*is struck at her domestic peace.*" My uncle has been reflecting upon her for some of her late imprudencies, and she, as usual, I suppose, returned a double share of invective. She resolves not to continue with him; but is undetermined what steps to pursue.

The connexion between Mr. Gibbins and Laura goes on rapidly. I have taken the liberty to make some observations to Mrs. Leason, respecting the age of her daughter's gallant. With these she was much offended, and replied, "It was better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's slave. It is not probable" she says "that Mr. Gibbins will live a great while, and then what a fortune Laura will have! All the young gentlemen in the city, will be after the rich widow." Since I find how it is,

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I shall

Laura's lover, but have not succeeded. He may be stiled one of those beings, which the world denominates harmless and in-offensive; terms, which in my view, designate the most contemptible character. It is at once to say they are unfit for enterprise, and destroys every idea annexed to the requisite qualifications of either the active citizen, the soldier, or the real friend. I regret your mamma's indisposition, and sincerely wish a restoration to her former health. Make my best respects acceptable to her.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXVI.

*Philadelphia.*

**W**HEN will my fondest wishes be gratified? The period I fear is remote. Yet my heart continually aspires after the society of my friends. By this time they are in the centre of a desert, on all sides liable to be attacked by the beast of prey, hourly exposed to the more voracious inhabitants, and continually in danger of that inexpressible cruelty, which marks the savage tribes. To enjoyment I am a stranger; but it is unfriendly to increase the anxiety of Maria. The same Providence which protects us, in the retired, and less exposed walks



walks of life, can also screen them in the field of battle. Into the hands of an unerring power we must commit them, and may he who sways the sceptre of universal nature be their constant protector.

A strange affair has taken place in this city. You remember the story of Henrietta Careless, who was suddenly missing, and was long since, supposed to be dead. Her friends last week received a letter from her, which gives the following account.

“ Having for some time, encouraged an attachment to a certain French Gentleman, who had resided several years in Philadelphia, she resolved to follow him to his native country; and understanding that a French family, who sailed soon after him, wished a person to attend them upon their passage, and take the care of their children; having suitably clothed herself for the purpose, she made application to them, and engaged in their service.

“ Soon after their arrival in France, Monsieur De Lot made a visit to the family in which she was, to congratulate them upon their return. Having been intimate with this gentleman in America, she feared he might recal her countenance; but being engaged in accomplishing a piece of needle work for the lady with whom she lived, she endeavoured to command her feelings; and learning by their conversation,

tion, that he accustomed himself to walk some time after dinner, in the celebrated gardens of Mr. M. an American gentleman, she resolved the next day to decorate herself in a particular dress, which had been much admired by him, while in Philadelphia, and to walk in the gardens, about the time she expected he would appear there. She had not been long amusing herself in this delightful spot, before she saw him enter, and soon found she had caught his attention.

“ Having followed her some way, he hastened his step; and overtaking her, expressed great joy from the unexpected meeting, welcomed her to Paris, and begged to know what had brought her from home? She replied, the circumstances of her voyage were singular, and at present could not be divulged. “ You will, however,” said he, “ permit me to visit you, and attend you in public!” She assured him it was not in her power, at present, to gratify a wish, in which her heart so largely shared. “ You must indulge me,” said he, “ in visiting you.” She assured him, that could not yet be granted. “ Your story must indeed be singular,” said he, “ which induces you thus to seclude yourself from the society of one, who has long felt his heart glow, with a partiality he cannot conquer. Nothing, my adored Henrietta,” continued

ed he, " but an engagement I had, previous to my visiting America, bound myself by every tie of honour, to fulfil, would have torn me from you. Consider me as your protector. Since my return, I feel myself less obliged to pursue an object, whose conduct in my absence, has rendered her disgustful to me. The three years I passed in America, have changed my opinion with respect to the education of my own country women. I have entirely lost my attachment to that volatile conduct, which in my view borders upon a criminal levity; and I am resolved to obtain an American wife. This declaration determined her to keep inviolate her story; and as she could not see him, while she remained in her present capacity at Madam——'s, she begged he would excuse her being seen by him for a few days; and insisted that he should not attend her from the place where they then were. She did not however, leave him, without a promise of meeting him in the same garden in a few days. Being repeatedly seen together, various conjectures were excited; and in a short time it was known, that the American girl who lived with Madam——, was the person who met Monsieur De Lot. The lady with whom she lived, unfortunately was connected in the family with which this gentleman had long expected a

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union;

union ; she therefore thought it best to quit her house, and retire to private, but reputable lodgings, where she frequently received the visits of her lover. Thus they passed several months ; when the day was fixed for the wedding, and the next week, she was to have been introduced to his connexions ; but having taken his leave of Henrietta one night, later than usual, she never saw nor heard of him more. Notwithstanding the indefatigable exertions of his friends to recover him, and having passed a year in fruitless inquiries, she finally resolved to retire to a monastery, where she has taken the veil, and determines to end her days in a voluntary exile, as busy life is without enchantments to her. Her brother is preparing to sail in the packet for France ; if possible, to prevail upon her to return to the embraces of her impatient parents. Your former intimacy with Henrietta, and the conversation it has afforded in Philadelphia, will be an ample apology for my relating it to you. May Caroline largely share in the affections of Maria.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

LETTER

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LETTER LXVII.

*Philadelphia.*

A LARGE packet has been handed me from the Westward. It contained letters from my friends Evremont and Clark. That you may have some idea of their situation, I shall enclose Captain Clark's letter for your perusal. Since the receipt of these, I am doubly distressed; and the present appearance of nature, is perfectly consonant to the gloomy feelings of my heart. The waste and desolation now before me increases my sable thoughts. Winter is spreading round us her serious attire; but although personally secured against the howl of the tempest, and the gripe of the frost, I cannot be insensible to the sufferings of my distant friends. Nor do I ever approach the table, abounding with a luxurious supply, or seat myself by the cheerful fire, without reiterating my wishes, that I could impart them to those I so much esteem. The season, Maria, which once, with all its bleakness and severity, I most admired, from the more extensive social indulgences we were then enabled to enjoy, is now without its charms. The part I take in the wants my friends must unavoidably experience, renders me an unsocial companion. Indulge

me

me with your frequent letters. Write me every little incident which occurs to you, and believe me immutably your sincere friend,

CAROLINE.

*Copy of a letter from Captain CLARK.*

" A LETTER, which I have this day received from my friend Caroline, affords me most sensible pleasure. It calls my imagination to the peaceful scenes of domestic life. My fancy presents my friends in various points of view, and leads my mind to the variegated pursuits in which they are engaged: That they may ever be promotive of their best interest and happiness, is the warmest wish of my heart. As my present situation may prevent my writing more than a few lines at a time, my letter may bear more the appearance of a journal than an epistle. I shall, however, avail myself of every opportunity, to give you some account of our situation.

" I left Pittsburg on Monday, September the fifth, in company with three other boats commanded by Captain Evremont, Captain Gardner, and Lieutenant G. Nothing material occurred on our passage to Muskingum, except my discovering, by an excellent glass I had in the boat, men on shore, about two miles a-head, filing off through the bushes, as I supposed, to attack

attack us. We prepared to receive them, and kept our lads at their arms, until we arrived at Muskingum, which was the seventh of September. We paid the compliment of the drum, and received a salute from the block-house here. At this place I met many of my old acquaintance, who were happy to see me. I was delighted with the situation of Marietta, but think the "*Campus Martius*," derives its principal excellency from its strength against an Indian, rather than a military enemy. We took our leave of this in a few hours, accompanied by a number of gentlemen who were bound to Belle Pre, and who were so polite as to attend us twenty-five miles beyond that place. I think they paid dear for their gratification, as they had to row back against a current, which now runs about four and a half knots an hour.

"When we came opposite the French settlement of Galliopolis, I was so sick, that I was obliged to send a letter ashore, to Captain G. to apologize for my not visiting him with my brother officers. The ninth, a large bear swam across the river. One of my men jumped into a canoe, but bruin reached the shore before him, and made off. This was the first large species of game I have seen, during my march to Pittsburg, or sail thus far down the river,  
except

except one fawn. The tenth, landed at the famous settlement of Limestone. To say I was disappointed, would give but a small idea of the place, or my feelings. It is true, the land about it is luxuriantly fertile, and the town is happily situated; but the houses, for so old a settlement, are contemptibly mean and badly built. Most of the people are poor and lazy, and the streets abominably filthy and dirty; owing to their hogsties being contiguous to them; and from laziness, or some reason incomprehensible to me, their suffering the filth and excrements to run into the streets. Limestone is sixty miles from Fort-Washington.

“ The next place we landed at, was a settlement called Little Miami. It is indeed a beautiful situation, and the people appear contented and industrious. Having reached Fort-Washington, waited upon General St. Clair. The twelfth, dined with General Harmer; were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march at the shortest notice. Thursday, September the fifteenth, ordered to march for head-quarters, which is twenty-four miles from Fort-Washington. Forded two deep creeks during the march; halted at Mill-Creek, ten miles from Fort-Washington; the road so very muddy our baggage could not keep up with us; of consequence



quence we were obliged to lay in the woods on a wet piece of ground, without a blanket or great coat, with only thin nankeen overalls, and a linen jacket. I confess I was most uncomfortably cold, although I lay with my feet to a good fire. The fog was so thick as to wet my clothes through. About twelve at night, a large tree, fell upon two of the soldiers, one of whom died in a short time; the other was badly wounded. The sixteenth, we were impeded in our march, by reason of the surveyors not having *blazed*\* the trees, or opened the road, further than ten miles; they had left us to find our way out of the woods as well as we could. The riflemen were now sent to reconnoitre, and make a new road into the old one, which was discovered three miles from where we were. Our baggage now came up, and we got something to eat and drink; it being the first time since the day before. "It is tight times with us, I assure you."

"The seventeenth, reached the great Miami. The eighteenth, General St. Clair arrived from Fort-Washington. The nineteenth, several large rattle-snakes were killed by our men in camp.

"I cannot

\* *Blaze* is a term signifying a white spot made in the trees, by a hatchet, cutting off the exterior bark. In New-England it is called *spotting* the trees, and it is designed as a direction to the traveller.

" I cannot account for the mode in which duty is generally done in this camp; for I conceive it *absolutely unmilitary*: But as older officers than myself have done the same tournament in the game, I acquiesce, though I think it a ridiculous mode; but hope the style will be altered, when we move towards the enemy, who, we are informed, are fifteen hundred strong, and are determined to give us battle. So be it: Although I am sorry our force is not so respectable in point of strength as numbers. This day, immediately upon coming off my duty, I was ordered to make out a muster-roll, and an inspection return, against to-morrow!

" Consideration is one of the first properties in my estimation of a good General; but to put an officer upon duty, and, as soon as he comes off, to expect three days business, with close application, to be performed in one, is a refinement beyond my comprehension! However, what can be, shall be done.

" Major H. returned yesterday from Fort-Washington, but with small encouragement, as to our baggage being forwarded. This is against me, as all my stores were left there, and the difficulty of having them sent to me, naturally increases with my distance from them; however it is nothing uncommon to soldiers, and I must and will be contented. This afternoon my  
boy

boy returned to me from the hospital at Fort-Washington. Poor boy! the scenes are so novel, and, as he conceives, hard, that it affects his spirits, and makes him unhappy. He little thinks what fatigues and dangers are yet to come! Indeed, my friend, I anticipate a winter's campaign, in a country inhabited only by wild beasts, or the still more ferocious bipeds of the forest, without baggage, and I very much fear, in a manner without provisions; as it is clear to my understanding, that the frost will destroy the herbage of the country, which is the sole dependence, at present, of our bat-horses and cattle! This anticipation, with the reflection of having no other coverings in our *best* situation, but our tents, in the middle of winter; and that when on picquet, we shall be allowed no fire, however stormy or cold it may be, I confess affords me but little satisfaction in the contemplation.

"The continual rains in this country must render it very unhealthy. We have but few dry nights. My tent, bed and clothes are always wet. Frequently do we bestow a *benediction* upon the contractors, for the thinness of our tents; the backs and doors of which are made of the coarsest oznabrigs, through which it rains as thro' a sieve; thus is the country cheated, and the soldier imposed upon.

"I dined

" I dined this day upon bear, venison, and wild turkey. The enemy is ever on the watch, and stands ready to take off the foretop of all who come within their reach. I shall forward this to Fort-Washington by Captain Green, who is ordered with fifty men to that place, in order to escort baggage to camp; from thence, I have no doubt it will be forwarded with the first dispatches to Philadelphia. Captain Evremont is also writing. I shall, if my life is spared, continue to give you such information as I believe will be acceptable to you. Remember me to all my friends, and be assured distance will never lessen my friendship for you.

HENRY CLARK."

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## LETTER LXVIII.

*Philadelphia.*

THE tribute of my dear Maria, and her god-mother's benevolence, are duly received. Accept my thanks in behalf of Mrs. Gardner. I shall, by an early opportunity, transmit this token of your sympathy to her; and feel assured, it will be received with a grateful heart. By letters lately from her, we learn, that by the severity of Mr. Gardner, several respectable planters in the neighbourhood of Havre-de-Grace, have been reduced to  
very

very great distress. The situation of one of these unfortunate persons, is indeed afflicting.

Mr. Gardner had long expressed a particular friendship for a Mr. Henshaw; he availed himself of those professions, and hired of him a sum of money, for which he gave a mortgage of his plantation as a security. This property, united with the stock he previously owned, enabled him to commence a large speculator; but finally proving unfortunate, and being followed with repeated bad contracts, he found himself thousands worse than nothing. Mr. Gardner had loaned him the money upon an extravagant interest, but had given him his honour that he would never distress either him or his family for it; nor never suffer them to be turned off from their estate. But these promises were made to a man in affluence, and were never meant to be extended beyond the period of prosperity. Notwithstanding Mr. Henshaw had received but one half the value of his place, which has since been appraised by indifferent people; the other half was shortly swallowed up by the usurious interest which Mr. Gardner demanded; and this unfortunate man, who has an aged father and mother, besides an extensive family dependant upon him, is thrown upon the bounty of his neighbours for a present

sent subsistence. This, my dear Maria, is one among the unnumbered instances of his barbarity. An amiable, a happy family are at this moment experiencing his inexorable cruelty; his surprising parsimony and usury; and while they view him as the great cause of their distress, are loading him with their severest reproaches. But though the heart of a Gardner is hardened, and his ears deaf to their distress, yet he who reigns above, and views with a just abhorrence, his inhuman conduct, will finally shower down his vengeance upon the perpetrator of so cruel a deed. Then will he, who now *thrives* by *oppression*, and who views the distress of a *brother* and a *friend*, with a heart hardened by a love of wealth, experience that severe remorse of conscience, which he has kindled by a rapacious mind. Then will the anger of an offended Deity roll upon him, and in his moments of anguish he will regret the calamities he has brought upon others. It is the voice of heaven which denounceth woe unto them who heap up wealth in abundance, grinding the face of the poor, considering not the sweat of their brow; but who are rejoicing alone in their possessions.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

LETTER

## L E T T E R L X I X.

*Philadelphia.*

A FEW evenings since, the servant acquainted me that a person at the door wished to speak with me. I arose from my chair, and was passing into the entry, when Mrs. Leason bid the boy desire them to walk into the parlour and deliver their message; but not having any idea of danger, I endeavoured to pass her; when she caught my hand, and led me back into the room. The boy soon returned with a card, which gave me an invitation to pass the next evening with your aunt P. Without hesitation I returned my compliments, and assurances of attending her. When your brother came home, I told him my engagement, and claimed the honour of his company. The next day proved stormy; but not inclining to be deprived of society to which I am strongly attached, your brother procured a carriage and attended me to his aunt's. From the particular invitation I had received, I expected to find a select party assembled; but upon my entering the room, discovered we were unexpected, though welcome visitors. This induced me to apologize for being out so disagreeable an evening; and I assured her, my partiality to her company,

as well as real politeness, which obliged me to fulfil particular engagements, had alone induced my present visit. "It is truly," replied she, "an agreeable disappointment, for I anticipated passing this evening alone, as Mr. P. left the city yesterday, and will not return this week; I shall therefore claim you as my companion until he arrives. I now began to suspect the card a deception; and taking out my pocket-book, handed it to her, requesting to know if that was her invitation. She assured me it was not. This confirmed my imagination, and has again filled me with fears. Watched by so inflexible an enemy as Eliza, my conduct, must indeed be guarded; so great is her art, I cannot develope her in a single instance; although it is evident, she leaves no stratagem untried to complete my destruction. Those reflections, however, which result from a recognition of my conduct, greatly contribute to my happiness: To these I retire with a satisfaction, of which I can never be deprived by the severest persecution; they will contribute to my support. An invariable attachment to virtue, and a strict adherence to duty, will, notwithstanding the misfortunes we meet, facilitate the journey of life. Self-approbation, greatly contributes to our enjoyment; nor can we be deprived of a tranquil and hap-



py mind, while we reverence the dictates of conscience. *Do as thou would be done unto*, is a precept which should early be impressed upon the heart; and they, whose actions coincide with this copy will ensure a permanent reward. While I continued at Mrs. P's. a billet was handed me from my aunt Noble, which was written, as she expresses, *from her bed of sickness and distress*. This begged my immediate attendance upon her: But being convinced it was nothing more than a return of her old disorder, I felt no inclination to hurry myself; and accordingly deferred my visit until the afternoon; when going to the house, I found her below, and at her favourite amusement, cards. This was, however, a matter of no surprise to me, for I had frequently known her while at Trenton, to keep her bed, send for her minister and doctor, and in less than an hour after they had left her, come down stairs, apparently in her usual health, and devote the whole day to the card-table. She pleads in excuse for this indulgence, her indisposition and difficulties; and to smoothe the brow of a gloomy imagination, plunges deep into error; nor does she ever enjoy herself but in ceasing to be reasonable; for such those surely are, who can never be happy but when thus employed. The Deity has, undoubtedly, designed us mutually to contribute

contribute to the happiness of each other; and the love of society is strongly imprinted upon our hearts. It is a tie, which properly enjoyed, leads to the most refined pleasures. By this social intercourse, our ideas become enlarged, the torch of knowledge is lighted, and we derive a gratification, superior to every idle amusement. But that mind must indeed be peculiarly vacant, which can never be at ease, unless engaged in scenes of dissipation; we require some moments for reflection which we cannot enjoy in a round of company.

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“ There is a time  
For those whose wisdom, and whom nature  
charm,

To steal themselves from the degenerate croud,  
And soar above the little scenes of things :  
To tread low-thought vice beneath their feet,  
And sooth their throbbing passions into peace.”

*Thomson's Seasons,*

May it be our study to conquer the whims of the heart, before habit rivets them upon us. Let us aim to live agreeably to the dictates of reason; for a dereliction from this will render us truly miserable, while an attention to her uniform voice, will fix us firm as Atlas amidst the storms of life.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

LETTER

## LETTER LXX.

*Philadelphia.*

THE anxiety I experience for my friends, prevents me from partaking in that current of happiness, which is now overflowing the ambitious imagination of Mrs. Leason and Laura, from the anticipated connexion with Mr. Gibbins. Yet notwithstanding my painful sensations, I am obliged to decorate my expressions in the livery of gaiety, to dissemble my feelings however difficult the undertaking. Deception in this respect, is a double duty which I owe to the friendship and health of Fanny; but it is impossible always to conceal my feelings, and she frequently discovers the uneasiness of my heart. Her solicitous friendship, adds a jewel to her virtues, and reflects redoubled lustre upon her actions. I keep, as far as possible, every painful event from her knowledge, and the frequent letters she receives from her lover and brother, are also written in a style of gaiety. There being an established post, from this Place to Pittsburg, we often have an opportunity of hearing from our friends, though several weeks have elapsed since we received any information. This causes the most distressing ideas to haunt my imagination. Forgive me, Maria,

L

if

if I indulge a gloomy propensity. Inclinations which we rather encourage than repress, are quick in their growth.

This city is full of mirth and dissipation, yet I cannot become interested in the pleasures which encircle me. Fatal premonitions deprive me of even the comforts of hope; but I will not trouble you with the gloom of my heart.

Your brother has been making provision for the two eldest sons of Mr. Henshaw, and has written to this unfortunate man, acquainting him with his intentions. I cannot express my regards for a man whose benevolence is thus unbounded. The remembrance of his name, will be ever fragrant to

CAROLINE.

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## L E T T E R LXXI.

*Philadelphia.*

THIS letter accompanies one I yesterday received from Captain Clark, which by your particular desire I have enclosed to you. As you expect to be in Philadelphia within a few weeks, I send the original, knowing upon your arrival I shall receive it from you. This will more fully convince you of the situation of our friends, than any animadversions I could make

make upon it. Indeed I am not at present disposed to correspond ; no, not even with Maria !

Adieu.

*Captain CLARK to CAROLINE FRANCIS.*

*October 4th.*

“YOUR last letter, while it evinces your friendship, I confess gives me pain, by the discovery of your anxiety. You must not suffer the situation of a soldier to impede your happiness. Captain Green, upon his return from Fort-Washington, told me he had given our letters to a dispatch which left that fort for Pittsburg; from thence they will be immediately forwarded to Philadelphia, by my friend Mr. T. I wish this letter could picture to you a more agreeable prospect than my last; but my anticipation in that, respecting the pea vine, our principal dependence for the support of our horses, &c. and all the herbage of the country, except long four grass, and decayed leaves, is now cut off: The horses are enfeebled and die daily; we had only a few bags of flour on hand for the support of the whole army, until the arrival of the brigade of sixty horses, with which Captain S. came; and they only brought three days provision. On the road they met a brigade of horses, which left us three

days ago; but the badness of the road rendered still worse by the heavy rains, had worn the horses down, and discouraged the pack-horse masters, who, Captain S. informs, swear they will not return!

"Our situation in a few days will be critically distressing, if Mr. D's agents have no other dependence for the transportation of provision to us than the present set of horses belonging to the army. Heaven knows the poor creatures cannot bear but little, if any burden; and a few days or weeks, will finish the campaign with most of them.

"The Indians have taken fifty-six horses from Ludlow-Station, the night before last. This place is between Fort-Washington and our camp. It seems to be their adopted policy to capture our horses; and is, beyond a doubt, the most effectual mode of preventing the expedition against the Miami towns, as our army cannot move without horses to transport their necessary provisions and stores. The pack-horse masters of our own camp, on counting their horses, miss one hundred, which are also supposed to be taken by the Indians.

*October 22d.*

"SINCE I wrote the above, we have marched, cutting the road as we went, some days more, others less, undergoing cold,

cold, fatigue, and hunger; for our ratios are now reduced, until a further supply shall arrive. This has occasioned sixty of the Kentucky militia to leave us, and the remainder swear they will not stay, unless they are allowed their usual provisions. I shall be obliged to leave all my baggage, except what I can carry in my knapsack, at this garrison, as we are not to have bat-horses, and I am informed we are to advance twenty miles further and build another fort. So be it: But it is hard to have our necessities scattered throughout such a wilderness as this!

"We are ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march at the shortest notice; I expect this will be to-morrow. I have at present a most violent cold in my head and limbs; however, flatter myself, that to-morrow I shall feel more equal to my duty. I am indeed at present, the only Captain in our regiment, who is well enough to do any duty. My indisposition obliges me to shorten my letter. Caroline, you know my heart, and I doubt not will communicate my sincere wishes, for the happiness of my friends in Philadelphia.

"With respect and friendship,  
I am yours, &c.

HENRY CLARK."

## L E T T E R LXXII.

*Philadelphia.*

MY last letter from the Westward, if possible, has added to my depression. Calypso, you know, was inconsolable for the loss of Ulysses, and all the beauties around her only heightened her distress. Thus it is with Caroline. Fanny, although possessing a greater command of her feelings than myself, suffers inexpressibly by her fears. I have at present, little ~~relish~~ for society; but my wish to amuse my drooping friend, forces me from home.

A few days since, we fell in company with several of those very polite young gentlemen, who rather than give others the trouble to talk, engross the conversation themselves. I dare say you frequently meet with those coxcombs, whom nature has rendered vain, by bestowing upon them a likely face. Intoxicated by their personal charms, they view, with contempt, the sentimental and improved companion. These simple pretty fellows, are, in their own opinions, accomplished characters. Having acquired a few compliments, and plundered the dictionary for the most laboured expressions, they arrange them into unintelligible sentences, to which they affix a few oaths, as an additional eloquence



quence to their discourse, imagining themselves equal to the most celebrated philosophers; they soar into the ethereal space for their expressions, and leave a common understanding, at a loss for their ideas.

I soon took my leave of this company. The cheerful fire side of Mrs. Leason, is far preferable to the conversation of such triflers. Visiting is designed as a relaxation to the mind; and we seek entertainment abroad, that we may indulge those social feelings inherent in our nature. Agreeable society mutually improves the understanding; but the vague prattle of the coxcomb, can never enlarge the ideas. Vanity is said to be peculiar to our sex. Is not this a sentiment born of prejudice, and nursed by a partial imagination? Vanity is invariably the companion of an empty mind; and an intercourse with the world certainly exhibits as many vacant heads in one sex as in the other; nor is beautyless destructive to the understanding of the gentlemen, than of the ladies.

I am sincerely yours,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER LXXIII.

*Philadelphia.*

**W**ILL you believe me, Maria, the bearer of your last letter, Mr. Trevers, L 4 pretends

pretends to a violent passion for your friend. Let not this information impress you with an idea of my being vain. I am sensible we often mistake attention for love ; but if the most languishing expression of the eye, the most passionate language of the tongue, and the most assiduous conduct, denote affection, the youth feels the pang. It seems, Maria, you have been saying many civil things of your friend, and he acknowledges he meets me pre-attached. Why did you not also tell him of my engagements ? but even this, I apprehend, would not have discouraged him ; for I find he is so much in love with himself, that he will not easily be brought to believe, any can be indifferent to his charms.

As you ask my opinion of him, I will candidly acknowledge, that to me, he appears to be one of those empty-headed youths who are destitute of intellects sufficient to entertain you for a single hour. Notwithstanding he has knocked his head against the walls of a college, and taken the *tour* of the *States*, he has not acquired sufficient understanding to render himself agreeable ; nor would all his property, for he tells me he is " Heir to a great estate," compensate for the vacuum in his brain. In company he has a trick of playing, incessantly, with the chain of his watch ; to  
render,

render more obvious, I conclude, many expensive trinkets annexed to it.

I asked him, a few days since, if he was fond of reading, and offered to lend him some entertaining authors, in hopes of losing a few of his morning visits; but in his great gallantry, he replied, at the same moment squeezing my hand with the most imaginable fondness, that "My company was vastly to be preferred to so insipid an employment;" and that four years hard study at college, had sickened him of books. What a gallant youth have you introduced to me! He has had an entertainment since he has been in this city, and I am told, set the tables himself; and that he is really accomplished in this business. Such an husband might be very useful upon these occasions: But the man to whom I give my hand, Maria, must have an understanding, infinitely superior to what I can pretend. A mind fettered with ignorance is unfit for social happiness, and shall never command the heart of

CAROLINE.

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## L E T T E R LXXIV.

*Philadelphia.*

**A**N accident, yesterday, brought me into the company of Eliza. I had engaged

L. 5.

to

to accompany a little party to a tea-house, seven miles from town. When we alighted we were told the house was crowded; but that a party who had dined there were preparing to return; and that this room should be reserved for us, if we would for the present step into a small one adjoining it. This room was a passage to that in which the company was. We had not been long seated, before several gentlemen and ladies passed through it, who being acquainted with our party, insisted we should join them. To this they cheerfully agreed. Our addition to their society giving them new spirits, they proposed to pass the evening and have a dance. I had been with this company but a short time, before Eliza, with two other ladies, entered the room. I resolved, however, not to render the evening painful to my friends; but, as they had made the excursion for pleasure, to suppress feelings which involuntarily occur, when I consider her as the cause of my wretchedness.

In the party in which I was, I felt secure from her malice, whatever the dictates of her heart might suggest. Music was accordingly procured, and your friend, Mr. Trevers, solicited me to engage myself as his partner for the evening; but having uniformly discouraged his attachment to me, I refused to comply with his request,

by

by pleading a previous engagement. Unfortunately he obtained Eliza for his partner, and was placed the next couple to me. This gave him frequent opportunities of discovering his gallantry, which induced him to say many soft things to your friend. These I would fain have considered as unmeaning sentences often repeated to us without design to make impression upon the mind; but so much did I engage his attention, that he was deficient in his politeness to Eliza, and frequently repeated to her the passion he experienced for me.

Mr. Helen, the gentleman with whom I had the happiness to dance, was in his person elegant, in his manners accomplished, while virtue appeared to elevate his mind and invigorate his imagination; and the evening passed in the indulgence of that innocent gaiety which delineates the features of youth. I could not, however, feel that tranquillity I should have experienced had Eliza been absent. Fanny's health did not permit her attending us: Her indisposition deprives her of many gratifications; but she shines in the hours of sickness, and has a disposition sweetly submissive to the will of heaven. When Hygeia shall forsake my cheek, and the pallid messenger of incurable disease denounce the irrevocable decree. may I feel that resignation which is so striking in my friend.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

LETTER

## LETTER LXXV.

*Philadelphia.*

IT is in vain. I find I cannot get rid of my love-sick Damon; he is the most persevering lad I ever knew. I imagine he flatters himself, that if he could obtain my hand, my heart would soon follow, but love must be free. The affections cannot be forced. Perhaps he is indifferent to the acquisition of the heart, and is only solicitous for the person of your friend. I believe he thinks, that the service of plate, which he has taken peculiar care to acquaint me he has making in this city, and for which he even wishes my taste, with the elegant house his father is now building, together with a superb carriage which is nearly completed, will finally tempt your friend. But I am resolved not to sacrifice my happiness to pride. All these things have their influence. I shall have no objection to shining in an elevated situation with the man I love, nor of experiencing a few wants with him who shares my sincere affections. Are these sentiments worthy of Caroline?

Mr. Helen has politely called upon me. He increases upon an acquaintance. I dare not say half I really think, of this charming

charming young man. He insensibly engages the heart. Be under no apprehensions respecting Captain Evremont : My affections are not diminished for him.

This letter will be handed you by your brother, who can give you every information of

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER LXXVI.

*Philadelphia.*

I AM flattered, Maria, with the friendship of Mr. Helen. His understanding I esteem, and his sentiments reflect an honour upon his education. Time glides imperceptibly in his society. I am improved by his visits. Attached to the company of the ladies, he frequently passes an hour with us. He is indeed a contrast to Mr. Trevers. In the one, we discover the ignorant, but haughty youth; proud of his wealth, despising the opinion of the world, laughing at every moral sentiment, addressing you in a language replete with indelicacy, entertaining you with his intrigues, his riches, and himself. His conversation is indeed a repetition of egotism, painful to a delicate ear, and disgusting to a virtuous mind. The other exhibits

exhibits a manliness of sentiment, and a purity of judgment, which secures the approbation of the sensible and refined: He boasts not of his possessions or merits, but unfolds a heart adorned with virtue, and purified with knowledge. Having associated with the amiable of our sex, he is our advocate and friend. That he may obtain a companion for life, whose virtues shall immutably secure his happiness, is the wish of

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER LXXVII.

*Philadelphia.*

**I**N the bosom of friendship I seek that consolation the world cannot bestow. How full the measure of my wretchedness!—Read the following:—

“From this moment I relinquish the flattering idea of a connexion, which, in imagination, has produced such scenes of future happiness. Your duplicity evinces you unworthy my affection; and although it is hard to divest myself of feelings I have long encouraged, I am resolved to take the final leave of an object unworthy of my heart. In this determination, I feel the struggle of a sincere affection. I re-  
luctantly



luctantly pursue a conduct, which nothing but the indubitable proof of your deceit, could induce me to adopt. My very particular friend, Mr. L. who was lately upon a party with you, and witnessed your behaviour, and the attention you then received from your rival lovers, has given me the information. Had it not come from him, I should have suspected the truth; I should not have believed you capable of trifling with a man, who has thus uniformly demonstrated his attachment. I will not, however, look back to fancied felicity, to encounter my present feelings; it is necessary to suppress every recollection of the past. You have long since been convinced, that it was not a mere sentiment of tenderness which actuated my bosom, but an affection refined and elevated by that show of virtue which I flattered myself you really possessed; and which my partiality prevented me from discovering was, the vague drapery of an unworthy mind. From this moment I will endeavour to banish from my heart, forever, the loved image of Caroline. I will take a final adieu of an object which I, falsely, hoped to call my own. I will forget those sweet ideas unmingled with a vicious passion, and if possible, rise superior to my present depression; yet I cannot close my letter, without repeating my wishes for your happiness, and cautioning  
you

you against deception. The character of a coquet is truly despicable. Trifle not with the feelings of your present lovers, but early decide your choice. Treat them with candour, and believe a generous mind will be more strongly attached by an open behaviour. Once more, a long, a final adieu.

WILLIAM EVREMONT."

In the above letter, I trace the malicious disposition of Eliza. Free from the unjust aspersions cast upon my conduct, conscience does not impeach my behaviour. Had Captain Evremont been present, I am certain he would have approved my actions. I require some friend to advise with, in my present situation! A brother to interfere in my behalf! To whom shall I apply? It is necessary to make some inquiry of Mr. L. that I may know if he will acknowledge such a letter! I cannot myself appear in the affair! Mr. Helen is my friend, but not my lover! He is generous! He is sincere! Will it be proper to interest him in my cause? Consult your mamma; she will consider me as her daughter, and advise me as such. Let me receive your immediate reply. I cannot relinquish my partiality, nor suffer my conduct to be reproached. This is an important moment to your unhappy friend,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXXVIII.

*Philadelphia.*

I THANK you for your attention to my last, and shall, in every instance, follow the advice of your mamma. I have made Mr. Helen my confident. He is the only person in this city, who knows the situation of Caroline. I plead to Fanny and Mrs. Leason, for the depression of my spirits, an indisposition of body.

Mr. L. is unfortunately from home, but is expected in town to-morrow. Every delay adds to my wretchedness. The sincerity with which Mr. Helen engages in my behalf, renders his friendship an acquisition. I am convinced of your interest in my afflictions, and that your friendship would induce you to lessen my sufferings; but, Maria, I am peculiarly wretched.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXXIX.

*Philadelphia.*

MR. Helen has called upon Mr. L. He disavows any knowledge of this affair, and has written to Captain Evremont

mont upon the subject, by the post. This will surely convince him of the deception.

To his letter I have added an account of the party in which I met Eliza, reminding him of all her plans against me; and I flatter myself to erase prejudices excited by her malignant spirit. How have my days been shaded! Even those moments allotted to amusements, are tinged with sorrow. The being, possessed of a mind restless for revenge, fabricating mischief, and aiming to blast the little buds of pleasure, which now and then present themselves in the desert of life, is alike an object of our pity and our fear.

I am impatient for these letters to reach Captain Evremont. May no circumstance impede their way. While I suffer in his opinion, my mind is far from ease, my heart a stranger to joy.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXXX.

*Philadelphia.*

WHEN I peruse the lines dictated by the friendly hand of my loved Maria, my imagination presents her, possessed of health, possessed of happiness; for which I cast my eyes to heaven, with a heart warm with gratitude, and in the most fervent

fervent ejaculations, thank the beneficent Dispenser of every blessing, and solicit their continuance. That mind alone, which is warmed with the delightful sensations which friendship inspires, can realize the bliss I feel. Were it not for these frequent tokens of your affection, I should sink beneath the weight of my afflictions. I flatter myself soon to hear from Captain ~~Evermont~~. ~~I almost with the hours rolled more rapidly. The wheels of time never appeared half so dilatory, and with my poetic friend I am disposed to exclaim,~~  
 “ Whirl fast around, ye radiant globes of light,  
 Roll on ye hours, add rapture to your flight  
 Till he returns, then stop the wheels of time,  
 In one fair morn, eternal and sublime.”

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXXXI.

*Philadelphia.*

IN answer to the flattering sentiments with which your last is introduced, I can only observe, that your partiality and politeness are equally apparent. The many encomiums you are pleased to bestow upon me have no claim upon my vanity; a consciousness that they are not merited, but originate from the friendship you have so long evinced for me, will ever operate  
 as

as a repellent against the baleful influence of a vain imagination.

You complain of the shortness of my letters. 'I have been, and continue to be, too anxious to correspond.

Fanny has received a letter from your cousin; he is appointed Brigade-Major to General Hill. I sincerely rejoice with her in the pleasure she experiences upon this occasion. Nothing can surpass the emotions of a feeling mind, when it bursts the seal of a friendly epistle. They are indeed joyful messengers, which mitigate the painful separation of kindred souls. It is the anticipation of a letter from Captain Evremont, which enlivens my dreary prospects. I feast upon this solacing reflection; it animates my torpid mind. The attentions of Mr. Helen, would, if possible, make me forget my wretchedness; but the wound of my heart, Maria, cannot early be healed.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXXXII.

*Philadelphia.*

**E**MERGED, my dear Maria, from the first impressions of my distracted mind, I fly to my pen. The melancholy accounts from the western army have involved me in unutterable distress. While nourishing

rishing the pleasurable anticipation of a reconciliation with Captain Evremont, I was unmindful of the dangers to which he was exposed, and totally unprepared for the distressing event. The object upon which I fondly placed my expectation of future happiness, to whom I looked for protection and advice, is far removed from me. Insupportable idea! He has left the world alienated from Caroline. I cannot lisp, but in the most feeble accents, the bitterness I feel. Can my exhausted nature sustain so severe a stroke! My eyes are dim with sorrow; a universal languor is diffused through my frame. The tear which often relieves the troubled mind, is congealed; the pearly drop is petrified. I am inadequate to the offices of friendship. Gladly would I pour the balm of consolation into the tortured mind of Fanny, but I am incapable of every soothing attention; and if I attempt to evince my sympathy, my expressions falter—every face is marked with the signature of sorrow.

My friends, Captain Gardner, Clark and Green are also among the slain. Yes, Maria, they fell equally distinguished by their bravery and honour, and universally regretted for their united virtues. But I will for the present, leave the melancholy subject.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

LETTER

## LETTER LXXXIII.

*Philadelphia.*

MY distress must apologize for the neglect, in my last, in not participating with you in behalf of your cousin, whose name, I am told, is upon the list of the wounded. My hand trembles while I write—my mind shudders when I recal the distressing scene—every pleasing expectation is inactive—my situation is, beyond idea, wretched—all hope is fled. Had I been deprived of Captain Evremont, previous to the late fatal conduct of Eliza, I should have had a consolation to which I am now a stranger. To suffer in the estimation of those we love is distracting to our reflections, and increases the wounds of the heart. Your cousin is, I find, left to regret the loss of his particular friend, General Hill. This defeat alike involves the affectionate parent—the wife beloved, and the amiable sister in the most complicated distress. The throb of anguish, now tears the parental breast—many of whom are mourning for an only child. The most torturing ideas will corrode the happiness of disconsolate widows, while sisters and friends, justly partial to the merits of the deceased, will mingle the tears of affection and sorrow. The delicate situation of  
Fanny's



Fanny's health, if possible, adds to my distress upon this melancholy occasion.

Those who discover the violence of their grief by strong expressions, or great agitation, sooner recover from affliction, than those whose silent sufferings prey upon their spirits, destroy their health, and frequently render them victims to their misfortunes. This I fear will be the case with my dear Fanny.

The bullets which know no distinction, in this defeat, have destroyed the flower of the army. I am anxious to be acquainted with the true situation of our surviving friends, and often spare a sigh for the loss of my country.

While adversity pursues your Caroline, may it sublimate her virtue, and raise her far above the uncertain fruition of earthly pleasures.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXXXIV.

*Philadelphia.*

I HAVE received a letter of condolence from your cousin. It is tender and sympathetic. He observes, there are no reflections to embitter the recollection of Captain Evremont, as he died like a soldier, and was, he flatters himself, instantly

ly translated to the realms of bliss. It affords peculiar satisfaction, that he was not left upon the field of battle to encounter the last pangs of dissolution, with the additional sufferings of savage torture, but that he received a sudden translation from earth to heaven. These reflections prevent many distressing ideas, which would result from an apprehension of his having been left without a friend, exposed to insult, cruelty and distress. Yet my bosom labours with its weight of sorrow.

His letter expresses a very sensible regret for the loss of Mr. Gardner, and his highly esteemed friend, General Hill.

May this unfortunate day, stand unparalleled upon the historic page.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXXXV.

*Philadelphia.*

CONVINCED that Maria will be a participant with me, and that the plaintive voice of unfeigned sorrow, will deeply interest your heart, I have frequent recourse to my pen. It is a luxury thus to unbosom my affliction.

What adverse storms await me! What unnumbered accidents mar our felicity! Those sweet moments which blest me with  
the

the society of my friend and lover, are gone forever; they cannot be recalled: But although the vital spark has ceased to animate his decaying body, and his limbs are now stiffened by the hand of death, I look, with pleasing expectation, to that period, when our kindred souls shall meet in the region of uninterrupted felicity, to renew our friendship, and never part. Oh, balm my hope! what a sweet ingredient art thou in the cup of life! Your cousin's letter to Fanny mentions, that Captain Green, having discovered the most undaunted bravery, received a wound in his hip, which rendered him unable to stand; and as no attention was paid to the wounded veterans, he was left, when the army retreated, with many unfortunate deserving men, sitting upon the way-side, encouraging them in their retreat.

My friend, Captain Clark, notwithstanding he had been engaged through the whole battle, in the early part of which he received a wound in his ankle, was shamefully left to cover the retreat of the flying army. Having tied his handkerchief over the wound, he returned five miles from the spot upon which the engagement commenced, when, grown faint with loss of blood, he begged his men to hasten on without him, and as he must die, insisted they should not expose their lives upon his account;

count; but at this instant a horse was obtained, and as his friend was assisting him to mount it, a ball, commissioned by heaven, ended the life of a real soldier. No weeping connexions attend the body, to pay the last sad offices of humanity. No tolling bell announced the melancholy event; but, with many brave men, he lies exposed to the insult of every barbarian. Scarcely can I support the colouring with which my imagination paints the sufferings of my friends. The frequent letters of Maria will be necessary to strengthen the gloomy mind of

CAROLINE.

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## L E T T E R LXXXVI.

*Philadelphia.*

RECEIVE, my dear Maria, my sincere and grateful acknowledgments, for that warm participation; you so feelingly express, in your last letter, for myself and Fanny. The present painful event, has indeed involved us in real afflictions.

Though the loss of friends is ever painful to the feeling and sympathetic, there are circumstances which mitigate these unavoidable afflictions, and certainly it is no inconsiderable one, to be allowed, by heaven, to contribute, though but in the smallest

est degree, to the comfort of their departing moments, to receive their last injunctions, and to pay the respect due to their memory. But these pleasing, painful gratifications are denied upon the present affecting occasion, and the bodies thus dear to the recollection of congenial friends, are not only fallen a sacrifice in a distant country, but have become the plunder of the savage tribes, from whom we cannot expect less than barbarity and abuse. Could I select the melancholy remains of those departed heroes, and deposit them in one friendly vault, then would I indulge the luxury which would result from moistening the sacred sod, and guarding it against the rude feet of disrespectful intruders. But, alas ! every friendly office is denied ; and were it not for the fragrant reflection, which alone perfumes the gloomy mind, that the soul, that superior and immortal part, is fled, far beyond the former confines of its solitary prison, and is beyond the reach of mortal resentment, we should be encircled with an impenetrable night, and pierced with such additional arrows, as would convey incurable poisons, contaminate every enjoyment, and canker every social pleasure. But this idea, illumines the mental hemisphere ; it lessens the affliction.

There is, indeed, an additional satisfaction, that although by a lively fancy we

can picture their distress, yet the truth, if corresponding with those piercing images of our afflicted mind, is, with us, a matter of uncertainty; and the real sufferings which they have undergone, are concealed from our view.

Most sensibly do I feel the present stroke. Yes, Maria, it will not look to you, who have so often heard my sentiments of my friends while living, as affliction decorated in the language of unmeaning flattery, but as the genuine sprouts of a real regard, which have grown spontaneous in the warm bosom of friendship.

Since the first moment of my acquaintance with Captain Evremont, I have acknowledged myself his friend. My partiality may possibly magnify his merits; but I am confident I give him no more than his due, when I say, few possessed minds better formed, or sentiments more strictly consonant with integrity, bravery, and honour. In private life, he was particularly distinguished, by those virtues which form the basis of a real friend; and as his ideas were delicate and refined, I was ever happy to receive his approbation of my sentiments, valuing it as the evidence of their worth. As a soldier, I can add no encomiums: Public fame echoes from every quarter his praise; and the monuments, upon which will be enrolled the names

names of many brave and valiant, will evince to future ages, the obligations of their country, and the general regret, which the unhappy event produced.

Fanny's indisposition has increased; since the unfortunate accounts of the western army: May heaven give her strength to sustain the present affliction; for without the interposition of an over-ruling Providence, many surviving friends must sink beneath this distressing event.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXXXVII.

*Philadelphia.*

**W**HEN encircled with pleasures, and in the pursuit of happiness, we forget that the arrows of affliction may pierce our hearts, and suddenly destroy the enthusiastic structures which are too often reared in a juvenile fancy; but should the distant prospect deceive us, and our ascent to the flowery temple of that fickle deity, fortune, prove difficult, and disappointments in rapid succession obtrude upon us, our most favourite amusements become insipid, we lose our taste for the society of our gay associates. Yes, Maria, in the sable hour of affliction, religion is alone able to support us; and although we may have slighted her serious admonitions

admonitions, while captivated with success and dissipation, we now solicit her meliorating influence.

Fanny's anxiety for a destitute sister, and the helpless offspring of a bereaved brother, deeply affects her sympathetic breast—she is urgent to return to Havre-de-Grace, that she may personally exert herself to support them under so severe a trial. I have solicited her to continue a few weeks longer in Philadelphia; and upon the promise of accompanying her home, obtained her consent.

I flatter myself your cousin will soon be with us: His long absence renders her impatient to see him. What distressing scenes has he endured since he last bid adieu to my friend! Within a few weeks, how many of our gay companions have been snatched from all their fancied honours, and their immortal souls waisted to another world! How many, thoughtless of the sad event, now sleep in eternity, instead of gathering the laurels of fame, and retiring to the plaudits of their friends and citizens! What a large portion have made the unalterable exchange! To what cause shall we attribute this unexpected defeat? May he who hath hitherto directed our battles appear for us, and, if our cause is just, grant his future aid and presence.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.  
LETTER



## L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

*Philadelphia.*

**NEXT** Tuesday is appointed for the celebration of Laura's nuptials. My mind is too much pervaded with disquietude, to share with Mrs. Leason and her daughter, upon this pleasing event. Not only the loss of my friends has cast a veil over my enjoyments, but the situation of Fanny's health, gives an additional dejection to my spirits—my heart, indeed, is insensible to the pleasing vibrations of mirth. Attuned to sorrow, it cannot feel the joy of the family: But I am not unmindful of the blessings I yet experience. No, my dear, ingratitude shall not intrude upon me, for if it is the blackest crime, which can discolour human actions, its malignity must be infinitely augmented, when indulged against heaven. What are the riches, the honours, the amusements, and the pleasures of life, if we are deprived of feelings to enjoy them! If we ourselves are experiencing indisposition, or if those who are endeared to us by the most affectionate ties, linger with pain, and are daily consuming with irremediable disease!

My whole attention is devoted to my declining friend. I have the misfortune to see her continually drooping, with a disorder which has hitherto baffled the  
skill

skill of our physicians. The sensations which inhabit my bosom upon this occasion are past description.

A late military commander, has arrived in this city. No sumptuous cavalcade escorted him hither; no applause and glory echoed forth his bravery; no honourary torch is lighted to denote his praise, nor is he received with acclamations of joy. The friends of those unfortunate men who were wounded in the first of the battle, and left to cover the retreat of the army, will long retain a lively recollection of the error: Nor will the most plentiful draughts of Lethe, obliterate the deed. Many reflections have been cast upon certain characters among us, by whose immediate influence, it is thought the present war has been thus rashly pursued. These reflections may finally terminate in the entire loss of their now declining popularity.

I need not tell you how much I love you, nor how ardently I desire to welcome you to Philadelphia.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER LXXXIX.

*Philadelphia.*

EVERY thing is preparing for the marriage of Laura. They are to leave this

this city for Carolina, a few days after the ceremony is performed. Mrs. Leason has agreed to resign her house, here, and pass the next summer with her daughter. They are indeed quite elated with their present prospects. I sincerely wish they may not be disappointed; but Mr. Gibbins is an entire stranger in this city, nor have they informed themselves of his real situation or character. In an action which involves the happiness of future life, too much caution cannot be observed. Dazzling appearances should not bewilder the reason; for although we may be seated upon the silken sofa, or roll in the gilded carriage, happiness may be a stranger to the mind. Cheerfulness is often expressed in the features, while anxiety corrodes the heart. But the conduct of our landlady and her daughter, speaks a language contrary to experience. It expressly declares they have nothing to fear from a connexion with a man of money. It will enable Laura to indulge her fanciful disposition, to ornament her person, and consult her looking-glass; to command a carriage, and to be gratified by an external parade. These are the summit of her wishes. She certainly will not care how little she is troubled with the *insipid* society of a *husband*; this indeed would be *ridiculous*. These, Maria, may be the fashionable arguments of the

## 24 THE HAPLESS ORPHAN.

one word, and such is the force of fashion, that we are frequently obliged to submit to its powerful voice; for unless we are conformable to the mode of the times, we stand exposed for the derision of our country companions. Thank heaven, however, I am not yet contaminated: My conscience has hitherto been my guide, and my education, I hope to have sufficient power to direct my future conduct. I shall not ever marry merely for a support, but I shall be peculiarly happy, when the love and affection shall bless the union of my husband. Old friends and relations may be, they are not to be despised.

CAROLINE.

## CHAPTER XC.

*Philadelphia.*

The wedding were celebrated at the residence of the bridegroom, on the morning of the first of the month: the ceremony had been filled with the most interesting and agreeable events. Fanny, who had been absent from the ceremony, was rejoined from the residence of her friends, and the wedding was a most happy one. The bride and groom were united in the most happy manner, and the ceremony was a most happy one.

They

They will leave us next week.. My best wishes attend them. It is true, I have not passed the walk of life so far as Mrs. Leason, but from infancy, having been exposed to misfortune, observation has necessarily been enforced upon me. I have seen the most promising connexions disappointed, and dread the event of those matches which have money alone for the foundation of domestic felicity.

I am rendered extremely uneasy, by the situation of Fanny. She rides every day when the weather will permit; but the season is unfavourable to her. Never did her eyes emit a more delightful effulgence, than at this moment. Her countenance is suffused with the most expressive grief; her whole soul rises into view, and the natural softness of her features is increased. Yet with submission she sustains affliction. Unite with me your petitions for her recovery.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XCI.

*Philadelphia.*

**F**EW, my dear Maria, have been called, so early in life, to experience such severe misfortunes as your Caroline. Deprived of my parents, before I was capable of knowing my loss; left a destitute orphan dependent

dependent upon the benevolence of a few connexions ; in early life, habituated to severity, and greatly neglected in my education, until I happily fell into the hands of my uncle Franklin, of whom Providence shortly saw fit to deprive me, though not to reduce me to former dependence, and to add to the catalogue of my sufferings, Eliza has been permitted to persecute and cruelly to injure me. Her persecutions have involved my particular friends in insupportable distress, and finally deprived me of my much loved Lucretia, whose death consigned to the silent tomb, a father and a husband.

These reflections alternately force themselves upon my mind ; and as our happiness in life, depends upon that of our friends, my pleasures have ever been impeded. The social, benevolent, and sympathetic, partake in the sorrows of each other. Sympathy and benevolence are among the pleasing signatures of the human heart ; and he who is divested of them, must indeed, be a Misanthrope. Agreeable connexions, greatly contribute to our enjoyment of life. Many are the tears I have shed, at the idea of being without a relation capable of directing my youthful steps. But heaven has hitherto supported me. May I yet be enabled to encounter the difficulties

difficulties which await me. I remain immutably the sincere friend of Maria.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XCII.

*Philadelphia.*

THE unfeeling conduct of Mr. Gardner, to his deceased unfortunate brother, is so strongly impressed upon the amiable Fanny, that she cannot suppress the silent tear. It insensibly steals down her languid cheek, and I fear she will fall a victim to that exquisite sensibility she so largely possesses, and sink with the weight of her affliction to the grave. Repose has fled her couch: Her pillow is wet with the dew of sorrow, and exhausted nature finds no relief from momentary slumbers. I frequently remind her, that although the present dispensations of Providence are enrolled in darkness, we must not murmur; that afflictions are to prepare us for superior happiness in a better state of existence; and that they are necessary to disengage us from a world, to which we should probably be too much attached. "Far from my heart, Caroline," says she, "is every repining thought; but the commands of the Deity to those in affluence, force upon my afflicted mind. Are we not expressly forbidden not to harden our hearts, or shut our

our hands against our brothers, but to open wide unto them, and to lend them sufficient for their need, in that which they want, lest they cry unto the Lord and it be a sin against us? This is a duty strongly impressed. We are told we shall surely give unto them, and that our hearts shall not be grieved, when we give unto them. The reward is affixed to the fulfilment of the duty, and for this the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto.

“ The sacred volume enforces it upon us to remember them that suffer in adversity, as being ourselves also in the body. But how widely has my brother deviated from the commands of heaven, which forbids us to be covetous. Man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth. The miser saith to himself, I will pull down my barns and build greater; there will I bestow all my goods. I will say to my soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry. But God, displeased at the breach of confidence placed in him, speaketh with a voice from heaven, thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? My affliction, Caroline, arises from many causes, nor do I wish to be deprived of feelings  
I have



I have long nourished. I regret that a tender concern for objects of distress has never softened the breast of my brother; for upon the benevolent and virtuous tempers of the heart, does our happiness in life greatly depend: To be devoid of feelings, is to be reduced to a state of barbarism."

The force of these observations cannot be denied. Were mankind actuated by a similar disposition with Mr. Gardner, how would society become involved in acts of inhumanity. On the contrary, if the savages of our country were civilized and refined, we should not experience the present scenes of cruel desolation. Let us, therefore, anticipate the pleasing period, when knowledge shall be diffused throughout the uncultivated forest, and the inestimable charms of social life shall actuate the breast of its inhabitants, and cement them by mutual acts of friendly intercourse.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XCIII.

*Philadelphia.*

**L**AURA left this city some days since. The confusion in which the family

mily have been involved, by the wedding, preparations, &c. has kept me three weeks a prisoner to my room. I am become quite an invalid.

Mr. Helen's attention attaches me to him. He insists I shall have the advice of a physician. But medicine will nor heal a bleeding heart. Time only can restore tranquillity. While in the present abyss of affliction, I am not to be amused by delusive images of future happiness. I am absorbed in the contemplation of my loss—a loss aggravated by the unhappy circumstances which preceded it. Yet I will not seclude myself from the pleasures of society and friendship. Here ardent, and susceptible hearts, derive a satisfaction which cannot be defined. In the presence of our friends, the tumultuous passions subside; the care-worn mind is lulled by the sweetening intercourse. It enjoys a momentary repose; and while it is amused with the adventures of youth, it is taught experience by the lessons of age. In the friendly circle, the attention is diverted from those turbulent scenes of folly, which too often engage the mind; and a placid tranquillity favourable to the gentle virtues, secure our most refined enjoyments. It is not our duty to indulge a desponding temper. Submission should ever mark the christian character. Yet it is hard to relinquish

quish the objects upon which we had placed our prospects of future happiness. The unfortunate Mrs. Gardner, has been deprived of her reason, from the first moment the fatal information of her husband's death reached her; and her friends fear the delirium rather increases than subsides. This must be an additional affliction to her unhappy family.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XCIV.

*Philadelphia.*

MR. Helen has been absent a week; and I will acknowledge to Maria, that I feel the loss of his society. Habituated to his condoling language, I am even sensible of impatient moments. That sincerity he evinces for me, that benevolent, friendly, and affectionate attention he has observed to my happiness, insensibly attaches me to him. I am charmed with his unaffected manners. Alive to the gentle emotions, the tender sentiments of humanity, his mind aspires with every laudable principle, and his soul is exalted by a superiour worth. How does my friendship, for him, soften my sensibility! It is this which actuates my mind. Without the pleasures,

pleasures, which are derived from friendship, existence would be dull and irksome. We should be devoid of those exquisite enjoyments we now experience; we should feel a vacuum not to be supplied. But this gives energy to life.

Your friend, Mr. Trevers, continues to visit me. I sincerely wish his mind more enlightened, his manners more pleasing. He intends soon to leave us, and has urged me to accompany him to Long Island. Earnestly as I desire to see Maria, my heart cannot assent to a separation from Fanny, while she is thus indisposed.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XCV.

*Philadelphia.*

**Y**OUR cousin came upon us by surprise, although we had expected him several days. I wrote him a few lines last week and mentioned the situation of Fanny, requesting him, upon his arrival here, to acquaint me with it, previous to his calling at Mrs. Leason's, that I might prepare my friend for an interview, which I apprehended would sensibly affect her; but this letter did not reach camp before he had left it, and unfortunately he met Fanny

ny in the entry as she was passing to the carriage, which was in waiting at the door. I shall not pretend to describe their sensations. There are certain scenes, which must be felt to be realized; among these is the pleasure of embracing the object of our fondest wishes, after a painful separation, and those only who experience a pure affection, who exist but in the felicity of each other, can realize the rapturous moment. True love is not an illusion of the mind; it is a passion which, by brightening the prospect of human life, increaseth the happiness of its votaries. The bosom of my friend was agitated with joy and sorrow. The return of her lover from a dangerous excursion, recalled the loss of an affectionate brother, and their meeting was silently expressive of a sincere affection. Mr. Belmour had entertained no idea of the ill state of Fanny's health; and the languor, which indisposition had spread over her countenance, impressed him with a thoughtfulness which he could not banish. Hard did he struggle to conceal the rising tear. Those who could have been in different to so affecting a meeting, must be without claim to tenderness. I regret that your health obliges you to defer your visit, having long embosomed the darling expectation of seeing you in Philadelphia. I know not how  
to

to relinquish the fond idea ; be strictly attentive to yourself, and, as soon as you are able, hasten to

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER XCVI.

*Philadelphia.*

YOU think the heart of Caroline in danger ; and that, under the idea of friendship, she is encouraging affection. I doubted not a pang of jealousy would seize you, when you read my late acknowledgment. "It may," you say, "possibly be, that I may find a lover, where I expected only a friend." However lively this anticipation, I cannot consent to deprive myself of an agreeable companion, nor have I the vanity to believe that Mr. Helen has the most distant idea of a connexion with me. His attentions arise from that amiable goodness of soul, which uniformly adorns his actions. Considering me as an unprotected woman, he kindly steps forward, as a brother, to advise me ; but be assured, it is only friendship which actuates him. That he is my friend, I have every reason to believe ; I am flattered with his partiality ; I am grateful for it ; I thank you, however, for your caution, and will endeavour to keep a watchful eye upon

upon my heart. I am also aware of the sentiments of the world, who immediately style attention, courtship; nor am I ignorant with what avidity, fancied connexions are circulated abroad. You say, "From the character I have given you of Mr. Helen, you acknowledge there is little danger that he will exercise any advantage from the discovery of my partiality; although it is possible he means to gain my affection, previous to a declaration of his attachment." Be assured, Maria, I shall never discover the sentiments of my heart, in a way which shall license him to assume upon it; nor do I think him capable of pursuing a conduct so replete with vanity, so degrading to the honour of my sex. No, my dear, upon the discovery of danger, I will imprison my affections, and reserve the power of refusing him, who would thus render me contemptible to myself.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

LETTER

## THE HAPLESS ORPHAN.

### LETTER XCVII.

*Philadelphia.*

“Night, fable goddess! from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden scepter o’er a slumbering world.  
Silence how dead, and darkness how profound!  
Nor eye, nor list’ning ear, an object finds:  
Creation sleeps”———

THIS solemn pause of busy life, I improve to address my friend, who, doubtless, before this, is locked in the arms of sleep. May your slumbers be undisturbed. May angels protect your pillow, while Caroline enjoys, in idea, your security and happiness. The universal stillness which at this moment prevails, gives an additional pensiveness to my feelings. Secluded from the noise and bustle, the cares and dissipation of the day, I can without interruption, enjoy my contemplation. In this my retirement, I can list my gratitude to that ineffable being, by whose immediate eye I am preserved from every danger; and while I implore his paternal care, I am not unmindful of my friends.

Fanny is now sleeping by me, I flatter myself she rests more serenely than she has for some time past. Her cough is obstinate; nor are her other symptoms less alarming. You, my dear, who have been called to attend the dying pillow of tender friends,



## THE HAPLESS ORPHAN. 257

can feel for my sufferings. When I consider the critical situation of Fanny, who, I fear, will soon be taken from me, I can scarcely support the reflection. To see those who are in the bloom of youth, snatched from the enjoyments of life, and consigned, by the cruel spoiler, to the untimely grave, is peculiarly affecting; yet these instances frequently occur, and we daily see the ravages which relentless death makes among us—"Breaking the thread of an elegant affection," and disuniting the nearest friends; but I pray heaven long to avert the blow, and yet to spare the friend and the companion of my heart: If, however, it is otherwise decreed, may I be enabled to say, *thy will be done*. The gravity of this epistle, though it would discord with a vague, and a fashionable mind, I am convinced will beat in unison to that of my friend, with whom retirement and reflection has a captivating power.

My affection to your cousin, is enhanced by his attention to my declining friend. He has brought with him the pocket-book, journal, and sword of the late Captain Gardner; these he has delivered to my care. I shall forward them by the first private conveyance, to his amiable widow.

The watchman now proclaims the midnight hour, and nature, which is easily exhausted, begins to want repose; I will, therefore,

therefore, wish you a good night, and indulge her just demands. But while my senses are confined in sleep, may my dreaming fancy be similar to Maria's.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER XCVIII.

*Philadelphia.*

THE unjust aspersions which have been cast upon the character of General Hill, have greatly added to the affliction of your cousin. It is, however, his resolution at the risk of his commission to vindicate the reputation of that brave deserving officer. Since his arrival, he has addressed a letter to the unfortunate widow, in which he offers to produce indisputable evidence, to prove the conduct of her deceased husband uncensurable. His conduct must be replete with the most grateful sensations to an afflicted widow, sufficiently involved in distress by the loss of an affectionate husband, without the additional tortures of unmerited reflections. May heaven grant him success in the undertaking. The consequences may be anticipated. It is surely a very bold step, for so young an officer to dispute the official accounts of his General; but should he be arrested, and, which is too often the case, finally

finally made a sacrifice to men in power, as he is not dependent upon his commission for his existence, I feel assured, that spirit of independence, which now marks the investigation, will be his support.

The late defeat of the western army, bears a striking analogy to that at Ticonderoga, in 1777 ; nor was the rapid flight of the army at that place, less destructive, nor the fate of General Hill dissimilar to that of the brave Colonel F. who was left, alike unsupported, while his commander fled six miles from the scene of action ! But history is the accuser, and distant generations will be the judges, at whose tribunal the actions of public characters will receive their decisive sentence. A single error in the life of a great man, has frequently destroyed the monument of his fame. A uniform attention to justice, is the only foundation that can render him secure. Happy they who pass through life, enjoying the blessings of society, without being exposed to the dangerous eminence of popularity. Few are capable of sustaining an elevated situation, with approbation. Such is human nature, that, if *suddenly* raised to honour, it is prone to *assume*, unmindful of the capricious disposition of fortune, who takes delight in persecuting her greatest favourites ; they fancy themselves far removed from the

pliments and attention, which were particularly paid to him. This conversation, though truly uninteresting, politeness compels me to hear.

What think you of a young husband for the gay Mrs. Leason? A gentleman who arrived some weeks since from England, and boards with us, really pays her great attention. At present, I will not call him her lover. He might have been an acquisition for Laura, but I cannot think him calculated for the mother. Cupid, thou mischievous little urchin, how artfully, how imperceptibly dost thou take possession of the heart, frequently rendering reason subservient to thy cause!

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER CI.

*Philadelphia.*

BY the public papers, I doubt not, you are acquainted with the situation of your cousin, who has been several weeks under an arrest. The evidences he has produced against certain characters, have occasioned his being ordered, by the Secretary at War, nine hundred miles from home, for a trial!

Is not this a violation of the rights of freemen? A glaring usurpation of power?

er? Can the country, which so lately contended against illegal authority, passively submit to such an absolute trait of *despotism*? Is not the precedent alarming? and unless timely suppressed, may it not terminate in the destruction of liberty? Those whose actions will not bear the scrutinizing eye of justice, are suffered to retire from their official departments, while the reputation of a brave, an amiable officer, is sacrificed to misrepresentations, founded upon private pique, or secret resentment.

How cruel are the aspersions, cast upon the conduct of General Hill! They extend their inhumanity to a deserving family, who, while they suffer the loss of a protector, have also to struggle with the addition of unmerited reproach—the just objects of our misfortunes are protected by the wings of greatness.

When the historian, who shall transmit to future ages, the melancholy event, and pen the disgraceful tale, what apology shall he make, for a conduct so reprehensible? If to the relation he should add the evidences of a Darke and a Gaither, will not the name of Belmour, be rendered conspicuous, who, regardless of the vindictive arm of power, that could crush his military glory, dared thus to justify the character of his deceased friend?

His

His trial may be ordered in the wilderness far distant from his friends; his future rise in the army may be suppressed; but not even the voice of *greatness*, can destroy his honour, bribe his determinations, or silence his pen. With my best respects to your mamma, I am your sincere

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER CII.

*Philadelphia.*

MRS. Leason is in great affliction. She has received a letter from Laura, acquainting her with the failure of Mr. Gibbins, and the total loss of his property. Being deeply concerned in speculation, he is deprived of his fortune by the failure of several brokers in Charleston, with whom he had entered into large contracts; and in his absence his whole property has been attached by his creditors, and he, with his family, obliged to take private lodgings.

This unexpected event, has thrown the old gentleman into a dangerous state of ill health. His physicians give but little hopes of his recovery. I am sincerely affected at this information. How suddenly are the prospects of Laura changed! From  
the

the fancied scenes of indulgence, from the gay circles in which she expected to flatter, to poverty, retirement and pain: Yet these are contrasts which human life daily presents.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

### LETTER CIII.

*Philadelphia.*

YOUR friend, Mr. Trevers, will take his leave of Philadelphia to-morrow. He has figured much among the ladies in this city, and will be missed as a gallant. Observe his manners—tell me if he is improved. His father, he informs me, wishes him to adopt some profession; and as he has had a liberal education, proposes he shall study the law; but study he cannot abide; he is indeed too indolent to pay attention to any thing but the ladies; and they truly inspire him. If he is calculated for a polite circle, it is where the conversation seldom exceeds the raging fashion, and trivial inquiries supply the place of better observations. I doubt if he would make a graceful orator. Methinks I see him at the bar. Half a dozen hems succeed every expression. His words are destroyed by the peculiar delicacy with which they are uttered, while his hands, unformed

unformed for grace, now fix his cravat ;  
now pull down his waistcoat.

He is impatient to become a married man. Much shall I pity the lady with whom he is connected. If she possesses sentiments similar to my own, she must indeed be wretched. He will truly be a fashionable husband. Ardent as his first attachments may be, he cannot long relinquish his favourite pleasures ; and unless she is a fashionable wife, her happiness will be sacrificed to his darling amusements. But such there are, who are most gratified, when separated from each other. A lady, educated in a vortex of amusement, has little idea of any happiness, but that which results from a round of dissipation. Her mind is employed in new plans of decorating her person ; and when connected with a man of correspondent taste, they form a fashionable pair. In a short time they are disgusted with the society of each other. They pursue separate gratifications ; seldom passing an hour at home together ; and if they chance to meet in company, are civil to each other : But this, she does not regret.

Such a woman is best calculated for your friend, Mr. Trevers ; but happier they, who pass through life, enjoying the superiour blessings of a sincere attachment. May this happiness be the lot of Maria and

CAROLINE.

LETTER



## LETTER CIV.

*Philadelphia.*

MRS. Leason has really consented to give her hand to Mr. King, the gentleman I mentioned to you in a former letter. The day is even fixed for the wedding; as he is soon to return to England, and cannot think of leaving Dulcinea, until he has secured her as his own. Mr. King has the appearance of a gentleman; his person is pleasing, and his manners graceful; but he is infinitely too young for my landlady; I am indeed astonished at them both.

Mr. Helen has finally disclosed his sentiments to me, and proposes a connexion. I believe the young man caught the flame, from the constant love scenes he has lately witnessed. I suppose you think you already know my mind, and the answer which I gave him; but believe me, Maria, the centinels of my heart were not asleep. No, my dear, they were too frequently aroused by my severe injunctions, not to adhere to their duty. They have been faithful to their trust, and I have not yet given him a decisive answer. He will this evening call upon me. How does my heart palpitate at this anticipated visit! I am communicating my secrets because I am assured you will feel for

CAROLINE.

## LETTER CV.

*Philadelphia.*

**M**ATTERS are all adjusted, Mr. Helen must be considered my lover. What says Maria to this? Is the memory of Captain Evremont already sunk in oblivion? Can Caroline, who boasts such delicacy of sentiment, already forget her deceased friend? No, my dear, a review of his virtues renders his recollection pleasing; my bosom is their sacred repository; this thrills with the most pensive satisfaction; and the recollection of his partiality for me, although cruelly interrupted in the last moments of his existence. As a memento of my uniform attachment, I will cause a monument to be raised, on the base of which shall be represented, upon one side, an urn, which shall be supposed to contain the ashes of my friend; over which two Cupids shall hold a cypress wreath; immediately under the urn, shall be displayed the fatal trophies of war; while the figure of a female, shall be seated under the friendly shade of a weeping willow, in a melancholy attitude, pointing to a number of angels that will be seen above. The urn shall be inscribed to friendship, bravery and virtue. Upon the opposite side of the base, an urn, guarded

ed by the goddess of Friendship, shall represent the sacred remains of my dear Lucretia; while a figure, whose countenance, replete with every malignant passion, and whose eyes shall emit an insatiate revenge, shall hold in her hand, a dart, which she is aiming at the bosom of a female who stands weeping over the remains of her friend. At one end shall be engraven, in capitals, *Suppress every emotion of revenge.* On the other, *To the memory of Thomas Barton and Henry Williams.* This voluntary oblation will I pay to the manes of those I so tenderly loved; and this shall stand the evidence of my attachment, when I shall mingle with my kindred dust.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER CVI.

*Philadelphia.*

MR. Helen will leave me, in a day or two, for Virginia; he expects to be absent several weeks. Fanny is very solicitous to accompany him: But although she is surprisngly better, she is totally unfit to undertake so long a journey at such an uncertain season of the year. This idea, with the impossibility of her affording a delirious sister the smallest consolation, tends to reconcile her to continuing longer in Phila-

Philadelphia; although she is anxious to wipe the tear from the cheek of weeping innocence.

How is our happiness continually receiving fresh alloys from the afflictions which await our friends. Dependent as we are, upon a variety of accidental causes, we are continually exposed to disappointment, anxiety and pain; and the higher we estimate the society of our connexions, the more are we exposed to real sorrow. The uncertainty of our present blessings, and the pleasing reflection, that we are in the hands of him who cannot err, will tend to reconcile us to the events of life. Let us improve the fleeting moments. May we endeavour to secure an internal satisfaction: This will sustain us through the loss of property, the deprivation of friends, or the lingering hand of sickness.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER CVII.

*Philadelphia.*

SINCE I last addressed my friend, a strange incident has taken place. I have already acquainted you that Mr. King being soon to sail for England, had hurried the proposed connexion. The evening had arrived, the company assembled,

bled, the minister every instant expected, when a loud knocking at the door, was supposed to announce his arrival; but this proved a letter to Mr. King; and the bearer requested to see him in private. Soon after, Mrs. Leason was called out of the room. - Here unfolded a scene, to which all description is inadequate; and of such a nature, that it could not be communicated to the disappointed company. A messenger was, however, instantly dispatched, to acquaint the clergyman that the wedding was deferred; and the company were told, by a particular friend, that for certain reasons, which could not then be divulged, the wedding was postponed. Various conjectures arose, in the breasts of all who were present, but none could solve the real cause. For several days, I was myself a stranger to the true circumstances, until, by repeated importunities, I prevailed upon Mrs. Leason to entrust me with the secret, when she gave into my hand the following letter:

*“ London.*

“ MR. James King, the young gentleman I take the liberty to introduce to you, is the natural son of our mutual friend the late Captain John Leason, who, for many years, sailed from Philadelphia in the London trade. His father upon his arrival here,

here, soon after his birth, appropriated the interest of a certain sum for his support and education, and appointed me the guardian of this youth. Pleased with his natural abilities and manly sentiments, I have paid particular attention to my trust; and as he inclined to the mercantile business, I took him into my counting-house, and since he has been of age, into partnership with me. He has been taught to consider himself an orphan, and has ever been called King; but knowing your attachment to his deceased father, I thought fit to communicate a secret to you, which I never before disclosed to any person. He is on a visit to Philadelphia, and, if he finds it agreeable, intends to establish a house in that city; but his stay will be short, as matters of consequence render it indispensibly necessary that he should be in London in June. If he can possibly find leisure to visit you, I have enjoined it upon him, and any attention shewn to him will be gratefully acknowledged by your friend and humble servant," &c.

This letter, it appears, upon his arrival, he forwarded to Connecticut, and upon the receipt of it, the gentleman to whom it was written, sent a pressing invitation for Mr. King to pay him a visit; to this polite and friendly request, he returned for answer, that a multiplicity of business,

business, and the pleasing connexion which he was about to form with a widow Leason, together with his being obliged to return immediately to England, put it out of his power. Upon the receipt of this, his friend was alarmed, and immediately wrote by express, to prevent the marriage; in which letter he enclosed the above. The timely moment of their arrival was, indeed, a happy circumstance.

Mrs. Leason is much affected at the event. The attachment she felt for Mr. King when she considered him as her husband, must be very different from that filial affection she must now experience. Mr. King was born two years before the marriage of Mrs. Leason. This, with the affection which she retains for her deceased husband, strongly attaches her to his son. However the above story may resemble fiction or romance, be assured it has made too deep an impression upon my heart, easily to be effaced.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## L E T T E R. CVIII.

*Philadelphia.*

**F**ANNY and myself, coming from church on Sunday last, were addressed by a young gentleman to whom I was a stranger;

ger ; but in such a familiar way, that I was soon convinced he was an old acquaintance of her's. He gallanted us home. When we reached Mrs. Leason's, with an air of indifference, she passed upon him the compliment of walking in. This invitation he readily accepted. She now introduced him to Mrs. Leason and myself. I found, by her unusual reserve, that he was not agreeable to my friend. From his conversation I discovered he had been absent three years ; and had but just returned to America. In the evening, Mrs. Leason wishing me to visit a particular friend, proposed my going with her. To this I agreed, and we left them, promising to return in a short time. But the hours, in agreeable company, pass with great rapidity ; and we had lengthened our visit far beyond our intention, before we were aware of the time we had been from home. Yet upon our return we found Mr. Ashely with Fanny. Immediately upon my entering the room, I discovered his agitation. I had a strong propensity to be acquainted with the history of this young gentleman, and as soon as he withdrew, applied to my friend for the circumstances of their first acquaintance.

"Mr. Ashely," said she, "belongs to Maryland ; but was educated with an uncle in Havre-de-Grace, and has, for many years,



years, foolishly encouraged a partiality for me. This I have invariably assured him I cannot return. His friends, alarmed by the consequences of my obstinate refusal, have repeatedly interested themselves in his behalf. My own connexions were for some time desirous that I should encourage his attentions; but my heart has uniformly disavowed every favourable sentiment for him; and I have constantly declared it impossible ever to be his; yet he has persisted to encourage his unhappy attachment—I have been wretched by his persecutions. At length his friends, convinced I could not be brought to consider him as a lover, ceased their importunity, and advised him to avoid my company. I also assured him, unless he could resolve never to mention a subject so painful to me, it was my determination to seclude myself from his society, and never to see him more; but if he would visit the family as a transient acquaintance, he might rely upon my treating him with every civility; and that on this footing alone, he must in future expect to meet me. After this he became negligent of his business, which increased the uneasiness of his friends. They urged him to take a voyage to India; and his uncle made him such proposals as induced him to accede to their wishes. From this voyage he has just returned, and  
 accidentally

accidentally has discovered my being in this city ; he has already renewed the declaration of his passion ; I must therefore deny myself to him ; and if unfortunately I should fall into his company, I must entreat you never to leave me alone with him."

It is unhappy for Mr. Ashely that he cannot give up a woman who entertains not a partial sentiment for him. I regret that he has discovered her being in Philadelphia, and shall exert myself to prevent every interview between them. Such a troublesome swain as this young man, I sincerely hope will never fall to the lot of Maria or

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER CIX.

*Philadelphia.*

IT appears to be the determination of Mr. Ashely, at all events to obtain the hand of Fanny. He has been several times with me, soliciting my influence with her ; and assures me his whole happiness depends upon it. This accomplished, he thinks nothing could impede the pleasures of future life. I have endeavoured to impress upon him the necessity of his relinquishing the idea, as she is absolutely engaged to another ; and that this alone, would be a  
bar

bar to every prospect of a union with him. "Absolutely engaged to another," said he, "where is the enviable man?" I replied, gone to visit his friends. "If this is to prevent my further application, know, Madam, that I shall not so easily relinquish the object of my warmest affection. Life, without Fanny, is insupportable. Werter could not exist when Charlotte was beyond his reach. I will have one more interview with her—beg her to grant this last request." Fanny, said I, has been many months deprived of health; I wish rather to relieve her mind from every uneasy thought, than add to her anxiety by an application which must be painful to her. Nothing favourable can result from the interview.

He walked the room in great agitation; and presently seating himself at the table, wrote a few lines which he desired me to give her. Unwilling he should think that I influenced her, I rung the bell for the servant, and sent her up stairs with the billet. To this she returned for answer, that he was well acquainted with the sentiments from which she had never deviated, and must be excused complying with his request.

He now came towards the fire, and taking from his pocket the Sorrows of Werter, he turned to a page where this sophistical  
reasoner,

reasoner, fallaciously argues in favour of suicide, and reading it exclaimed, "My sentiments, oh Werter! are strictly consonant with thine. Life without the object of my wishes, would be a void." You cannot, said I, justify a conduct so reprehensible as Werter's. A conduct, which uniformly demonstrated a weak, and wicked mind. Consider that Charlotte was a wife; consequently he could have no expectation of honourably obtaining the object of his wishes. Was it not his duty to crush every idea of a criminal attachment? Instead of which, he glories in the wicked indulgence of an impious passion, and ever stands ready to commit the most atrocious deeds. He imposes no restraint upon his inclination, but deducing his arguments from the most absurd causes, he endeavours to justify a conduct fatally erroneous. Trace his extravagant behaviour, and it will evidently appear, that caprice, pride, and passion, are the principles which govern his actions. By no means, Mr. Ashely, said I, encourage the ideas of that writer. It is exposing yourself to the immediate precipice of destruction. "Make him," said he, "what you please; sophistical, fallacious, vile; upon his arguments I am willing to depend for my future happiness." When he had said this, he was greatly agitated, and left

left the room. Believe me, at this moment every sentiment of my heart beat for the unhappy situation of the deceived youth.

Adieu,

CAROLINE

## LETTER CX.

*Philadelphia*

MR. Ashely, yesterday addressed a few lines to Fanny, again soliciting a short interview with her in private. If she will grant this request, he declares he will for ever cease to distress her with his importunities. She shewed me the letter, and wished me to direct her conduct; observing, that "The meeting could be only a painful repetition of her former assurances. He can have nothing new to communicate to me," said she, "I regret his unhappy partiality. - It is a painful reflection, that I am, though involuntarily, the source of his misery. But by granting his request, is it not probable I shall strengthen his attachment? I will, however, leave the decision to my friend."

Having considered the circumstances, and consulted with Mrs. Leason, we agreed, that nothing pleasing could result from  
another

another meeting, and joined with Fanny in the impropriety of granting it; she therefore wrote the following reply.

"Sir,

"I can by no means consent to gratify your request. You can have nothing to communicate to me, which can justify a private interview. The subject upon which we have frequently conversed, is to me painful; let me entreat you never, again, to mention it. My present engagements, united with my unalterable determination, induce me to entreat you will avoid my society. Absence, reason, and perseverance, will in the end, produce indifference. Pursue this conduct, and you will finally conquer your unhappy attachment. And that the best of heaven's blessings may be yours, is the sincere wish of

FANNY GARDNER."

This letter she sent in the morning. In the afternoon, as Fanny and myself were sitting in the parlour, with Mrs. Leason and a young lady from Lancaster, who boards in the family, Mr. Ashely was introduced into the room by the servant; He had a smile upon his countenance, yet appeared discomposed, an eye of surprise was alternately cast at each other; our astonishment must have been visible to him. Possessed of great assurance, he placed himself next to Fanny, and soon took an opportunity

opportunity of expressing his doubts of a future existence; observing, that mind must be pusillanimous indeed, that could consent to drag out a wretched life, when one instant would put a period to misery. "A period to misery," said Fanny, "you may indeed terminate the life of the body, but the soul, Mr. Ashely, is immortal, and must suffer an eternity of bliss or woe. We are here upon trial; a certain time is allotted us; the number of our days is unknown, and at the tribunal of our Maker, we shall be accountable for our actions on earth. There the decisive sentence will be passed upon us—a sentence, from which there is no appeal. We have within, an unerring monitor, which dictates our duty. Its dictates we cannot mistake. Its injunctions are not to be violated with impunity, any more than the laws of society are to be broken without punishment. Can he whose conduct is marked with sacrilege, who rushes into eternity with a heart opposed to the sacred character of an offended Deity, seriously expect the forgiveness of an angry God? Or must he not tremble to meet the supreme Judge of all, who will banish him from his presence, and consign him to everlasting misery!" "A future existence," replied Mr. Ashely, "is uncertain; and if true, I have no idea of a never-ending punishment

punishment. It is inconsistent with the benevolence of the Deity, nor would a life passed in the most atrocious crimes, on a retrospect, add one thorn to my expiring moments."

With such sentiments, it is not surprising that he should advocate the right of taking away his own life, whenever it becomes irksome to him. How destructive such principles to human happiness! How derogatory to reason, philosophy and religion! I tremble for the event. Fanny is undoubtedly right in refusing a man she cannot love. A young lady is not to be answerable for the conduct of a rash, unprincipled youth; nor is she obliged to sacrifice the happiness of her life, lest her lover should blow out his brains, or swallow a dose of poison. For the present,

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER CXI.

*Philadelphia.*

MR. King has sailed for London, but intends to return in the fall.

Mrs. Leason has received a late letter from Laura, which mentions, that Mr. Gibbins has entirely lost the use of his limbs. She wishes much to return to this city;



city, but there is, at present, no prospect of it. Mr. Helen and your cousin being absent, we are quite without gallants.

Maryann Gay, the young lady who boards at Mrs. Leason's, tells me she was well acquainted with you, while you were in Philadelphia, and desires me to assure my friend, she still retains a friendship for her; she is a lively, agreeable girl, and though by no means a regular beauty, has a captivating expression in her countenance.

Fanny has had a relapse, and is at present extremely ill. This return of her disorder, I attribute to the anxiety of her mind. She cannot but feel alarmed at the sentiments of Mr. Ashely. He is our daily visitor; but as Fanny has not been below since the afternoon I mentioned to you, nothing further has passed between them. I am convinced she cannot reflect upon herself for any part of her conduct, but her ill health, renders it indispensably necessary, every anxious thought, if possible, should be suppressed. The watchful eye of friendship, shall be exerted to render her happy.

It is some time since I had a letter from you: I am uneasy lest your disorder has returned. If unable to write yourself, request your mamma to honour me with one  
 O line,

cy we shall derive our future pleasures; and making our happiness entirely dependent upon them, we expose ourselves to unnumbered calamities, unmindful that a single moment could destroy our prospects, and whirl us to the abyss of sorrow. My heart glows with friendship, and my benediction awaits Maria.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER CXIII.

*Philadelphia.*

**I** FEEL uncommonly dull. Our parlour, not long since the region of love, where I fancied Cupids in every corner, is now deserted by all but Mr. Ashely; and he avails himself of every opportunity to urge the fulfilment of my promise. This morning, while we were at breakfast, he entered the room; an uncommon agitation was visible in his countenance. After a little apology for his intrusion, he walked about for a considerable time without speaking; at length coming to me, he inquired after Fanny, and wished to know if she was well enough to be seen. She has had a tolerable night, said I, but I have not yet mentioned your wishes to her. Turning from me with disgust, he went to  
the

the table, and taking out of his pocket, pen, ink and paper, wrote the following:

"TO FANNY GARDNER, *the loveliest of her sex.*

"Most adored of women,

"In vain have been all my efforts to forget your charms. An absence of three years has only increased my affection. I am convinced I can never live without you; yet I cannot consent to die, until I once more see you. One private interview is my last request: pity my distracted situation, and grant my only hope."

This he gave to the maid, ordering her to carry it to Fanny; who returned with a verbal message, that she would give an answer at four in the afternoon. He instantly left the house without speaking to Maryann or myself. I immediately hastened up stairs to my friend. She shewed me the billet; but being at a loss how to advise her, I made no reply. Never did I experience more painful sensations, than at this moment. The mind of Fanny can never be changed; but Mr. Ashely is so strenuous for an interview, I do not know how she will refuse to see him. That heaven may direct her, is the wish of

CAROLINE.

LETTER

## L E T T E R CXIV.

*Philadelphia.*

GRACIOUS Deity ! What a scene will this letter unfold to Maria ! Be prepared for the dreadful recital of my uncommon misfortunes. Yet how shall I disclose to you that calamity in which I am involved ! The relation of the sorrowful tale cannot, however, be dispensed with. The awful hand of death has arrested from me my Fanny—my companion, my friend. A dreadful tragedy has been acted since I wrote you last. Mr. Ashely—detested name—himself the murderer of the object he adored ! Excuse me, I am lost in grief, horror and amazement. I must wait a composed moment—at present I cannot write.

\* \* \* \* \*

I will endeavour to explain the history of my woe. I will not thus give way to suggestions of despair. At the fatal hour, Mr. Ashely returned to know the determination of Fanny. I was sitting in the chamber with my friend, when the girl came to acquaint her that he was below. She requested that he might be asked up stairs into the drawing-room ; where, in expectation of company, a fire had been kindled, and went herself immediately into it. I had a book in my hand, and in vain

vain endeavoured to read ; being seized with a universal horror. In a few minutes the report of a pistol, like a severe shock of electricity, deprived me of my strength ; the firing was instantly repeated ; Mrs. Leason and the family were alarmed ; and running up stairs, opened the door of the drawing room, when a spectacle presented, which reality only can give a just idea of. For some time, every exertion I made to rise was in vain. The general, the piercing scream, which immediately succeeded the opening of the drawing-room door, convinced me Mr. Ashely had committed the act of suicide ; but I had no idea, that he had also taken away the life of my friend. I still sat waiting in expectation that Mrs. Leason would come into my chamber ; until the trembling which at first seized me had a little subsided. At length I arose, and going towards the chamber door, opened it ; when I had a full view of Fanny. She was leaning back in an arm chair ; the blood profusely poured from her wound ; nothing can ever efface the impressions the horrid sight has made upon my mind. Mr. Ashely had fallen upon the floor by her side, and was also covered with the crimson fluid. My power of action was lost ; my ideas suspended. Mrs. Leason came to me ; she led me to a chair ; the neighbours were already alarmed ; the house was crowded.

Deluded youth ! " cast himself upon the mercy of a benevolent and forgiving God." Could he, in the cool moments of reflection, if such he ever had, suppose that he, who with one hand destroys the life of his friend, and with the other sends himself into eternity, shall ever receive that welcome sentence, " come ye blessed," &c. What would be the situation of society, if crimes were unpunished ? If the murderer was secured from justice ? Does not the penalty of the laws deter from vice ? Can we suppose that the Deity, who has denounced a woe unto those who obey not his commands, will neglect to inflict the threatened punishment ? Were those his sentiments, they are fraught with error, they are ruinous to society, and destructive to the youthful mind. Mr. Ashley is, before thus, convinced of his mistake ; and could he revisit his gay companions, he would warn them of their impending danger.

The letter, a copy of which I have enclosed to you, was a sufficient evidence against Mr. Ashley ; nor did the jury hesitate in their verdict. The next day the law was to have been executed upon his body, but his friends privately buried him the same evening ; and Fanny was, a few days since, followed to the silent, to the dreary mansion

mansion of the grave! While we shed over the tomb the unavailing tear, let us stifle every rising murmur.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER CXVI.

*Philadelphia.*

ALAS, Maria, my countenance is pale and languid—my heart vapid and dull. No more shall I enjoy the pleasure of seeing her I so tenderly loved: no more shall I press to my bosom, my distracted bosom my companion, my friend. But the hand of friendship shall wipe from the eye of Caroline, the rising tear; and by the solacing attention of Maria, my soul shall yet emerge from its present dejection.

Mrs. Leason and Maryann, kindly enforce principles of resignation. Conscious that the moment will arrive, when anxiety shall for ever cease, when I shall be reunited to those friends, who are now beyond my reach, I feel in a degree composed.

I recal to mind the countenance of Fanny. In it, there was a sublime harmony; her eyes were admirably expressive of the softer passions; a natural grace, was united with a friendly behaviour; she was actuated by the most benevolent sentiments,  
and

and studied, as far as in her power, to lessen the miseries of human life. Possessed of great mental beauties, she was a pleasing companion, a real friend. Though long deprived of health, she was snatched from life, in a manner the most unexpected, and in the morning of youth. On the remembrance of her virtues, will often flow the solitary tear.

Your brother has written to Mrs. Gardner, giving her an account of the distressing event, and has also addressed your cousin upon the subject. As emulation is favourable to virtue, Caroline will study to emulate the virtues of her deceased friends

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

## LETTER CXVII.

*Philadelphia.*

IN the delightful field of friendship, my heart has realized superiour gratifications; and though my present depression veils the pleasing retrospect, it shall not destroy the buds which are expanding in the bosom of Caroline. I will anticipate that meeting with my friend, to which your last letter is the happy prelude. I will welcome you to this city, with an unfeigned pleasure. In the society of each other



other we will take a review of the virtues of Fanny and Lucretia—they shall frequently be the pleasing theme of our conversation.

I am infinitely obliged to Maryann, for her polite attentions to me; your brother also, has a large share of my gratitude, for the interest he takes in my unhappy situation. Mr. Helen, in all his letters to me, has been particular in his inquiries after Maria; and uniformly concludes with his compliments to my friend. The uncommon affliction in which I have been involved, must apologize for my not presenting them to you. This moment I am called to attend my aunt Noble, who is said to be extremely ill.

Adieu,

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER CXVIII.

*Philadelphia.*

IN my last, I acquainted you that I was requested to hasten to my aunt Noble. When I entered the chamber, I found the family in tears. I approached the bed. She was insensible, and expired in a few minutes. Upon inquiry, I was told that she had been several days confined up stairs; but that the family had not entertained

tained an idea of her danger, until the night previous to their sending for me.

Death, Maria, is a serious event. If we have no real attachment for the object he selects, we cannot divest ourselves of feeling. How many of my friends have been taken from me! May it remind me that I am also mortal; and enable me to fulfil the duties of life, so as to render my memory grateful to my surviving friends. When the virtues of the deceased live in the mind, they afford a sweet consolation—a consolation which cannot be derived from those accomplishments, that too frequently decorate a newspaper character, but existed not in reality. When the important moment shall arrive which shall separate my immortal mind from its feeble mansion, may the pen of the panegyrist be silent. Convinced that I have no virtues which claim an eulogium, I wish not my tombstone to express what I never merited: But if those to whom I have been long attached, and who, by the endearments of mutual friendship are partial to me, wish to mark the spot which contains the remains of a friend, let this inscription denote the grave: “The body here entombed, once possessed a mind warmed with humanity, animated with friendship, and glowing with a religious hope.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Since

## THE HAPLESS ORPHAN. 347

Since I wrote the above, I have received a letter from Mr. Helen. He expects to reach this city to-morrow night; and proposes that Fanny and myself shall meet him a few miles out of town. He had not, I find, received the letter I wrote him since the death of that dear girl. I shall comply with his request, provided your brother and Maryann will accompany me; and should Maria join our little party, agreeable to her intention of reaching Philadelphia this week, it will heighten the pleasure of

CAROLINE.

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## LETTER CXIX.

MARIA B—— to HARRIOT B——;

*Philadelphia.*

IT is a week, my dear Harriot, since I arrived in this city, and every moment has passed in the most distressing anxiety. Agreeably to the promise I had made Caroline, of paying her a visit, I directed the driver of the stage to stop at Mrs. Leason's, but having received, at New-York, a letter from her the preceding evening, I was prepared to find her from home. Here I waited

waited, with the utmost impatience, the return of my friend. I repeatedly mentioned to Mrs. Leason, the satisfaction which I flattered myself would result from my visit to Philadelphia. In the course of the evening I experienced many painful sensations at their long stay; these increased with the advancing hours; yet I endeavoured to sooth my apprehensions, by forming some unavoidable delay. Mrs. Leason discovering my anxiety, used every argument to quiet my fears, and kindly endeavoured to conceal her own uneasiness; but convinced that Caroline's impatience to meet me, exclusive of every other consideration, would have hastened her early return, had not some unhappy circumstance impeded her wishes, it was impossible for her to dispel my anxiety: I therefore retired to my chamber, with feelings contrasted to those I had annexed with my arrival in this place. Here I continued till past eleven, when a carriage stopped at the door. I instantly hurried down stairs—The voice of my brother was grateful to my ears. I ran to meet him, inquiring for Caroline. He took me by the hand, and led me into the parlour—Where is my friend? said I. He evaded a reply. I cast my eyes upon Maryann—distress was visible in her countenance. I observed her turn aside, as if to conceal her tears.

Mrs.

Mrs. Leason begged to know what had detained Mr. Helen and Caroline—I seconded her solicitation. “An accident has prevented them from accompanying us,” replied my brother; and passing into the kitchen Mrs. Leason followed. I became more alarmed, and went immediately after them. He was sitting by the table, and Mrs. Leason was untying a handkerchief, which was bound round his head, that she might dress his wound. I now discovered blood upon his face. Mr. Hervey, said I, it is impossible for the reality to be worse than my fears; keep me not thus in suspense, let me know what has befallen Caroline and yourself. “Be not distressed,” said he, and drawing a chair near him, he requested me to sit down. He now informed me, that in consequence of the letter which she had received from Mr. Helen, Maryann and himself had agreed to accompany her a few miles out of town, in expectation of meeting him; and stopping at a public house, they called for tea; concluding, by the time it was ready, Mr. Helen would be with them; but, having waited until dark, he proposed their returning to town. Caroline became very unhappy; she took her letter from her pocket, and repeatedly read it over; she scrutinized the hand writing—compared it with others she had received from Mr. Helen

len, and believed it to be his; nor would she consent to leave the inn, until nine o'clock. At this late hour they sat off for home; but had not proceeded far upon the road, before they were attacked by two men; one of whom, seizing the bridle of the horses, fired at the driver, shot him in the side, and obliged him to come from his seat; the other went up to the side of the carriage upon which my brother was, and presenting a pistol at him, assured him not a moment was to be delayed; that their design was not against his life, but he must immediately relinquish the lady who was with him. Caroline was sitting opposite to him, and seeing his danger, gave the arm of the villain a sudden push, upon which the pistol instantly went off, and slightly wounded my brother in the head. Maryann had fainted at the first of the attack, and had fallen upon the floor of the coach, where she remained during the whole scene. The villain who had wounded the driver, led the horses to a tree, where he made them fast, and joined his accomplice. My brother was without any kind of weapon. In vain were his wishes to protect my friend—she was torn from him. His attention was now called to Maryann, whom he raised up, and acquainted her with what had passed. After this, he made a search for the driver, whom he found too  
much

much weakened, with the bleeding of his wound, to resume his seat; they therefore took him into the carriage, and Mr. Hervey drove home himself.

Since this unhappy event, every possible step has been pursued to discover the wretched Caroline—but exertion has hitherto been ineffectual. It is generally believed that the resentful mind of Eliza, has planned this unheard of revenge; although it has been given out for several weeks, that she has sailed for Europe.

I shall not fail to transmit you every circumstance which takes place, respecting the discovery of Caroline; and flatter myself her situation cannot long be concealed.

Your distressed sister,

MARIA B——

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### LETTER CXX.

MARIA B—— to HARRIOT B——.

*Philadelphia.*

IT is several weeks since you received my last. Nothing has yet occurred respecting the discovery of Caroline. Mr. Helen's friends, yesterday received a letter from a physician who resides at a village a few miles from this city, informing them  
that

that he lies dangerously ill; and requesting them, without delay, to hasten to him. They set off this morning—my brother accompanied them. I am very solicitous for his return.

Several letters directed to Caroline, which have reached Philadelphia since the misfortune that has befallen her, we have been induced to open. They were from Mr. Helen; and mention, that unexpected business having called him to Georgia, he should not be able to return at the time he expected. From these letters it does not appear he had made any previous proposal of Caroline's meeting him on his way home.

The dreadful uncertainty of Caroline's situation, produces the most gloomy presages in my mind. Suspense is often more poignant than reality.

Adieu,

MARIA B——.

## LETTER CXXI.

MARIA B—— to HARRIOT B——.

*Philadelphia.*

THE task how painful! I have to communicate to you, my dear Harriot, the dreadful, distressing certainty of my Caroline's fate! All hopes of recovering my friend,



friend, are now destroyed — my consolation fled — what keen sensations accompany the distracting thought! Every exertion I make to suppress my grief, swells my bosom with insupportable anguish. But I will exert myself to relate the circumstances as I received them from Mr. Hervey, who left Mr. Helen last evening.

It appears, that being detained upon the road, he put up at a public house in the village, where he yet remains; and being intimate with a couple of young gentlemen who are studying with the physician in that town, he called upon them, and was introduced into their room. He had not long been with them, before he understood they were that evening to dissect the body of a young lady who had died with an uncommon disorder, and they were anxious to discover the source of her complaints; but her friends having refused their opening her, they had privately taken her up, and gave him an invitation to stay with them during the operation. This he accepted. The subject was soon brought out of the closet, and the sheet in which it was concealed untied. Mr. Helen, upon seeing the face, discovered the countenance of Caroline. At an event so totally unexpected, the seat of reason instantly became vacant; his eyes flashed with the distraction of his mind; he flew to the body, raised

raised it from the floor, pressed it to his bosom, and exhibited the most frantic agonies of despair—continually repeating the name of Caroline. His friends were fatally obliged to force him from it, and confine him, lest in his violent fit of distraction, he should commit some outrage. Having made him secure, they returned to the subject, and soon discovered, that the body, in their possession, was not the one they wished to obtain. They had marked the grave, and were certain they had taken it from the spot where their patient had been buried; yet the conduct of Mr. Helen appeared very mysterious. Acquainted with his engagements to Caroline, and recollecting her being forced from the carriage, with the discovery of their mistake, they suspected the cause of Mr. Helen's affliction; and in this they were confirmed by his constant repetition of Caroline's name. A violent fever soon seized him, and an express was, the next morning, dispatched for his friends, who have no expectation of his recovery.

Upon opening the grave the next day, the coffin from which my dear Caroline had been taken, was found; and upon removing this, the one that contained the subject, these young gentlemen were in pursuit of, was discovered. It is believed the body of  
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my friend was intentionally concealed here, to prevent any suspicions, that might arise upon the appearance of a new grave, which could not be accounted for. No marks of violence were found upon her body, and it is thought that she fell a sacrifice to her distress, and died with a broken heart. Altho' we cannot trace the immediate authors of her death, we do not hesitate on whom to fix as the source of this calamity. The invariable persecutions which this unhappy girl has experienced from Eliza, will license every conjecture. Her unrestrained jealousy, has been productive of the most complicated distress, to an innocent, amiable woman. Her artful and revengeful mind, has been continually creating some malignant design against her, in which she has finally been too successful.

How dangerous such a disposition!—how prejudicial to the pleasures of social life! My present feelings are associated with the sweet remembrance of Caroline's virtues. To do justice to these I am inadequate; but I will endeavour to copy from her pleasing example, that my memory may be alike grateful to my friends.

That her unfortunate story may enforce a striking lesson, and early teach us to suppress every unhappy passion, is the wish of your affectionate sister,

MARIA B———.